

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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**THE
WASTELAND:
EROSION OF
THE AUSTRALIAN
DREAM**

**SCHOOLGIRL
GROUPIES:
TEACHERS' PETS**

**MILAN BRYCH:
HEALER OR
HOAX?**

**EL SALVADOR:
SPANISH
FOR VIETNAM**

**TARZAN:
THE ORIGINAL
SWINGER**

**BATHURST
COUNTDOWN:
WIN A PIECE
OF THE ACTION**

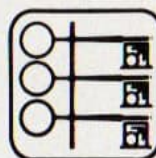
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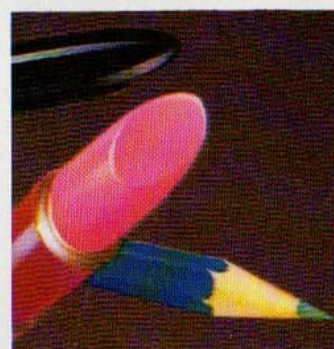
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 11/October 1983



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To Sir With Lust



Monkey Business



Milan Brych

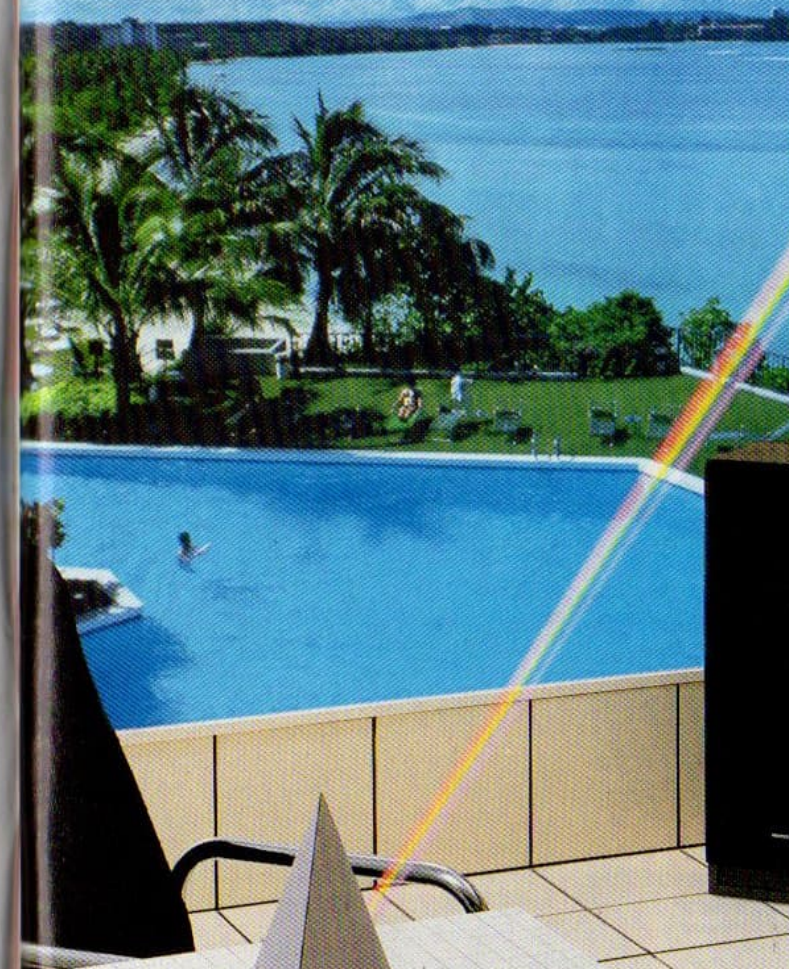


El Salvador

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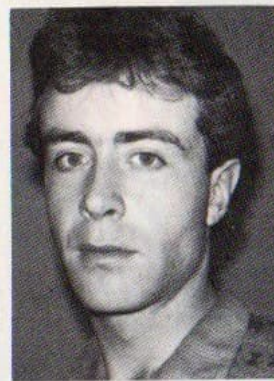
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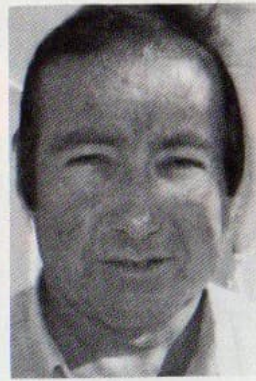
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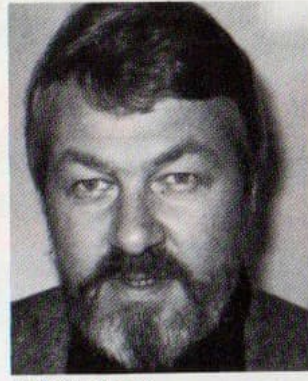
GRAHAM MONRO



NIGEL BUCHANAN



DAVID HALPIN



DENIS WHITBURN

HOUSECALL

Early this year a giant dustcloud hovered over the city of Melbourne before descending on its startled inhabitants. For the majority it was their first contact with the destruction of Australia's fertile farmland due to a combination of drought and human ignorance. How much more appalled would they have been to learn that, in true banana republic fashion, the Federal Government had given priority to a new Parliament House over works to save the country's degraded soils? **John Burton** exposes the folly that has led us to the brink of agricultural ruin in *The Great Australian Blight* (page 34). The graphic photos were supplied by concerned government departments.

The *Penthouse* series on groupies, now running to its fifth instalment with *To Sir With Lust* (page 52), has resulted in some bizarre encounters between writers and their uninhibited subjects. Raucous tape playback sessions, strenuous denials and hastily-contrived pseudonyms have been thick on the ground around here. **Peter McDonald**, former teacher and self-styled expert on the delights of schoolgirl snatch, continued the ignoble tradition of journalistic involvement which has characterised the series to date. Let's hope he never has to venture back into the classroom. **Nigel Buchanan's** stunningly provocative illustration completes the shattering of another long-standing taboo.

Contributing editor **Denis Whitburn**, when asked what he went through to deliver the inside story on Tarzan, responded: "I went through adolescence — that's what." For the portly Whitburn is a confessed victim of the obsession shared by men the world over: he is a Tarzan freak. Having spent a large part of the Fifties indulging in irrational fantasies while recalling scenes from at least two dozen Tarzan films, Whitburn's familiarity with the Lord Of The Apes enables him to still draw sympathetic applause in crowded restaurants when he performs his Johnny Weissmuller impersonation. The author's sensitive insights are presented in *Monkey Business* (page 58).

Peter Faiman has been the architect of some of Australia's greatest television extravaganzas. A master of total overkill, Faiman recently made the Nuremberg Rally look lacklustre in comparison with his presentation of opening night at the Sydney Entertainment Centre, described as "a towering monument to visual kitsch and vulgarity — but at the same time it was great television." Great or not, Faiman is undisputedly the doyen of his profession. **Elaine Glick** profiles the Fame Man (page 64).

Pet of the Month **Donna Burns** claims she used to be a shy girl. When our voluptuous Pet, along with photographer **Warwick Gibson**, flew to Tara Village in Surfers Paradise courtesy of Ansett for a strenuous snapshot session, Donna showed she had definitely changed for the better. After all, a bum like that thrives on exposure.

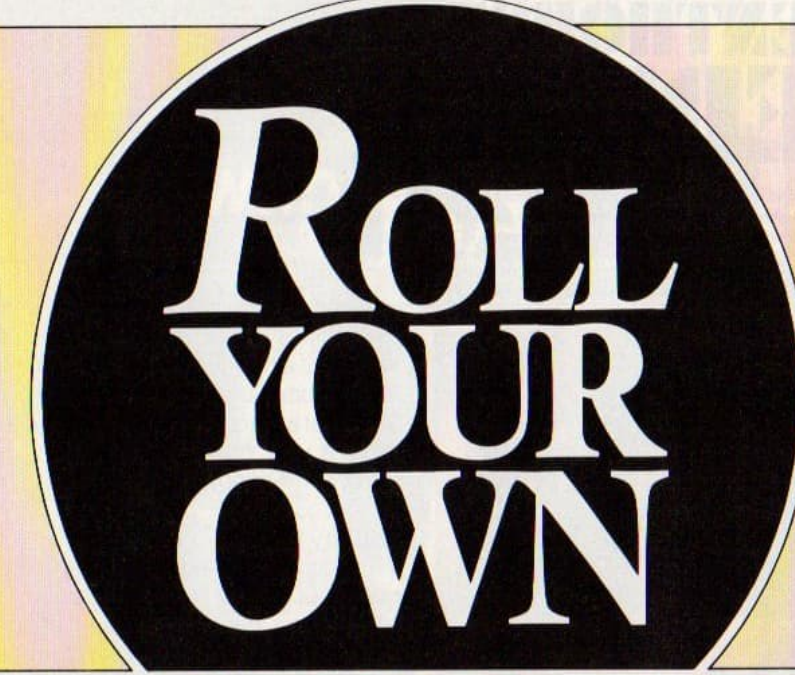
The story of controversial cancer therapist **Milan Brych** has now reached the terminal stage, with the California Supreme Court's recent conviction of Brych on three counts of grand theft by fraud. But — shit a Brych! — what if the beleaguered Czech exile really is the cancer miracle man? Top investigative journalist **Phil Ackman** maintained constant and extraordinary telephone contact with Brych during the protracted trial to produce the story of a man who was perhaps more sinned against than sinning: Brych — Healer Or Hoax? (page 82).

El Salvador is not in the forefront of public interest in Australia at the moment. In fact, we're about as interested as we were in Vietnam in the early Sixties. But as **Tak Szulc** and **Jeff Harmon** reveal in *El Salvador Is Spanish For Vietnam* (page 90), America's politicians are poised to launch large-scale military operations in the region and so begin yet another unwinnable anti-guerrilla war. Film-maker and journalist **Harmon**, while directing *The Front Line*, spent a good deal of time drinking and talking with the leader of a right wing death squad. The result is an appallingly gruesome interview.

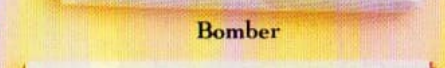
Penthouse photographer **Graham Monroe** has been through the mill lately. First he froze his tits off in the chilly waters of the Franklin River to present the shots for *Wild Water* in June *Penthouse*. This time, on the promise that it would at least be a dry experience, Monroe took his first flight in a glider and produced for *Free Ride* (page 96) a series of stunningly beautiful aerial photographs — but whether he did remain perfectly dry during a 150 km/h aerobic workout is a matter of conjecture.

Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** camped inside the Holden Dealer Team's Melbourne workshop to get the lowdown on what happens to a Holden Commodore when a mob of mechanics attacks it in preparation for the annual Bathurst brawl. Working to deadlines, McKay was frantic when he learned the car had been delayed on a transporter for 10 days; for the guys who had to rebuild the machine from the ground up, it was hell. *Penthouse* has combined with the HDT to give four lucky petrolheads the chance to view the James Hardie 1000 from inside pit lane — with a couple of *Penthouse* Pets providing stimulating company. Check the contest details on page 127.

For the first time in seven years, the NSW Liberal Party has found a man who may be able to knock the unbeatable Premier Wran from his well-worn pedestal. His name: Kermit The Frog. Well, that's his nickname, actually. **Nick Greiner** has a very broad smile and he uses it to great effect. Greiner's impact since taking over the reins has been so enormous that he may well inspire his counterparts in other states to begin a national resurgence of Liberal stocks — just as Neville Wran once did for the Labor Party in happier times. **David Halpin** interviews the man who would be Premier (page 128). In *Advise and Dissent* (page 156), **Peter Singer** discusses the latest offerings in the freezer section of the baby supermarket. When is a daddy no longer a daddy? At this stage no-one knows, but we'll keep you posted. 



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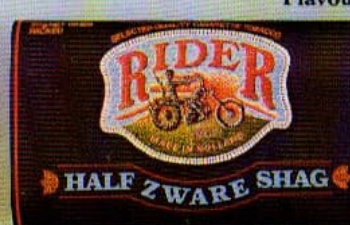
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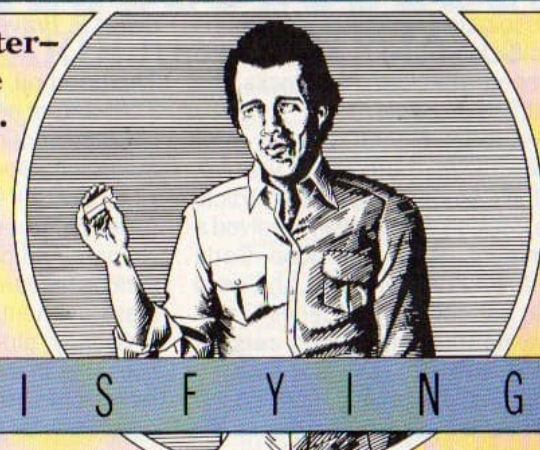


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Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Pine Gap view

I refer to Dr Geoffrey E. Smith's story *Spy* (May *Penthouse*) and the accompanying illustration and photograph. I have seen Pine Gap on many occasions from the air. I have also seen many photographs of the installation. The photographs published in the article on Pine Gap are not photographs of the Pine Gap installation. — *John Reeves MP, Member for the Northern Territory*

The aerial graphic of Pine Gap was an artist's impression of the US base. As Dr Smith pointed out in his article, *Penthouse* would have contravened the Federal Government's D Notice system if it had published an aerial photograph. The ground level perspective of the base was purchased from a reputable Australian photo agency and has been published in a number of other periodicals. — *Ed*

Prickly proposition

Both my wife and I read *Penthouse* every month for the stories and the pictures. What we would really like to see every so often are some shaven pussies. This really turns us on. We haven't seen any Australian pictorials like this but we're hoping to see some soon. — *Ted Lawrence, Rochedale, Qld*

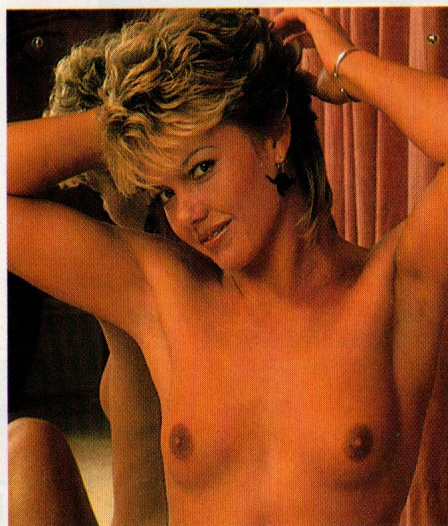
This shaven pussy business is not as easy as you may think. Just wave a Gillette within cooee of a pussy and the RSPCA comes down on you like a ton of bricks. Consider the idea scratched. — *Ed*

Flagging interest

I'm writing on behalf of the NSW flaggies — we're the folks who volunteer our week-ends to patrol various points around motor racing circuits to enable the tin tops, the open wheelers, the Brocks, the Moffats, etc, to do battle.

Just like to commend you on your motorsport articles, particularly your recent tin tops stories. Also your article *Teacher's Pet* (July *Penthouse*) received a lot of comment — all of it good. Carla Adams is a very beautiful lady and we'd love to see her compete in Series E production racing (the real touring cars) at Amaroo Park.

It's about time a woman got behind the wheel and beat the pants off the blokes. As far as we're concerned, Carla's the one to



do it, on and off the track. We reckon we wouldn't even have to teach her to use the flags — that girl's already giving off all the right signals. — *NSW Flaggies*

Keep it up

I have been an avid *Australian Penthouse* reader for about 18 months. I figured it was about time I wrote to commend you on the quality of the articles you've printed in that time. I found your story *Terror Australis* (June *Penthouse*) to be particularly incisive and informative. Your fiction piece *The Shooter*, in the same issue, was one of the best Australian short stories I have ever read. Also the provocatively illustrated *Video Visions* article was a timely and succinct evaluation of the current video scene.

Then of course, there's the pictorials. In that regard, as in all others, *Australian Penthouse* has caught its opposition with their pants down. Congratulations. — *David R. Bravenboer, Sydney, NSW*

The good oil

A word of advice about the girls you've been presenting in recent issues of your magazine. Dont stop. In no other magazine, local or international, can there be found such a smorgasbord of classy women. And believe me, I've got a lot of serious research under my belt to back up that statement.

Sydney girl Sue Francis (July *Penthouse*) is, in my opinion, the cream of the recent crop. Her youthful blend of charms, coupled with your good idea of photographing her in a sunny setting, warmed

the cockles of this winter-bound reader's heart. I'm a methodical guy and I must say that tomboy Sue Francis is the girl for me. She's got a place for everything and everything is very neatly in it place. — *John Gardener, Sydney, NSW*

Country salute

It was refreshing and entertaining to read your profile of Chad Morgan in the June issue. It's good to see a popular glossy magazine giving country music a hearing. Country is the most popular form of music in Australia, yet it seldom gets much coverage.

Your writer approached his subject intelligently and by interviewing Morgan against the backdrop of the Tamworth festival, he provided a warts-and-all insight into the state of country music today.

I am fully aware that many facets of our country scene are degenerating into saccharine American-style schmaltz, but by promoting an awareness of the great and inimitable talents we have produced, stories like your *Salute To The Sheik* may keep that degeneration in check. — *Andrew Colett, Brisbane, Qld*

Confused

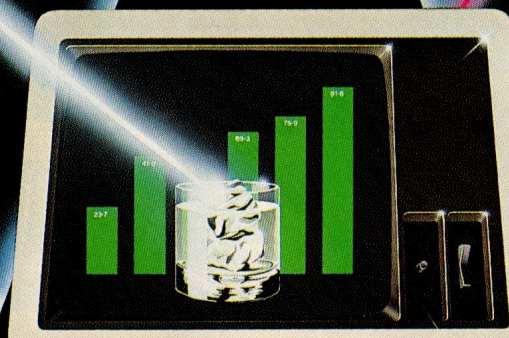
I'm a little confused. I regularly buy *Australian Penthouse* and have always been happily entertained by both the articles and pictorials ... that is until the recent June issue.

I bought my copy from the newsagent as usual the other day and was immediately smitten by your centrefold/covergirl, Jeanette Amber. Her beautiful, shapely lines and seductive posing easily justified the cover price.

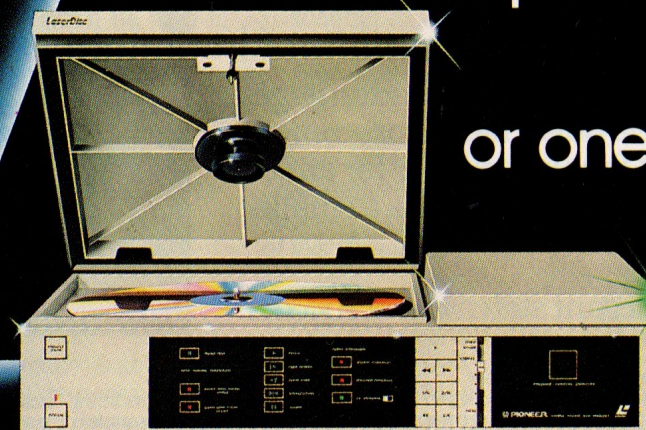
Boy, did I get pissed off though the next day, when discussing Ms Amber with an appreciative friend. He pulled out his own copy (which I later learned was a subscription) and showed me Ms Amber truly revealed. What the hell is going on? His subscription fee is the same as what I pay. So why are we news-stand readers pulling less pussy for our pennies? — *Ed Bell, Gympie, Qld.*

We receive this complaint regularly. The problem stems from differing censorship laws in NSW to the rest of Australia. The NSW (and subscription) issue simply cannot be sold on news-stands in other states. — *Ed*

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Has she come?

How does a woman know if she has had an orgasm or not? How does her husband know? How does a woman fake an orgasm? I enjoy sex with my husband very much, but he thinks I don't have orgasms, and I don't exactly know myself for sure. What really happens when a woman does orgasm?

When I'm having intercourse with my husband, I feel very satisfied. I experience a series of great sensations that become more and more intense, until finally they stop. All my muscles seem to tighten up, and I become a little shaky. Sometimes everything goes black — things seem to disappear and then come back slowly into view. I feel very happy and don't want to move. I don't expel any fluid from my vagina, and this is why my husband says I don't climax. Does a woman have to have this fluid for her to have an orgasm?

Another problem I have, is that I am unable to become lubricated during foreplay. My husband does everything to turn me on and I really enjoy this, but I can't get wet. It hurts when he tries to enter me, but once he gets inside me I become wetter. Sometimes we use Vaseline, but this still bothers me because my boyfriend thinks he is unable to turn me on. Even though I've explained to him that he does turn me on, he won't believe it. — Ms D.C., address withheld

We still do not have a good definition of female orgasm, but extensive research is still being conducted in this area. Most people agree that an orgasm is an intense sensation that occurs at the peak of sexual arousal, followed by a release of sexual tension. Some researchers say that there is an increase in the heart rate and the rate of respiration, as well as contraction of the pelvic muscles. However, research has not shown how many of these components must be present on one occasion in order to say that an orgasm has definitely occurred in a man or a woman.

According to your description, I think that most sex researchers would say that you are indeed experiencing an orgasm. One of the problems with not having clear-cut definitions of what an orgasm is like is that none of us have a solid idea of what to compare our orgasms to and if we feel that our experience differs in some way from those of others, it can lead to a sense of sexual insecurity.

There are many different ways of physically experiencing an orgasm, and none of them are "weird" or abnormal. The bottom line is that if what you feel is pleasurable and you experience a release following it, then you have had an orgasm. You say you feel very happy after your sensations build up, that your muscles tighten, you become shaky, and you don't want to move afterward. This certainly sounds like an orgasm.

Only a small percentage of women report that they expel fluid during orgasm, although the number is increasing as people become more aware of the fact that this is a perfectly normal occurrence. However, this expulsion or "ejaculation" is in no way the only criterion for whether or not a woman has had an orgasm, the same way that ejaculation cannot be considered the only true standard for male orgasm.

You can improve your degree of lubrication during intercourse by doing pelvic muscle exercises, commonly called the Kegel exercises. This will help the blood to flow better to your vaginal area, while increasing lubrication.

I would not suggest using Vaseline for lubrication, but if you must use something, choose K-Y Jelly or another sterile water-soluble lubricant. Vaseline will actually increase your vagina's dryness over time. A vaginal infection might also be the cause of this dryness and discomfort.

Loves away from home

I am a 22-year-old woman with a huge problem. I've been married for five years — sometimes happily, but usually unhappily. We have no children, and both my husband and I work.

My problem is that I am beginning to think that I am a "closet whore." I've slept with about 15 guys since I've been married. Sometimes I have slept with "one-nighters" more than once. Usually when an appealing guy comes on to me I plan just to be nice and friendly, no more, but instead I usually end up in his bed. I hardly ever climax with these men.

I'm basically smart, not bad-looking, and fairly well-dressed. My husband doesn't care how he looks. He doesn't shave, is unfriendly to people and talks with food in his mouth. He's uptight being naked, although he has a nice body, and he doesn't know what the word "foreplay" means. I've told him what turns me on sex-

Australian PENTHOUSE THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Andrew Cowell
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OCTOBER

FORUM

ually, but he acts like someone is holding a gun to his head if he does something to please me. He really doesn't want to do anything but watch TV and party.

I can't stand it anymore when he wants to have sex, but I guess the bottom line is, what's wrong with me? I tell myself I am completely turned off to all sex, but when I'm away from our home I end up sleeping with perfect strangers, and then I feel guilty about it. Nine times out of 10 I am totally uninterested in my husband's sexual advances, although it wasn't always that way. I feel that I will never be aroused by my husband again.

My husband cries and says he doesn't know what he would do if I left him, and that makes me feel even worse because I feel like I owe him everything.

So far I don't think my husband is aware of what I've been doing; or if he is, he is not letting on. — Ms J.S., address withheld

Could it be that you are sleeping with other men as a way of expressing rage and hostility toward your husband? You appear to be disgusted by his appearance, his unfriendliness to people and his unappetising behavior. He seems to be unaware of the effect he has on others, or it may be that he is aware but just doesn't care.

Such people are often full of anger. They go around with a chip on their shoulder, aiming their anger at the whole human race, and especially toward their immediate families, who bear the brunt of their hatred for the world. In psychological terms, this behavior is known as "displacement." People displace themselves from the real object of their anger, and instead direct it toward those close to them. A typical example of this is when a husband or wife has had a bad day at the office and comes home and yells at the family.

Your behavior might be expressing an unconscious message. It is obvious that you are hungry for attention and for approval, so it is not surprising that you seek these from other men. However, this tactic doesn't usually work. We first have to like and approve of ourselves. Other people can reinforce and validate good feelings that we have about ourselves, but they cannot give us those feelings. So seeking a renewed sense of self-esteem by having sex with lots of other men will not do it for you.

Think about what might be good in your marriage. Why do you stay in it? What do you like about your husband? If you cannot think of positive reasons for continuing with him, you may be staying with him out of habit. This is the reason why so many people stay in relationships long after those relationships have stopped being meaningful or joyful. The two of you may

have grown apart during the five years of your marriage and developed new and differing value systems. Your husband doesn't want to do anything but watch television and party. You may be at a different stage where you want to do something more with your life.

It is very possible that you have outgrown the man you married when you were 17. At the age of 22 you have many years of life ahead of you in which to have a happier relationship, one that may be compatible with your own goals and values.

Semi-annual sex

My lover and I have both been married for two years, and are very supportive and understanding of each other. From the beginning our relationship has been informal and open. The problem is that each of us has a very different idea of what our sex life should be like. Having sex once or twice a month is enough for him, while I would like to have it once or twice a day.

My first reaction to all this was to wait and see if his attitude changed with time. After a few months, my patience ran low and I became miserable. Next I tried talking the matter over with him as frankly as possible, telling him that although our sex life was enjoyable, I needed more of it. We talked about trying different positions and read about various kinds of sexual relationships in magazine articles. But without giving them a try or having another talk with me about this, he just dropped the matter without changing anything in his behavior.

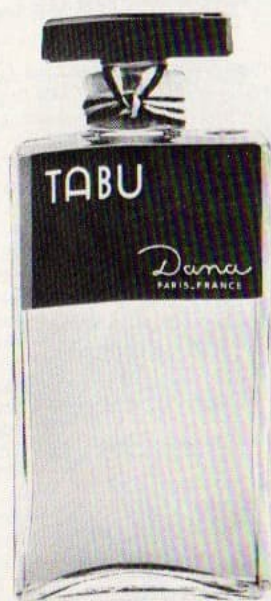
To make matters worse, I had to have a hysterectomy about a year ago after a car accident. I had always heard about how some men reacted to this, but I didn't realise how serious it could be. Since having the surgery, we have only made love twice. I had to initiate it each time, telling him that I still loved and needed him and that sex wasn't painful.

After this approach failed to work, I decided not to try any more. We have a wonderful relationship in other respects, and I'm considering leaving things as they are until he is willing to make a change. Meanwhile, I am thinking of having an affair to satisfy my own sexual needs. I realise nobody's perfect, but isn't the problem more his than mine? Is this a normal way for a man to behave? — Ms C.M., address withheld

Your lover probably has a low sex drive, and this condition may never change. No matter what treatment he seeks — hormone shots, sex therapy, relationship counselling — he might still be among those people who have minimal interest in sex their entire lives. Waiting to see if his attitude changes with time will only bring you more frustration, because your patience in this matter will just reinforce his pattern of low sexual functioning. It's a



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FORUM

cliche that time takes care of all things — it doesn't. Sometimes the passage of time merely worsens the matter. You will be more in charge of your own best interests if you take some action without waiting passively for time to heal the situation that has developed between you.

medical checkup which would include a sperm count? It is possible that he has a low production of semen, or that some of his glands are not functioning within a normal range. An endocrinologist, a doctor who deals with glandular systems, would need to examine him to determine the appropriate therapy.

Another factor affecting him might be diet. Does he drink a lot? Alcohol acts as a depressant on the nervous system, which diminishes the sex drive. It is also possible that some medication he is taking is producing side effects which lessen his desire.

Different sexual positions and different styles of sex are temporary remedies for sexual disinterest; they are not long-term cures. Your partner needs to look at his mental attitude towards sex and towards you.

Ask your lover to get a medical examination first, and then proceed to explore other possible reasons for his low

sex drive, once you have ruled out medical causes.

Once all these possible avenues of treatment have been pursued, and your lover still does not give any indication of beginning to want sex as frequently as you, you can then weigh the overall advantages of continuing the relationship.

You can choose to become comfortable about masturbating yourself or having him masturbate you while holding you in his arms, and continue with the relationship because of its other nurturing aspects. Or you may decide that you would be happier with a more highly sexed man, and that you are paying too high a price for remaining in this present relationship.

Lover doesn't ejaculate

I have been involved with a man I care for enormously for seven months now. Our relationship is growing in a way that proves how comfortable and compatible we are together. The only problem we have is a sexual one.

My lover does not ejaculate during intercourse. We can make love for hours, yet he does not climax. I can perform fellatio on him until I'm worn out and still he will not have an orgasm. On many occasions he has gone through all the motions of climax without ejaculating. Is it possible for a male to have a "dry orgasm?"

We have discussed this problem and he

claims to enjoy sex just as much without climaxing. He blames his condition on his ex-wife, who, due to religious convictions, would use no form of birth control other than withdrawal. During intercourse she would repeat over and over: "Don't climax inside me." I can imagine that this could affect anyone's sexual response. Now he doesn't ejaculate at all.

My lover is in his early forties, is not overweight, not on medication, and does not have a drinking problem. I do not believe this sexual difficulty is related to a physical problem.

I have experienced many wonderful orgasms with my lover and want very badly to be able to reciprocate the pleasures I have known with him. No matter how much pleasure he tells me he receives from our sex life, I still feel an emptiness because he is not reaching "the big O." — Ms C.D., address withheld

The last stage of normal male sexual response consists of orgasm with ejaculation. The process of ejaculation is divided into two stages: 1) pre-ejaculation, which is voluntary and can be controlled by the brain, and 2) ejaculation proper, which cannot be mentally controlled. Some men can have orgasm but cannot ejaculate, due to two possible conditions: the absence of ejaculation or retrograde ejaculation.

Men who have had traumatic experiences because their wives or lovers prevented them from ejaculating while inside them can develop a stressful attitude toward ejaculation. This stress-anxiety experience can be triggered by the sexual act even if the partner is more than willing to have the man come inside her. The man tries to prevent further stress by suppressing the ejaculatory response entirely.

Needs vibrator

I am a 36-year-old woman who has been married for 20 years to a wonderful man, but I have never reached an orgasm while making love with him. I've even had four affairs just to see whether the problem was him or me, but nothing has happened with these men either. I get aroused and enjoy sex, but I feel as if I'm numb or something. My husband bought me an electric vibrator and I can reach a climax quickly using this, but no matter how hard I try with him, I cannot feel anything "physical" without the vibrator.

Could this be a medical problem? I know it's not mental. Could my clitoris be too high or enclosed in a way that only a strong vibrator can reach? Needless to say, our sex life has not been too good for most of these 20 years, but we love each other and want to do something about this now. — Ms C.L., address withheld

You do not have a medical problem. There are some people who advocate surgery to reposition the clitoris to

enhance the possibility of climax through intercourse. I personally oppose such surgery as it can potentially harm a part of the body which is extremely delicate and full of highly sensitive nerve endings.

Studies show that many women never experience orgasm through intercourse. They do climax with masturbation, oral sex or with vibrators. The fact that penile thrusting does not massage the clitoris may be due to several factors: the shape and position of both the male and female genitals, which is different in every individual body; obesity in one or the other partner in which a protruding abdomen interferes with penile-clitoral contact; or a painful back condition which inhibits thrusting during intercourse.

The pressure to climax during intercourse is based in part on old ideas which have come down through the centuries, saying that the only good sex is vaginal intercourse. In earlier times, sexual activity which did not result directly in pregnancy was considered immoral, self-indulgent and "bad" sex. Some people still carry around these outdated ideas. In fact, intercourse is only one of the many ways that two people can express their love for each other and relieve their sexual tensions. We in the 20th Century are fortunate to be living in a time when it is permissible to enjoy a variety of sexual expressions.

You are particularly fortunate in having a good marriage and loving husband. You are also able to experience the pleasure of orgasm by use of the vibrator. Stop creating problems for yourself by being upset over the lack of orgasm during intercourse. Remind yourself how many good things you have going for you in life, and use a vibrator, oral sex or whatever you want in order to enjoy climax. Modern individuals do not have to burden themselves with ancient ideas about the "correct" way to experience pleasure and share love.

No desire for sex

I am 20 years old and very confused about my sexuality. I have always been a strong and independent person, but I find it hard to get close to men. Although I fantasize about having sex with both male and female partners, I have not had sex at all. I am an attractive woman and have had ample opportunity for sexual encounters, but something always stops me, even though the desire is there. I don't know if I'm too proud or shy or what.

I have been dating a guy for three years now. He loves me very much and would do anything for me, but he doesn't turn me on. When he kisses or touches me, I feel cold. I have tried breaking up our relationship, but he says that he'll die without me. I stay with him because I care for him very much and I don't want to hurt him, but I know my problem isn't really related to him.

I have never been able to get close to



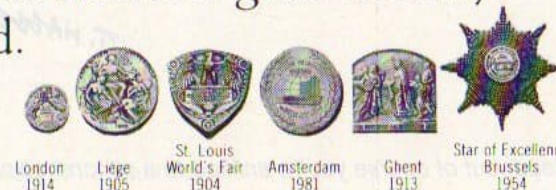
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FORUM

anyone. Sometimes I think I might be gay. I don't know what is wrong with me, because I have a lot of sexual feelings but am unable to express them. I feel very distressed all the time. I realise that I am being unfair to my boyfriend and to myself by not resolving the problems in our relationship, but I really don't know what to do.
— Ms B.H., address withheld

Staying in a relationship primarily because you don't want to hurt the feelings of the other person is a self-defeating life script. You have been with a man you don't love for three years, but when you attempt to free yourself he says he will die. You certainly are giving him power over your life and putting your fate in his hands. How many more years do you want to go by before you decide to start working on your life needs rather than his?

Make a break and remain apart, despite his pleas and protestations. Prepare for this in advance by telling yourself that you will not answer his phone calls or letters or allow him into your home if he shows up on the doorstep. Tell him firmly but kindly that you are not right for each other, and that you need to get on with your life. Then stick with this decision by having your behavior enforce your words. If you waver back and forth, you will give him permission to hope

that the two of you will get back together again. This is unfair to him. Once he realises that your break is a permanent one, you will probably be astonished at the speed with which he finds himself another girlfriend.

When a person finds it hard to get close to others, one of the underlying reasons is often a fear of getting hurt. We don't believe another person is capable of meeting our needs. Sometimes this lack of trust in others is a way of projecting on to them what we feel in our gut about ourselves — that we are untrustworthy and incapable of love. Work on developing your good feelings and confidence about being worthwhile. As your estimate of yourself grows, you will find that you want to get closer to others in order to experience the positive rewards of emotional and physical closeness.

Drastic change

About two years ago, when our first child was two years old, my wife's sexual behavior and attitude towards me changed drastically. This began at the same time my wife started wearing a nightgown to bed, rather than sleeping nude as she always had. Shortly after that, she began to reject my sexual advances frequently, and now it is all but impossible to get her to have sex with me. If my penis should become erect while we are in bed she darts away from me.

I am very disturbed by this. When we were first married, we swam and sunbathed in the nude together. Sex was an almost daily event. It was common for my wife to initiate sexual activity, if she thought I was turned on, by gently fondling my penis. It hurts me now to see couples holding hands and hugging, because it reminds me of what I can no longer enjoy with my wife. I want to love the woman I am living with, but it is impossible to give or to share anything with her, as she will not respond.

When our child was very young, my wife showed no fear of our little boy seeing us embrace each other, even when we were nude. Now my wife even changes her clothes privately. It is about a year and a half since I saw her nude, and about a year since we had intercourse. Naturally this change has affected all areas of our marriage disastrously. Yet before this happened, I would say that our marriage was a very good one — even superlative — in all respects.

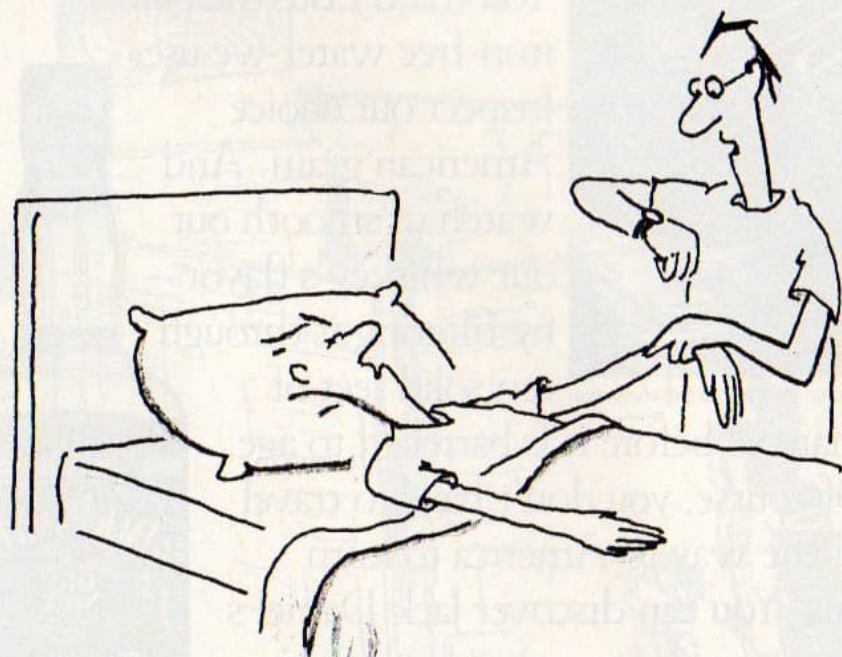
What can possibly cause a woman to change like this? Have I done something wrong which I am unaware of? We do not have any financial problems, nor does my wife have to fear pregnancy, because she had her tubes tied. I feel like I am no longer married and have begun to consider having sex with other women, since my wife has chosen to ignore my needs. — Mr S.M., address withheld

It is not unusual for a woman to develop quite a different outlook toward sex during the first few years of motherhood. Most new mothers do not react as extremely as your wife seems to have done, but the phenomenon is basically the same, and is the source of dissatisfaction for a great many new fathers. In fact, I cannot recall discussing the subject with a father who did not experience at least a slight deterioration of the sexual relationship with his wife after she became a mother, although many of these relationships returned to normal, or became even better than normal, at some point.

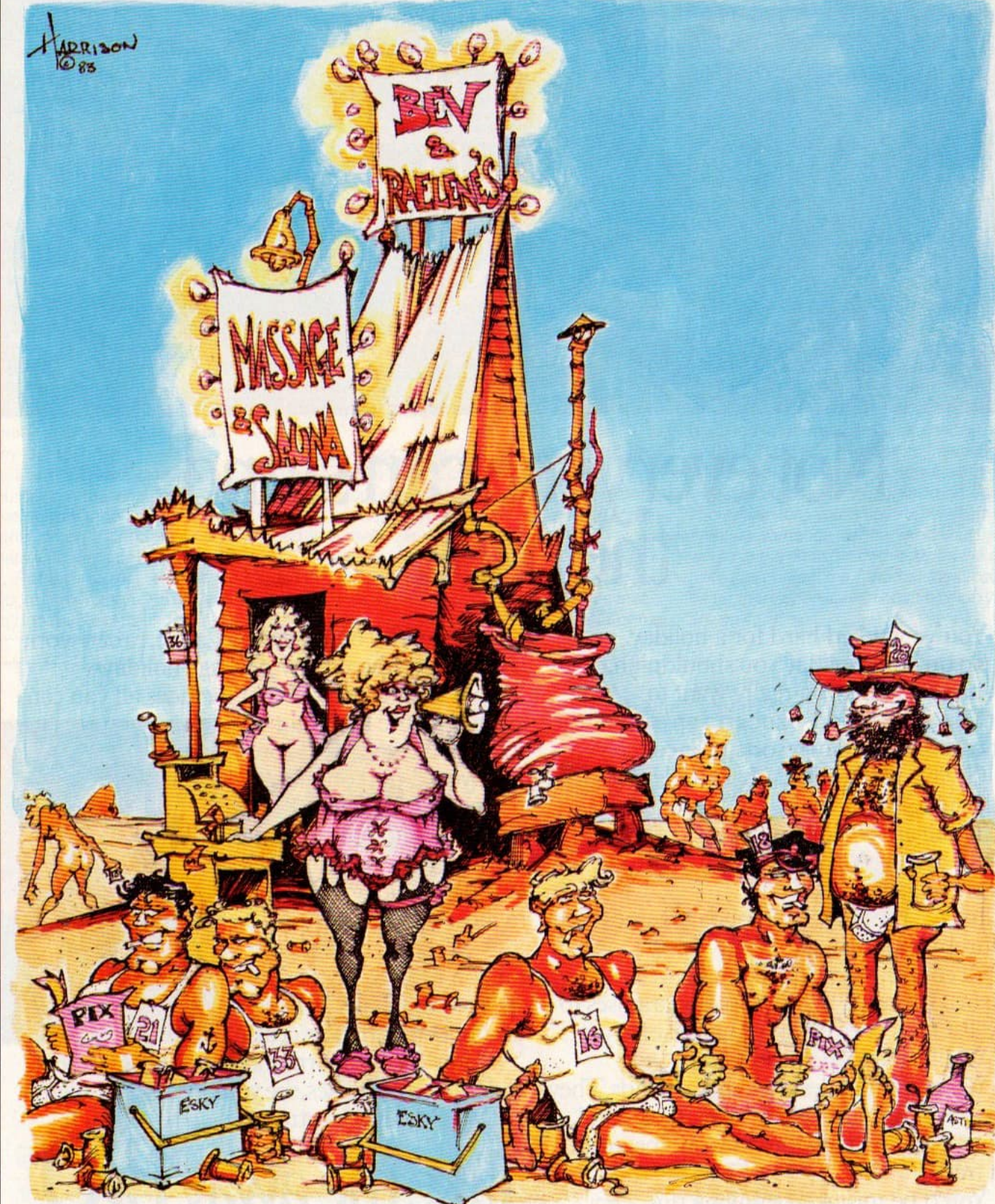
We can only speculate about what it is that causes a woman to change her attitudes about sex after giving birth. There may be some unconscious fear of becoming pregnant again, despite the fact that pregnancy is impossible. She may also be expressing resentment, acknowledged or unacknowledged, toward her husband, who did not undergo the same painful experience that she did during pregnancy and who may not be helping her enough with her new responsibilities.

A new mother may also feel guilty about her past sexual freedom and want to appear as a role model of sexual restraint and propriety. In addition, her interest in sex may be supplanted by the emotional and physical feedback she gets from the pleasures of mothering her child.

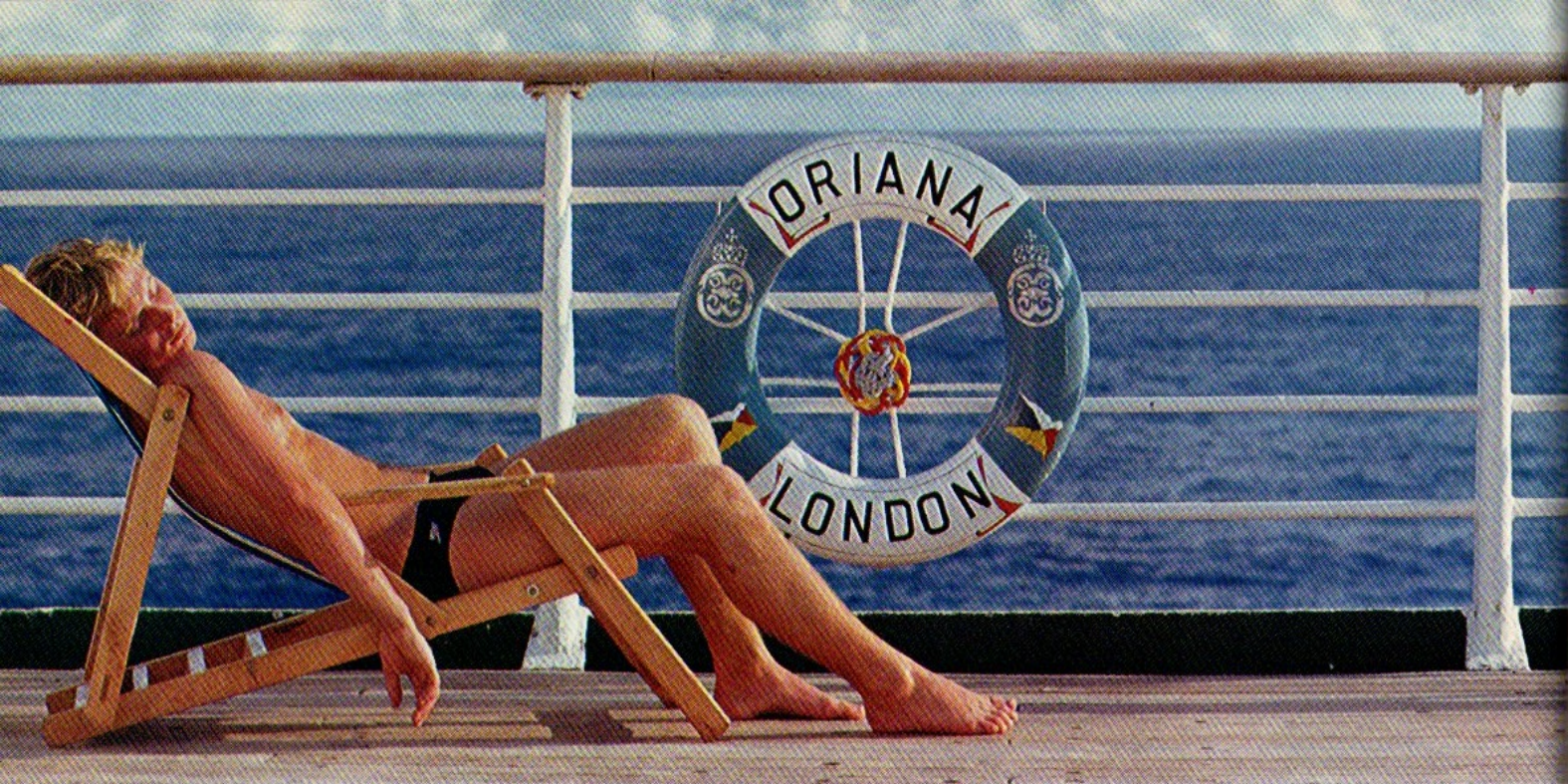
In any event, do not blame yourself for



"I think you're dead, but of course you're entitled to a second opinion."



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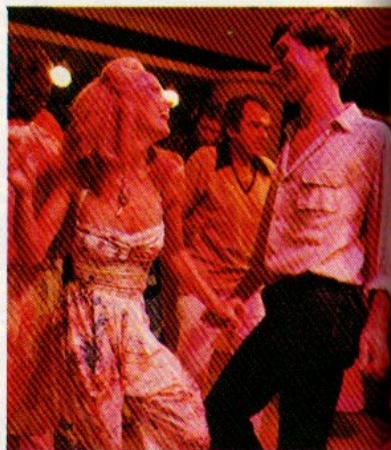
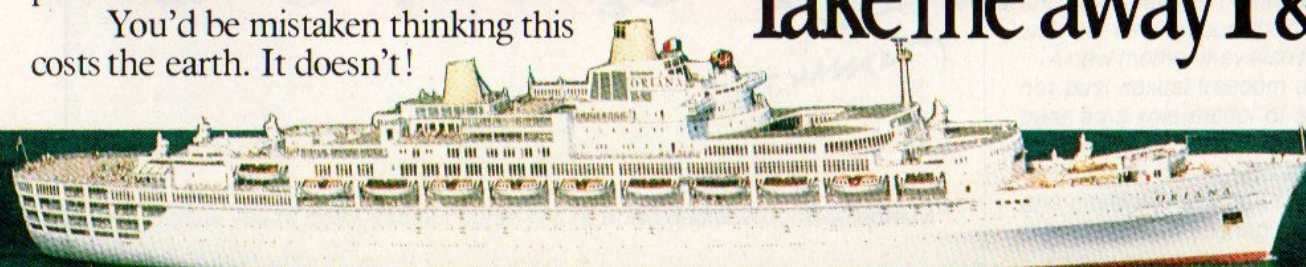
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FORUM

doing something wrong of which you are unaware. You say nothing in your letter about having discussed this situation with your wife. If you have not, please do. If she is willing, find a marriage counsellor with whom the two of you can talk in a non-accusatory way. It is possible that your wife's sexual interest in you will return in time, but I suggest that you not wait for this to occur naturally. By that time the relationship between the two of you will have deteriorated so drastically that sexual contact alone will not be able to resolve the problems. So, please do try to talk this situation over with your wife.

Dire straits

Sometimes I see myself turning into a rapist, or at least a man who might conceivably force a woman to have sex with me. This is not really in my nature, but I am getting more and more frustrated. I'm really in dire straits, and Forum is sort of my last resort.

I am 26 years old. In my teens, for a number of reasons, I was unable to have the normal amount of social contact with girls. When I left school I'd never had a date with a girl or kissed one.

By that time I was quite shy and afraid to approach women. At university I simply felt incapable of asking a girl out. I realised

that I was immature, and I was afraid she would recognise that.

Even though I have a university degree I have been unable to find a job in my field, so I'm unemployed, which makes me feel I have nothing to offer a woman. In other words, my ego is nil.

What does the future hold for me? I want to enjoy sex, but for that I must have a girlfriend; yet I'm too scared to approach anyone. I thought of asking out younger girls in their teens, who might not notice how inept and immature I am, but I know society doesn't sanction that.

As you can see, I am something of a mess. The longer I'm left out of having relationships with women, the worse my problem becomes. Obviously my problems are serious, but what do I do? Maybe it's only my negative attitude that causes this growing feeling of hopelessness. I guess I'm asking for moral support and compassion as well as some concrete suggestions. — Mr R.B., address withheld

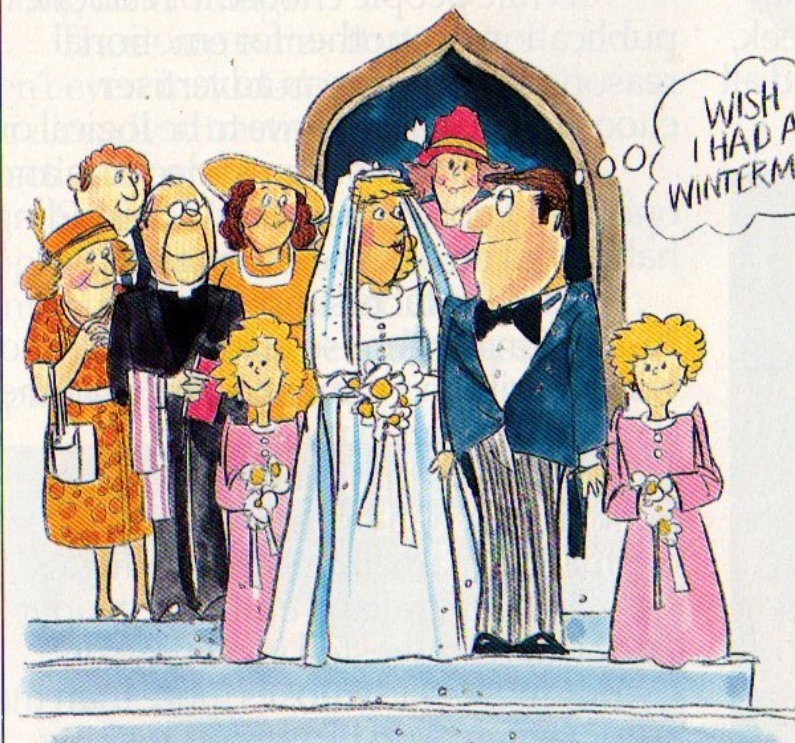
People often feel helpless and hopeless when they're caught in a vicious circle, as you are. You stay away from women because you feel inexperienced and inadequate, but the more you stay away, the less you feel able to relate successfully to them. This is quite dismaying until you realise that improvement in one aspect of this problem is likely to lead to improve-

ment in the other. All you have to do is begin to take small steps toward ending your avoidance or increasing your social skills, and you will certainly start to feel better about yourself, which will make subsequent steps easier.

The key is to choose steps that are likely to work out favorably. If you expect to suddenly meet a beautiful woman on the street and have her immediately agree to run away into the sunset with you, you're surely doomed to failure. (One of the secrets of success is choosing attainable goals). But if you decide to try to just present a friendlier face to the world for a while — smiling and making eye contact with people, for instance — you'll be on your way to more successful encounters.

It's important to set priorities, too. Instead of focusing on how overwhelming your problems are, why not simply make a concerted effort to change only one or two of them in the next six months.

Pursuing your own interest is a good way of improving interaction with people, provided that they are not solitary activities. It's always easier to talk about something you're really interested in — and besides, if you concentrate on doing something that you enjoy rather than on meeting someone, at the very least, you will have the pleasure derived from the activity itself. In such a frame of mind you'll be far more open to relationships than you are now. ☐



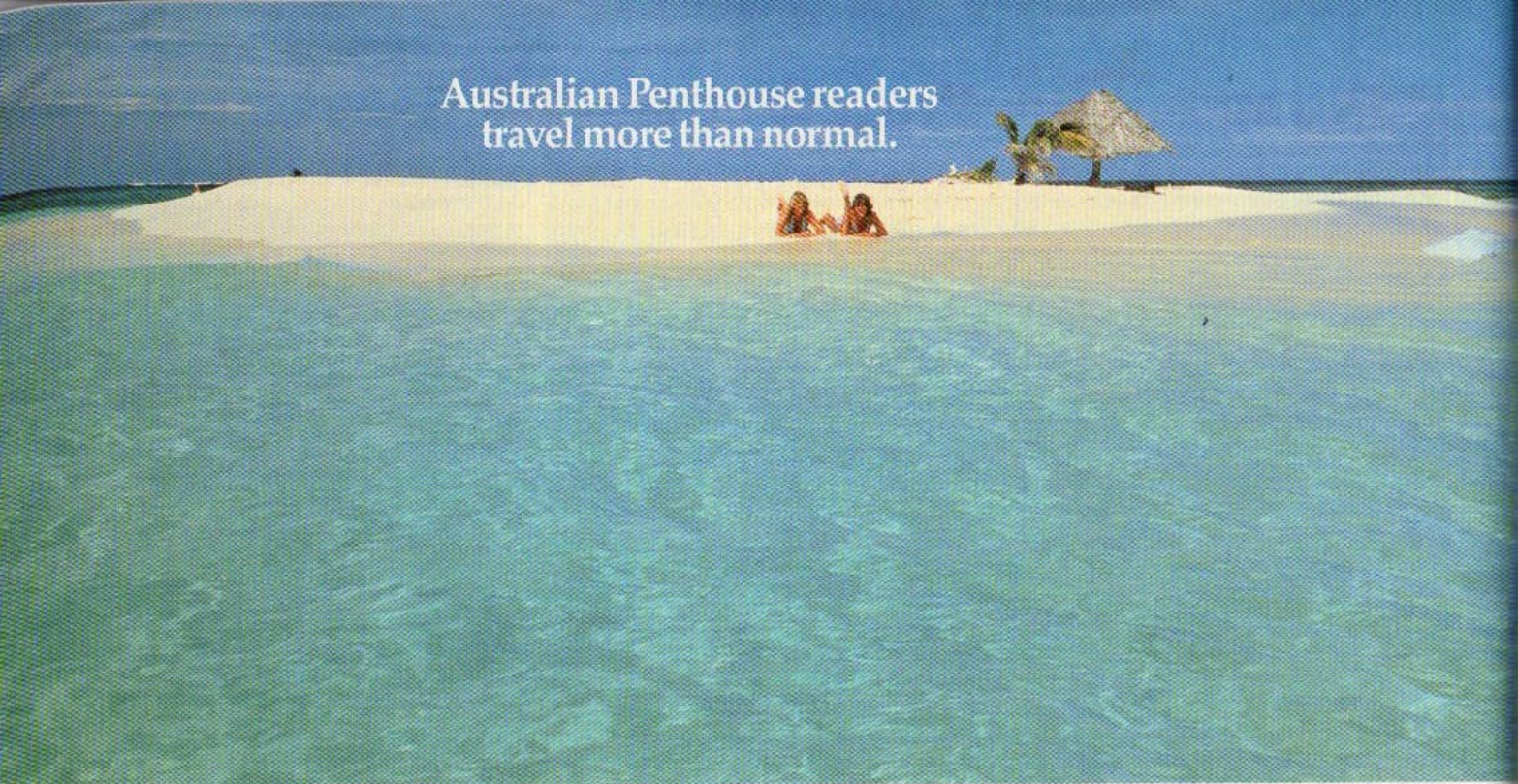
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20/221

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Guys who read Penthouse aren't normal.

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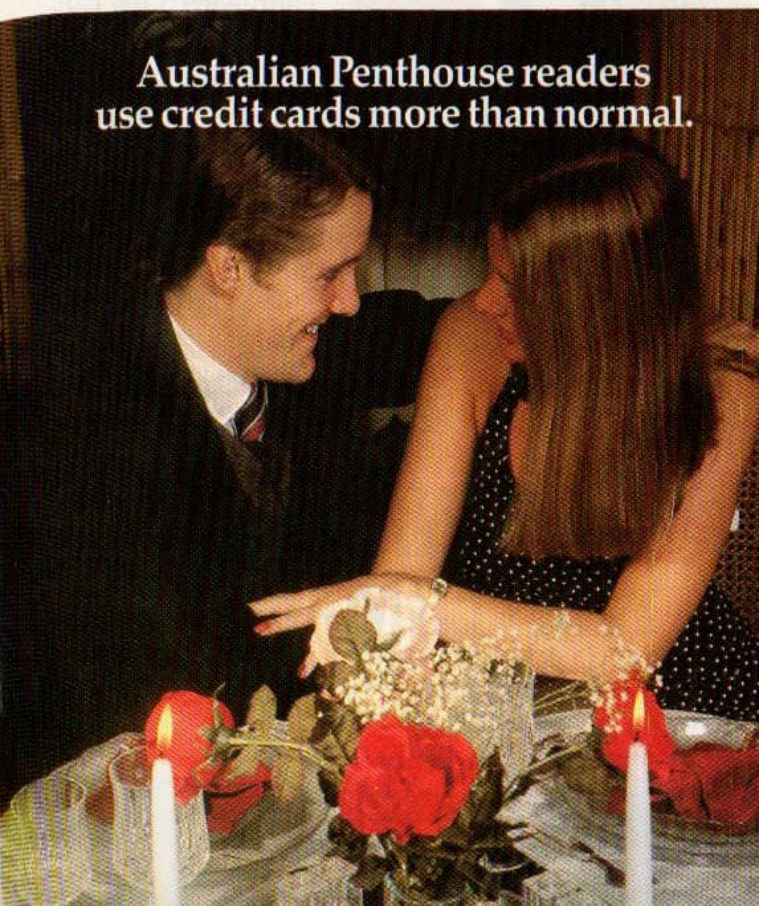
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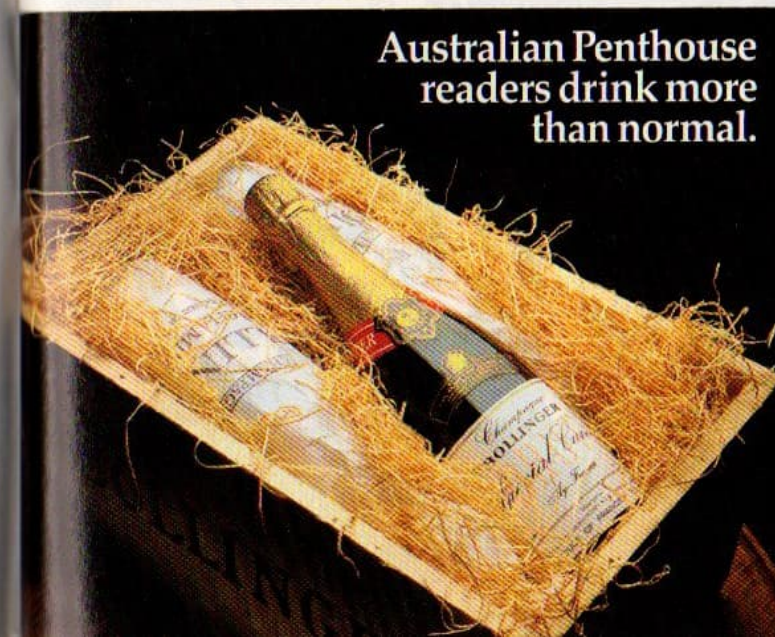


Jacka 930R

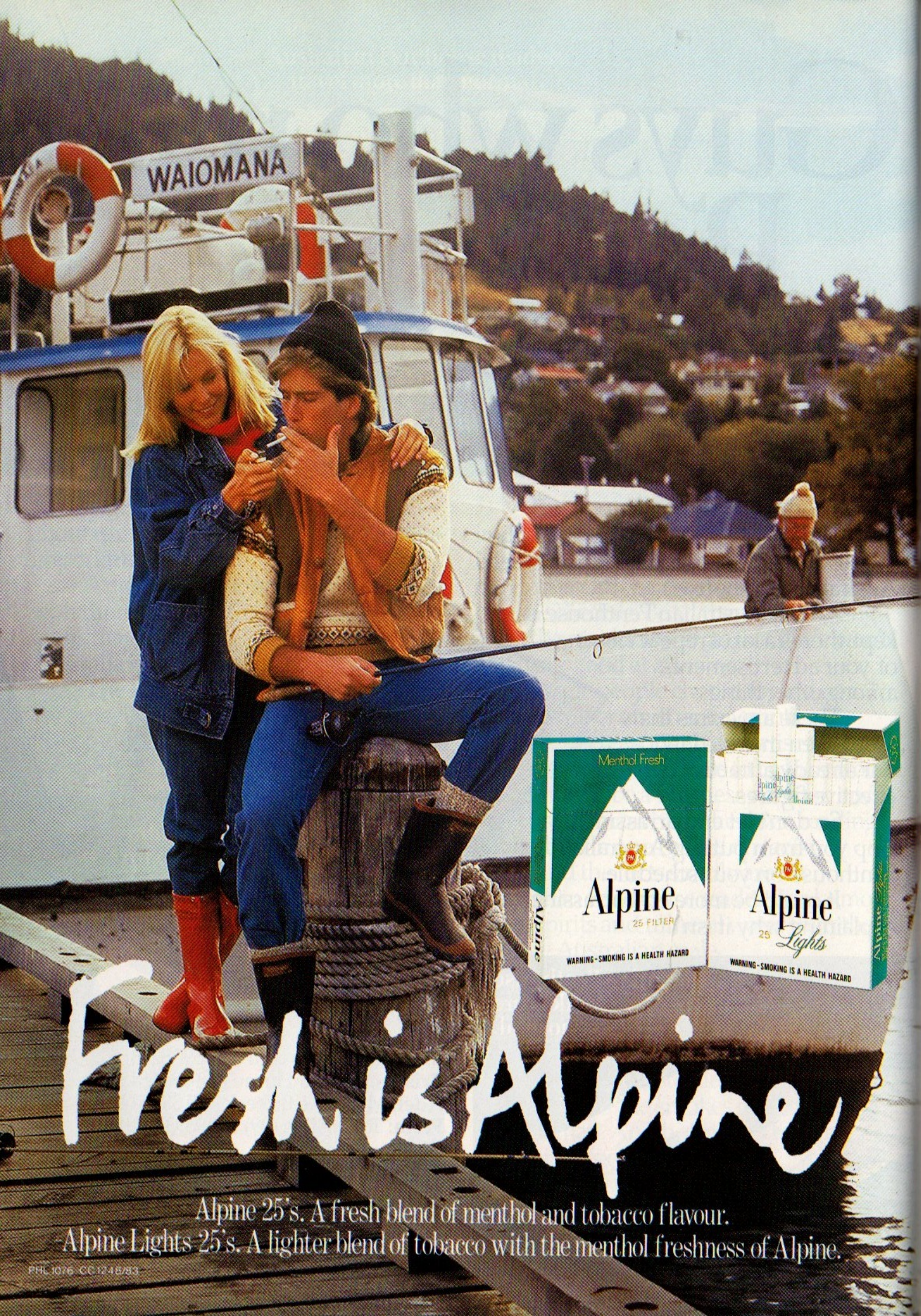
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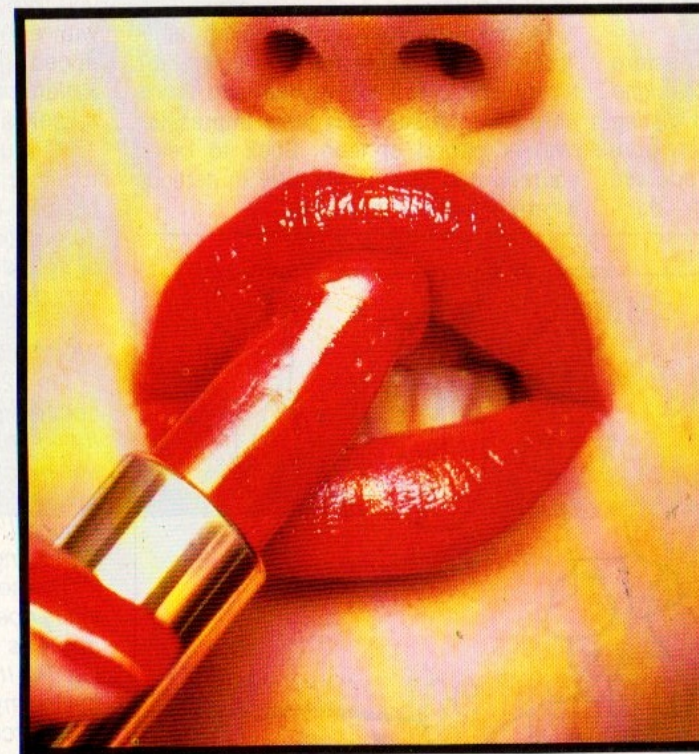
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 35-year-old housewife, am married, and have three kids. I take care of my body and most people think I am in my early twenties. My husband is very good to me and I love him very much, but I am not sexually turned on by him. He is a good-looking man with enough sex drive to keep several women happy. He is very true to me. I can't say the same for myself.

My problem is, that every time I get the opportunity to get away, I end up enjoying the company of other men. They shower me with attention, good talk, usually some good belly-rubbing-type dancing, and then the breathless whispers that they want to make love to me. Well, I want to too, so I usually end up in bed making love. I resist at first but my go signal wins out. I have had several men fall in love with me, but in my present married state it is naturally impossible to pursue these beautiful men. At the moment I have four men that I keep in contact with by mail who tell me to keep them in mind if I need them. I even love them in a special way. I usually see a guy once, spend a sensuous evening with him, and then it's months before, if ever, I see him again.

I don't give myself to the men in my town: it's too small and the tongue-wagging is unbearable. They are usually out-of-towners. Everyone thinks I am that sweet naive housewife who is so quiet and true to her husband. But really, I want to touch and be touched by other men and lose myself in their pleasure. Isn't it more blessed to give than to receive? Also, the receiving is in the giving.

I also would like very much one day to indulge in lovemaking pleasure with another woman. That is one fantasy I dream about and that I think would be extremely exciting. That is one thing that I don't know how to instigate. I can give out the body language,



especially through my eyes and smile, to a man, but I'm a bit lost on how to get the attention of a female lover. I suppose when the time comes, I'll know it.

My husband knows I want to engage in a wild orgy, or anything to do with sex. He does too. He thinks that when the occasion arises, we should be in the same room with our partners.

All I know is, I need and want the company of other men. How wrong am I? I should be single if I wanted to play around, but actually I have no reason to split our marriage. If my husband knew how many times I've had lovers, he'd just die. — N.E., address withheld

What turns you on about your extramarital affairs is quite clearly the game of

seducing another man who appreciates you, desires you, and loves to be chatted up by you. You apparently get almost as much pleasure from hearing the other men praise your talents as from just having intercourse. In other words, you must have a very fragile ego, especially if your husband is actually a good lover, loves you dearly, and is even faithful to you. Many women would envy you for that kind of a husband. Rather than make it so complicated, with pen pals and out-of-town sex, you should take your own suggestion of participating in an orgy as the final solution to your otherwise dull home sex life.

Since you write that your husband is a good-looking hunk who could please many women, why not let him have some fun on the side as well? The most appropriate way of doing this is to approach another liberal couple and invite them over for drinks, then get involved in a mild petting and necking session with the other couple. Eventually all four of you may end up in bed, and with a bit of luck you may even seduce the other wife. That would probably

give the two husbands a tremendous thrill. I don't think there is very much wrong with you. You just are a sexy honeypot with a healthy appetite.

TOO SOMBER

I am a 23-year-old man who is often described as being "cute" by women. Unfortunately, these women are usually involved in their own relationships with other men. My problem is that I can't seem to initiate a relationship of my own. I'm not able to muster any charm or wit that will turn a woman's head and cause her to take notice of me. Instead, I exude a somberness that apparently isn't attractive.

I once frequented clubs and singles bars, but found it impossible to talk to the women I met, due to the loud music and rowdy environment. So I would end up dancing, getting drunk, and watching women from afar.

I've tried being open and honest with women whom I find sexually and intellectually attractive, but they seem to think I'm being too blatant or forceful.

Should I try to overcome my austere manner by pretending to be another kind of person, or should I just keep on looking for women who will appreciate my non-contemporary style? — Mr. J.Y., address withheld

You use an interesting set of words to describe yourself: somber, austere, non-contemporary. One thing you might do for yourself is to choose more positive words, such as: sincere, thoughtful, nonsuperficial. Frankly, in the right environment, you probably would be much appreciated for who you really are. The problem seems to be the settings you've chosen in which to meet women. Singles bars are often places where your particular qualities aren't generally sought out or appreciated.

What are your hobbies? What do you do for a living? Although you may not think your job is a good place to meet women, you certainly could develop outside interests which would bring you into contact with your kind of woman.

Relationships that begin with mutual interests are often the ones that work out best over time. Instead of bars, try meeting women through sports, a political or social organisation, classes at local colleges, etc. The women involved in these activities are often looking for the type of man who's different from the kind they meet at bars.

By the way, there is no point at all in "pretending to be another kind of person." It's difficult to do it successfully and it's impossible to sustain this false impression over a period of time. Stick to being yourself and placing yourself in settings where you are at your best.

AFRAID SHE TURNS HIM OFF

I'm 19 years old and engaged to be married to a very sweet guy who is eight years older than I. We have very good sex, but he usually ejaculates very fast. When we have intercourse it's even quicker — boom-bang and he explodes. I've never encountered this problem with other men, and it's frustrating as my fiancé says he'd like to make love to me for hours. But saying and doing are two different things with him. He says that in the past he could have intercourse without climaxing for a long time. I don't understand why this isn't possible with me. He feels bad every time we have sex as he has orgasmed so quickly. I tell him it's okay, but I am left feeling unsatisfied and frustrated.

This has been going on for six months. I love him very much and he pleases me in every possible way except in this one very important area. I have an underlying feeling that I turn him off and that that is why he can't perform when he's with me. — Ms. D.L., address withheld

The problem almost certainly is not that you turn him off but that you turn him on with an intensity that he has not experienced previously. It is not at all unusual for a man to climax very rapidly when he is intensely aroused.

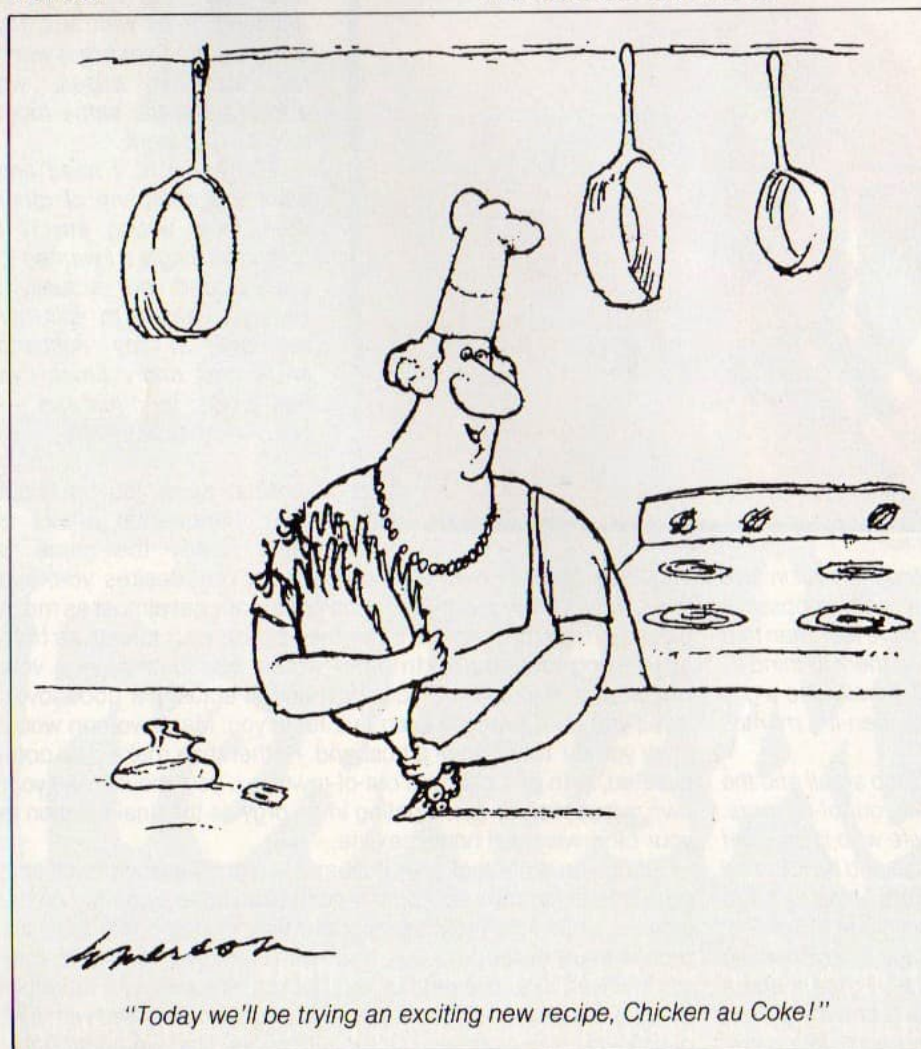
As you and your fiancé spend more time together, he is likely to become more relaxed during sex. This should result automatically in an increase in reaction time and should also permit him to exercise more control.

WORRIED ABOUT HER TASTE

I'm a 23-year-old woman with a problem concerning cunnilingus. When my boyfriend performs oral sex on me I feel very uncomfortable because I'm constantly thinking that I probably taste bad (even though I've just bathed) or am somehow disgusting.

The second thing is that so far cunnilingus doesn't exactly excite me at all — I might as well be reading a book or watching TV. It doesn't feel as good to me as having my boyfriend's penis inside me during intercourse. I would really appreciate it if you could help me learn how to enjoy this type of sex act and to stop worrying about how I taste and what I should be feeling. — Ms K.M., address withheld

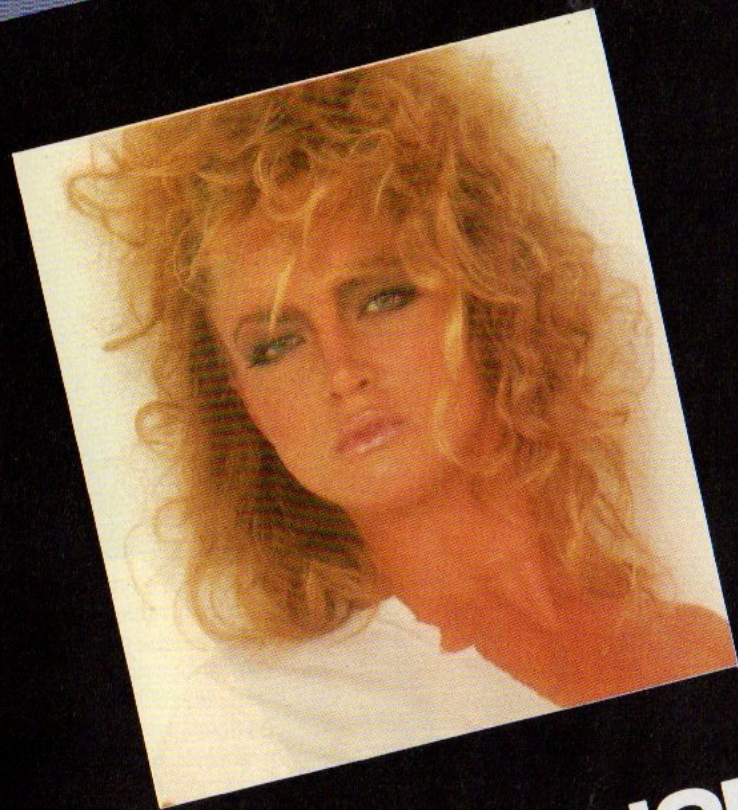
The most important thing is to find out how your boyfriend feels about it. He may surprise you with his positive reactions. Or you may both decide that neither of you really enjoys this and are doing it only because you think the other partner wants it. If that is the case, both your problems will be solved by an open discussion. No matter what you decide about oral sex, it is very important for you to revise your feelings about your natural body smells and secretions. This can only help increase your pleasure in sex. ☺



It was the first time he'd ever played something romantic - and then I gave him mere Scotch instead of



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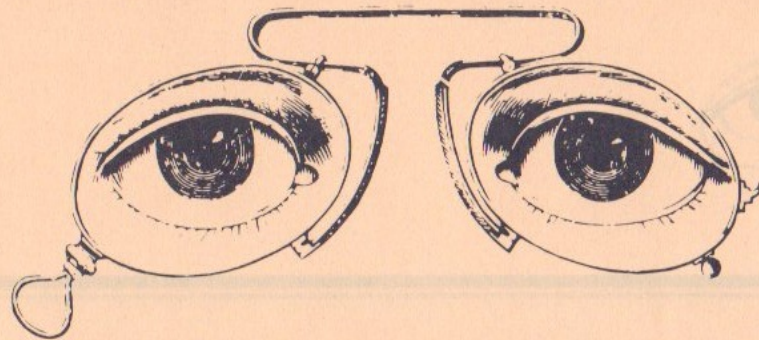
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SECRET DIARY OF EVA BRAUN

BY EMILY PRAGER

This week, after two years of secret negotiations with East German dealers in Nazi regalia, and thanks to the untiring aid of a star reporter at a German magazine who, for security reasons, must remain nameless, *Penthouse* has finally obtained the document the world has been awaiting for over 30 years: *The Secret Diary of Eva Braun*! Found in an old trunk in Berchtesgaden, beneath a pile of old autograph dachshunds, silk teddies, and Bayreuth Festival programs, the slim, pink leather volume, with its tiny lock and key, reveals at last the intense and often poignant relationship between Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun, his mistress from 1933 to '45.

Penthouse's own handwriting experts have thoroughly checked the entries, comparing them with dressmakers' and confectioners' bills signed by Miss Braun during the period. But just to make sure, we sent the diary to distinguished historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who assures us it is 100 percent authentic.

THE SECRET DIARY OF EVA BRAUN by Eva Braun.

Munich, March 15, 1933. Dear Diary, I am writing to you because alas, there is no-one else in whom I can confide. In two short weeks, my life has changed forever. Once a shop assistant in Herr Hoffmann's photo store, now I am the mistress of the Chancellor of Germany! Oh Adolf, Adolf. Darling, pudgy, little Adolf. How can Mama and Papa be so priggish? So narrow-minded to call it "shacking up" when one is living with a dictator? Why, it's every girl's dream! Of course, I agree with them about the moustache, but I'll change that, in time. It's such a superficial thing. Perhaps Adolf is right: perhaps all parents should be shot when one reaches age 16. Life would be easier...

Obersalzberg, March 13, 1938. Damn Austrians! Damn them! Damn! Adolf was coming this weekend and the Anschluss has ruined it! And Bormann says it's only the beginning. I never get to see Adolf anymore, never. I'm so lonely. I've read every Nancy Drew there is, and now they've stopped translating them. What shall I do? I hate this place. I hate Bavaria. Here's a secret for you: yesterday I gathered together all the dirndls I could find — yes, even Frau Goering's — and I cut them all up and buried them near the tea

house! How I laughed! My sad little rebellion. Adolf writes that if I sit tight, he will give me Poland for my patience. Frankly, Diary, I'd rather have oral sex.

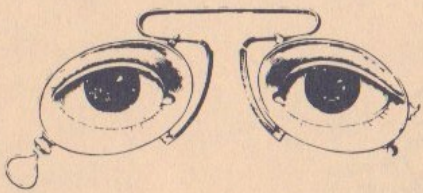
Obersalzberg, January 20, 1943. We were to have a lovely weekend together. A celebration of our 10th anniversary. And then Speer informed me there were problems at Stalingrad and problems at El Alamein, and Goebbels and Himmler and the whole crew were coming up and I should have to stay in my room. After 10 years, Diary, my love affair with Adolf is still a secret. Why? Streicher traced my racial ancestry back to 1500 and, except for a Czech juggler, it was pure. I can't bear it. The Jews get more attention than I do. But I waited. And after dinner, when Adolf finally appeared, I let him have it! "The hell with your war," I told him. "Lie down with the Desert Fox, get up with sand fleas!" And he laughed, which so annoyed me, I said my piece about the moustache. "Shave it off or grow it out, I don't care which, but do something with it. It looks like a mole pelt!" Well, as soon as I said it, I was sorry. He looked so mournful and then he got gas pains. I apologised and offered to join the Lebensborn program in penance, but he wouldn't hear of it. I haven't been this depressed since the night he murdered Ernst Rohm instead of taking me dancing.

Berlin, April 6, 1945. Well, Diary, who would have thunk it? We're going to be married. Frau Adolf Hitler. Frau Eva Hitler. Oh, you should have seen Mama and Papa's faces when I told them. They never thought it would happen.

"Over your dead body," I remember Papa said in '33, albeit presciently. Of course it's going to be a small wedding. There's not much room in the bunker. Just our closest friends. But I've got my dress: masses of white tulle and organdy with just a sprig of clematis at the waist. There's a case of confiscated Parisian champagne courtesy of Goering and some pate with truffles. Now, right after the wedding breakfast, we're meant to shoot ourselves in the head, but you know, Diary — and maybe this is silly sentimentality — I can't bear to soil the dress. I'm going to take cyanide instead. A girl's got to look out for herself. I've waited so long for this. The first time the world sees me, I want to be in one piece.



Illustration by Miles Parnell



SOUNDS



SQUARE DANCE

Noted ethnic plagiarist **Malcolm McLaren** has delivered the final sound-track for his "around the world in 15 steps", of which "Buffalo Girls" and "Soweto" have been a tantalising introduction. Having turned popular music on its head with his invention of the Sex Pistols, he ventured to France to produce blue movies. This led him into the music of Third World countries, which provided cheap, copyright-free sound-tracks. It also provided him with image/sound packages to launch the careers of Bow Wow Wow and Adam Ant. *Duck Rock* (Charisma) is McLaren's first album in his own right. It's not a collection of discreet tracks but rather an ongoing dance sound-track, linked by New York rap DJs the Mean Team and glimpses of tribal beats. When the mix (produced by Trevor Horn, whose credits include ABC) gels into an actual tune we have McLaren basically acting as a square dance caller. Choruses are often Zulu tribes singing lyrics, like: "Kiss Kiss Bang Bang, It's all he knows, Heh Sex Pistol Man." McLaren moulds the music of Africa, the Caribbean and New York streets into an homogenous, believable whole. He displays the bug-eyed enthusiasm of a children's TV show compere ("Hey girls, how

many skips can you do?"), combined with a globe-roaming search-and-enjoy zeal and the notion that dancing is good therapy (David Frost and Jane Fonda your inspiration has been invaluable).

The **Police** have by now sung themselves red, yellow and blue into your consciousness and the charts with their clinging, post-affair ballad "Every Breath You Take." Their recent sojourn to the Bahamas resulted in some *Synchronicity* (A&M) — quick Gladys, hand me my dictionary of psychoanalytical terms! By avoiding the copious overdubs

McLaren... *enthusiastic*



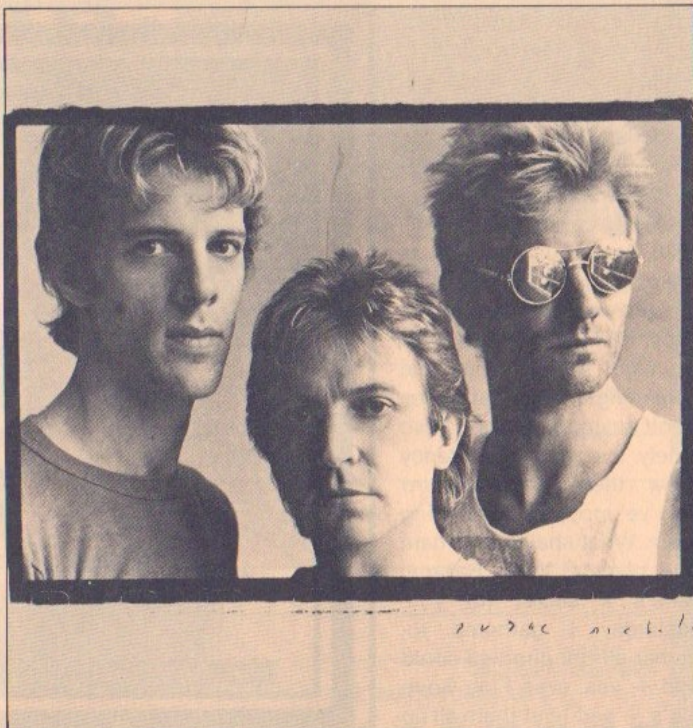
of the *Ghost In The Machine* album, they are attempting to reassert the trio's identity and redefine Police vinyl. They don't return to the frenetic energy that worked so well on the first two albums. The classic Police format of a loping, reggae verse feel, gearing up to a pushy rock back beat for the chorus, is avoided at all costs. Andy Summers seems to have forgotten the battery for his chorus pedal and his trademarked ringing chords have lost favor to the "wobbling cloud" — thick, phased chord washes. His after hours activities with Robert Fripp (King Crimson) also appear verbatim in the odd-time guitar figure of his half-screamed plea, "Mother" ("Oh women please have mercy/Oh Mother dear please listen and don't devour me"). Stewart Copeland's token

track is the forgettable "Miss Gradenko", and his drumming hasn't escaped Sting's new edited vision. Sting is responsible for the rest of the songs as well as bass, keyboards and most of the vocals. The result is a brooding body of music with a lot of lyrical pain (the result of a broken marriage and watching too many television documentaries). He continues the *Ghost* trend of being a thoughtful popster penning sing-song melodies with very literate imagery. The album is not without its up-tempo stompers but the most successful tracks are the more restrained ones, like "Every Breath" and "Tea In The Sahara." Here, Sting's stab at poignant pop and Summer's thick guitar carpet work best without getting maudlin — despite Sting's notion that "It's my destiny to be the king of pain."

Also appearing in a more than usually elegant, sombre mood is Mr Mumbles and his fellow ecclesiasts, **The Church**. Self confessed reformed smoker and

vegetarian Steve Kilbey and his cronies hold a public *Seance* (Parlophone) in honor of their renewed contract with EMI. Recent overseas touring and an uncalculating business innocence has left The Church low on lolly. Hopefully, this will not be their swansong. They have evolved successfully from the jangling unguarded moments *Of Skins And Hearts* to the beautiful "It's No Reason" — a more gentle, evocative treatment of Kilbey's images than the acoustic guitars of their *Blurred Crusade* ever achieved. There is only one acid casualty of a track — "Travel By Thought" — where the band free associates to bury a forgettable lyric. Aided by one of the many recently imported British producers, Nick Launay, *Seance* is rich in Turner-esque muted hues — "And the colors take me down/It's no reason to be sad." Only on "Dropping Names" does the electric guitar of yore threaten to fully emerge, though "It's No Reason" is the album's lowest highpoint. *Seance* is what you might call a real Lady

Police... *Sting and friends with some Synchronicity*



The Church... *back again for a musical Seance*

Scott of an album — strong but gentle.

1980's *Remain In Light* did much to promote New York band **Talking Heads** from the level of station wagon touring this influential and respected outfit had been used to. It was also very much the product of singer David Byrne's collaboration with longtime producer Brian Eno — the duo penning all the songs and Eno producing. Possibly remoralised by their extra-curricular success with the Tom Tom Club, husband and wife rhythm section Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth have reasserted their input along with guitarist/keyboard player Jerry Harrison. The quartet claim collective responsibility for *Speaking In Tongues* (Sire), though the lyrics are Byrne's. Extra musicians, some from the recent touring nonet (though not ace guitarist Adrian Belew) are used on percussion, violin, keyboards and back-up vocals. However, the inherent congregational nature of that lineup, as documented on the live *The Name Of The Band Is Talking Heads*, is only occa-

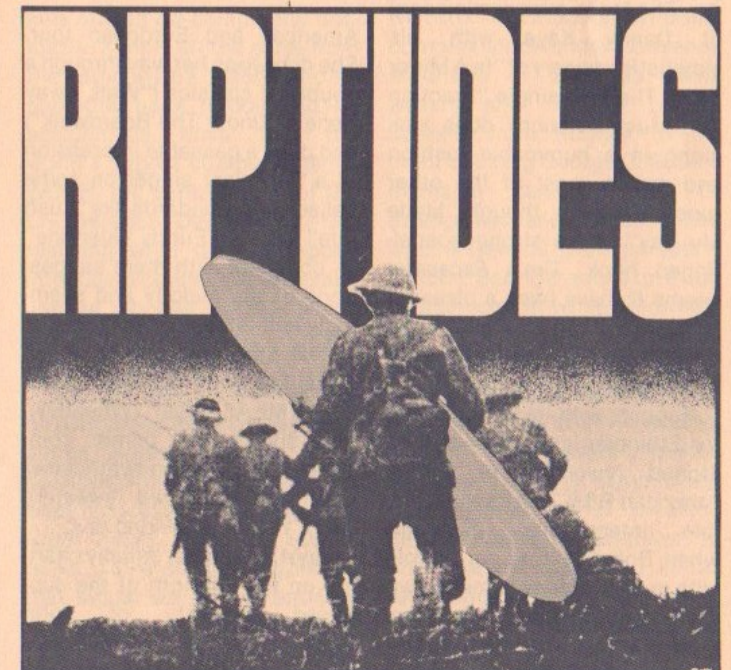
sionally present as on the gospel answer chorus of "Slippery People." This is not a complete return to the maniacal funk of the early quartet albums, but the mix avoids the lavish production of *Remain In Light* along with much of its chanting African sway. This record — driven by Frantz's almost military bass drum, consistent snare back beats and the hugely compelling Handclap — moves along at an infectious pace reminiscent of earlier songs such as "Life During Wartime." Then Byrne sang: "I got some groceries, some peanut butter, to last a couple of days/But I ain't got no speakers, ain't got no headphones, ain't got no records to play." Things have obviously improved because now he's "got a girlfriend with bows in her hair, and nothing is better than that." There is still the slightly demented urgency in his delivery, but even a brush with the Devil ("Swamp") is given a bouncy boogie beat. Talking Heads have regrouped, closed ranks and found they can still "get down."

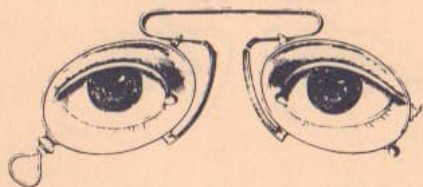
Some people view records as an adjunct of the live performance, a kind of souvenir of what you did last weekend and who inspired the most current damage to your brain cells. To others the studio is a wonderland that need not produce anything that relates directly to the live act. Originally from Brisbane, **The Riptides** were a band very much of the former conviction. Without prying into their personal habits, there was always something inherently dishevelled about their sound. Corny Sixties guitar lines with modern comment and old croons — a surf version of The Cure. On the street these new age twisters were responsible for the best series of gig posters around, as well as performances that varied from diabolically bad to the believably competent. *Riptides* (Regular) is a compilation that chronicles the band from their debut single "Tomorrow's Tears", through "Hearts And Flowers" (released as they supported Simple Minds in 1982), to the final mix-down postscript "The Wedding Song." They have released a public

threat to tour in support of their first full album. Here, then, is your complete and unadulterated *Riptides*.

Robert Palmer, the Yorkshire boy described as moving to the Bahamas before the rush (two years, in fact, before Compass Point Studio), acknowledges the first deadly sin with his eighth album *Pride* (Island). Since his solo break from British R&B training ground bands in 1974, Palmer has adopted the coloring of many trends while maintaining his roots. His Caribbean haven has not kept him isolated and the last few years have seen his sound change with the use of synthesisers — most notably between his 1979 *Secrets* ("Bad Case Of Loving You") and 1980's *Clues* ("Johnny And Mary"). His latest is an eclectic array of disparate styles married more by consistent production than anything else. He toys with African Juju music on the title track, relocates a Fifties-style ballad ("Want You More"), relates a thick synthesiser funk tale ("You Are In My System"), plunders Kool and the Gang ("You Can Have It — Take My

Riptides... *live and damaging brain cells*





Heart") and closes with some wisdom about women, horses and guns in Urdu, an Indian language. Most tracks run back to back as if some songs are interrupted by a completely different idea that sends him off in another direction. In lesser hands this method could appear patchy and schizophrenic. For Palmer this particular collage works well.

Tim Finn hasn't split from the Enz, he merely went on an *Escapade* (Mushroom) to Sydney to record his first solo effort. Falling into cahoots with producer/musicians Mark Moffat and Ricky Fataar, he has delivered what is essentially a very simple album dealing with the male-female interface. He claims his images are less obscure than with Split Enz. "What am I here for if not to love you and let my feelings show." It's probably a good thing he did this one on his own, as Split Enz probably don't need another album inspired by Mr Finn's problems d'amour — much of that having been covered on *Time and Tide* (as well as his potted life story). Musically there are few standout cuts, Finn being content with safe pop-rock fodder. The lad is even reminiscent of Danny Kaye with his simplistic imagery of "In A Minor Key." The first single "Fraction Too Much Friction" does kick along in a hummable fashion and makes most of the other tunes irrelevant, though "Made My Day" has a strong gospel-tinged hook. Tim's *Escapade* seems to have been a pleasant enough sojourn, but let's hope the next Split Enz album has a bit more meat on the bone.

Reggae, with its whacky plug for Ethiopian autonomy and its stoned reworking of Fifties American R&B, lost its most visible international exponent when Bob "we free our people with music" Marley demised two years ago from cancer. *Confrontation* (Island) sees **Bob Marley And The Wailers in a series of**

tracks previously unreleased outside of Jamaica.

Redgum were *Caught In The Act* (Epic) shortly after we had done that election thing to Malcom Fraser. We find lead adenoids John Schumann delivering a political thesis couched in tepid one-liners. New fiddler Hugh McDonald shows a much greater tuneful facility than his predecessor, and included is the surprise hit "I Was Only 19."

Rickie Lee Jones poses as a *Girl At Her Volcano* (WEA) both in and out of the studio on a seven-track trailer for her



Tim Finn... Escapading

American and European tour. She doo-wops her way through a couple of classics ("Walk Away Rene", "Under The Boardwalk") and does a passable impression of a torch jazz singer on some ballads and standards like "Lush Life" and "My Funny Valentine" — complete with mere suggestions of the melody and seemingly half-remembered lyrics.

Real Life have scored a national Top 10 hit with their debut "Send Me An Angel" (Wheatley). This stylish ditty comes complete with European synthesiser treatment, Spandau sweaters and a 12-inch extended mix.

Hayzi Fantaysee, initially charting on the strength of the supposed enormity of John Wayne's genitals ("John Wayne Is Big Leggy"), now compile

their three singles and other hillbilly hybrid ditties into *Battle Hymns For Children Singing* (Regard).

Sydney jazz-rockers **Crossfire** chronicle their appearance *Live At Montreux* (WEA) from July 1982. The band was obviously enthused by being at this prestigious jazz festival and deliver a predictably well played set that shows a spark they often over-produce out of their studio albums.

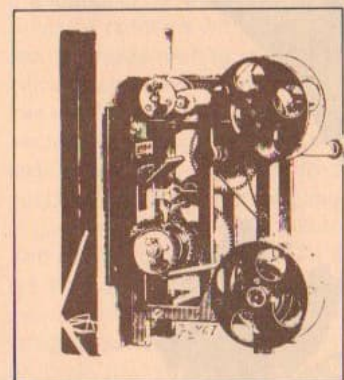
The Nylons, claiming *One Size Fits All* (Liberation), update the barber-shop quartet, calling their version "Rockappella." This should outlive *Beatle Barkers* by weeks.

Rod Stewart (one of the world's ugliest women) is back with a smart new wardrobe expressing some more *Body Wishes* (WEA). Similarly, raspy throated **Bonnie Tyler** is refusing to go away *Faster Than The Speed Of Light* (CBS). The cover shows her experiencing the equivalent of a laser lobotomy — a reasonable excuse for having let Jim Steinman (remember the Meatloaf Affair) employ his deplorably overblown production on the contained vinyl.

Thin Lizzy is refusing to roll over and die without a final burst of *Thunder and Lightning* (Vertigo), while **Mark Holden** has returned as *Mark Holden* (Mercury) with a bag of current sonic cat moves — sort of Rick Springfield with a sequencer.

Dave Edmunds doesn't stray far at all from his rockabilly roots, but also doesn't stumble on to many great hooks with *Information* (Arista). **Marshal Crenshaw** has been partly helped out of his Buddy Holly mode on *Field Day* (WEA) by ace producer Steve "Big Drum" Lilywhite, and despite the great suit doesn't beat Tom Petty at his own game. Meanwhile, **Santana** traces his roots from Tijuana to the Butterfield Blues Band's backyard on *Havana Moon* (CBS) — a curious album, possibly conceived after a tofu binge. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILMS



PSYCHOPATHETIC

Sequels are becoming more and more ludicrous in their conception. *Friday 13th* and *Jaws III* are, in fact, 3-D versions of (seemingly) everyone's perennial favorites, enabling the last few bucks to be squeezed from audiences desperate for a thrill or two in their mundane lives. It is at that same lot of desperates that **Psycho II** (coming 22 years after the original) has been aimed. This sequel heralds the return to the screen of one Norman Bates — a psycho with a bent for dressing up in his mother's clothes, hacking to death guests staying at the Bates motel and disposing of their bodies in the swamp. The fact that genius of the macabre Alfred Hitchcock directed the original (as a low budget job to prove that mass appeal movies did not necessarily have to cost multi-millions) gave the pot-boiler essence of Robert Bloch's original story that touch of class that has since elevated *Psycho* to classic status.

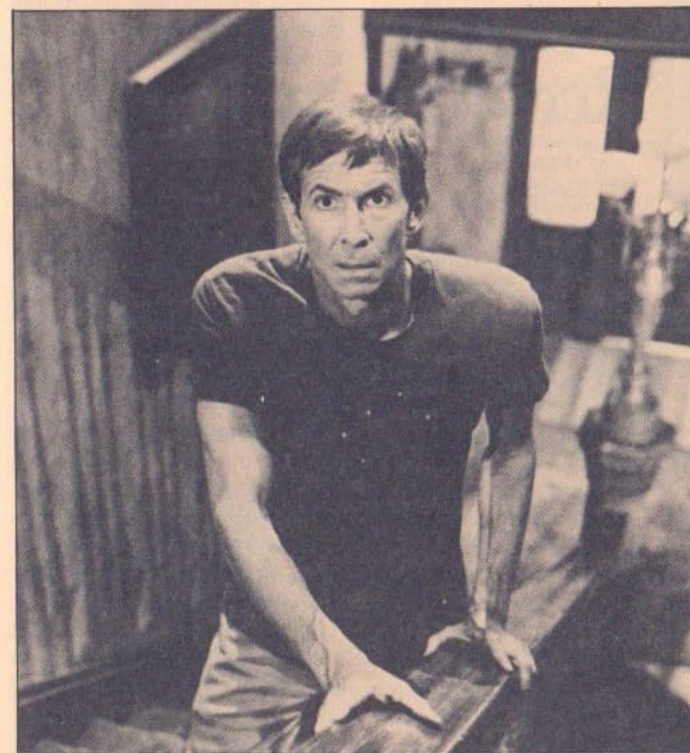
Alas, Hitchcock was not around to take the helm of the sequel, and if he were still alive it is doubtful he would have allowed an enterprise such as this to occur. As it is, a Hitchcock devotee, Australian director Richard Franklin, plays the master's apprentice in a tepid attempt to wring one more thrill (or

two or three) out of poor old not-quite-with-it Norman Bates. Released from the nut house over two decades after making cinematic history with Janet Leigh in the shower, Norman is repatriated to civilian life — returning to the motel and the gothic house on the hill. Things (as would be expected in a film that veers firmly away from Hitchcock the moment a rerun of the Leigh shower scene is over) are not what they used to be back home. The motel has been turned into one of those adult sex-and-drugs rent-by-the-hour joints managed by a human blowfly, Toomey (Dennis Franz). Sister of the deceased Janet Leigh, Lila (Vera Miles, like Anthony Perkins as Bates, retreads her role from the original), is hell bent from the start on somehow reversing the decision to have Norman released. She starts to play silly buggers on the lad with the assistance of her daughter, Mary (Meg Tilly) — who is supposedly at the motel after a bust-up with her boyfriend.

Perkins has the appearance of a man busting to make the cover of *Vogue* through a crash course in anorexia. He imbues Bates with a breathless, twitching, maniacal suit of new clothes that end up being of the type worn by the Emperor of fabled times. Going by this feeble, tragic effort, director Franklin has cut his material from the same cloth.

Also a remake (of sorts) is John Badham's *Wargames*, a blend of MacDonald's hamburger middle-American schmaltz and the classic Cold War movie of some 20 years back, *Dr Strangelove*. Possibly motivated by an incident of a couple of years ago when the whole of America's strategic nuclear missile complex went on red alert through a computer malfunction, writers Lawrence Lasker and Walter Parkes have concocted a similar scenario of world oblivion. Only this time it comes about not through the master computer going haywire of its own accord but through

Psycho II... still crazy after all these years

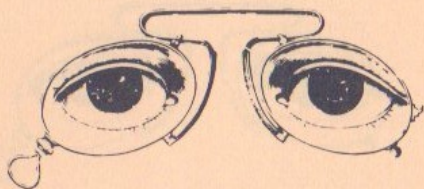


Wargames... kids, computers and nuclear war

the intervention of your average, suburban computer wizard, David Lightman (Matthew Broderick). Enthused by the news of a new computer game about to be released on the market, David (like tens of thousands of other kids stoked on computers) decides to simply lift the game from the company by dialling into its computer bank. In doing so, he accidentally dials into the world's largest computer game, WOPR, the central brain of the US Defence Department. Not realising what he has tripped into, David challenges the brain, Joshua, to one of the games listed on its read out... Global Thermonuclear War!

Badham sets up the first act of *Wargames* as if he has been sitting home studying every Spielberg film since his own runaway success of '78, *Saturday Night Fever*. The film simply reeks of all those fleeting details that signal we are on ordinary neighborhood ground here. Once David has triggered the 52-hour countdown to world ob-

livion in his "game" with Joshua and is picked up by the FBI as a certain Russian spy, *Wargames* gives way to Stanley Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove*. The focus alters from suburbia to the guts of the missile defence system, NORAD — a multi-billion dollar complex stuck under Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado. Both writers and director borrow liberally from Kubrick to the point of lifting George C. Scott's maniacal general from *Dr Strangelove* and recycling him with a General Beringer (Barry Corbin). Beringer sucks on Churchillian cigars while informing the NORAD security head, McKittrick (Dabney Coleman) — as the world faces Armageddon — that his WOPR system "sucks." *Wargames* spends (entertaining) time establishing David's process for breaking into the defence computer, to convince us that a kid in his teens could accomplish the feat. Yet it jumps in Superman-sized leaps with its plot developments that leave the senses reeling.



Badham's style is slick and manipulative (as is Spielberg's), which, going by the movie successes of recent years, is exactly what cinema audiences internationally crave. Surface window dressing suffices; any depth or substance merely gets in the way of the action.

So it is curious then that the Badhams and Spielbergs must depend on raiding the film vaults of bygone times for material inspiration with which to dazzle the children of the computer/video age. — *Denis Whitburn*

Most movies, and their sequels, end up on TV. But *Twilight Zone — The Movie* turns the trend around with a four-part, big screen remake of everyone's favorite late night television scare show of the Sixties. Two of the four stories (the third and fourth) are highly recommended. One, directed by Joe Dante, concerns the sadness of a little boy who has no friends or family, only prisoners, because he can make anyone obey his wishes. The other, by Australian George Miller, whose credits include the two *Mad Max* movies, concerns a panicky airline passenger whose fear of flying takes a turn for the worse when in the midst of a thunderstorm at 10,000 metres he looks out the cabin window and notices a nimble monster tearing apart the engine on the port wing.

John Lithgow plays the nervous passenger, and Kathleen Quinlan plays the little boy's latest, least tractable victim. Both directors bring to their episodes considerable invention, restraint and personal power. But the whole movie suffers from a remembrance of the surreal vacancy of the old *Twilight Zone* series, upon which it greatly improves. It's like the essence of extra-late-night television — not freeing your mind, but trapping you in a mechanical repetition just a shade more enlightening than the 3am test pattern. — *Roger Greenspun*

WORDS



SEX RECORDS

Although the cover blurb bills it as being to the world of erotica what *The Guinness Book Of Records* is to the academic scene, *The Illustrated Book Of Sexual Records* (Virgin, \$9.95) by G.L. Simons, limited as it is by its subject matter, is not in the same league as the Guinness product. But it still has plenty to recommend it as one of a number of quickies designed for dipping into, rather than being read from cover to cover, in order to elicit a "Gee Whiz!" response from readers whose concentration span can't cope with more than four straight paragraphs of type.

Simons' style is entertaining and erudite — the obvious result of a lot of research. But he is forced to wring more than is warranted from his subject by the demands of his theme. The first few chapters, covering human physiology and sexual technique and performance, contain some fascinating facts, and a few real records.

For example: Did you know that the largest erect human penis was unquestionably the 14 inch mentioned by Dr David Reuben in *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*. But hold on, don't start feeling inadequate, because the smallest cock comes in at slightly less than one centimetre

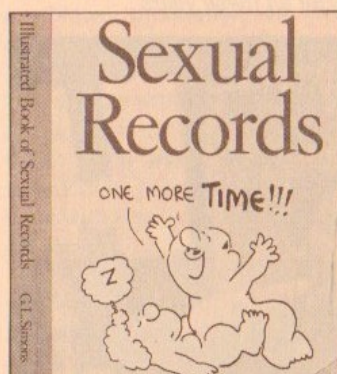
in length. Magnifying glass material.

In a similar vein, the most capacious human vagina (undoubtedly a more difficult organ to measure numerically), could well have belonged to an English woman named Nellie, who was able to insert five English pounds (all in shillings) into her piggy bank and then walk about without one coin falling out of the slot.

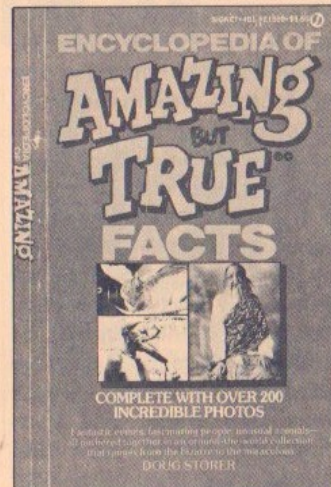
Simons' section on sexual technique includes records such as "The Most Bizarre Aphrodisiac", which was probably the substance ingested by Chinese eunuchs seeking to regenerate their organs — they ate the warm brains of newly decapitated criminals.

So far, so good; it's pretty neat stuff if you're into cheap thrills. But the sexual records theme starts getting a bit tenuous by Part V — Animals and Plants — by which time the author has become so desperate for amazing facts and figures that he is

Sex Records... a dicky one



forced to include records like "The Most Complex Insect Love Song." And it's downhill all the way after that. Part VIII — Prudery, Superstition And The Law — in which we are offered snippets such as "The Most Controversial US Brassiere Ad", which just happened to be the one from the early Fifties with the jaunty slogan, "I Dreamed I Stopped Traffic In My Maidenform Bra." What sort of record is that?



True Facts... incredibleia

The World Almanac Book Of The Strange (Signet), a product of the same genre as the previously mentioned publication, treats the subject matter with a little more integrity than its companions on the bookshelves. It covers a wider range of phenomena... like feral children (two Indian girls, Kamala and Amala, found among wolf cubs in India in 1920, looked and behaved like wolves, ate raw meat and moved on all fours), extreme longevity (Shirali Mislimev of the Soviet Republic of Georgia, who died at the age of 168 in 1973, is reputed to be the oldest person in recent times), psychic phenomena, divination, UFOs, legends, myths, hoaxes, and forgeries... with a rational and often sceptical tone, which makes its two volumes the best of all these books about the bizarre.

If your curiosity about things queer isn't sated by either of the previous books — if you're more interested in the weird than the wonderful — then you could try flicking through *The Encyclopedia Of Amazing But True Facts* (Signet), in which Australia rates a number of mentions, including a reference to a monkey named Johnny who drives a tractor and works on a farm. There's also the world's longest earthworm, which according to the compiler

of these frivolous facts, Don Storer, lives in river banks in the Gippsland region of Victoria.

Written in the awestruck, cretinous style of a *That's Incredible* compere, like that program this book relies heavily on contrived situations, cute animals, coincidence and endless "Isn't nature wonderful!" exclamations. It features skiing squirrels, suicidal lemmings, savage dingoes, Tasmanian devils, a kitten that eats corn, a woman infested with termites, cats and dogs which feed together, and a pig in Luneburg, Germany, no doubt acting in self defence, which shot a butcher who was just about to despatch the animal with a pistol. The man, kneeling beside the pig to load his gun, suddenly found himself the victim of his own bullet when a porcine hoof kicked up and hit the trigger.

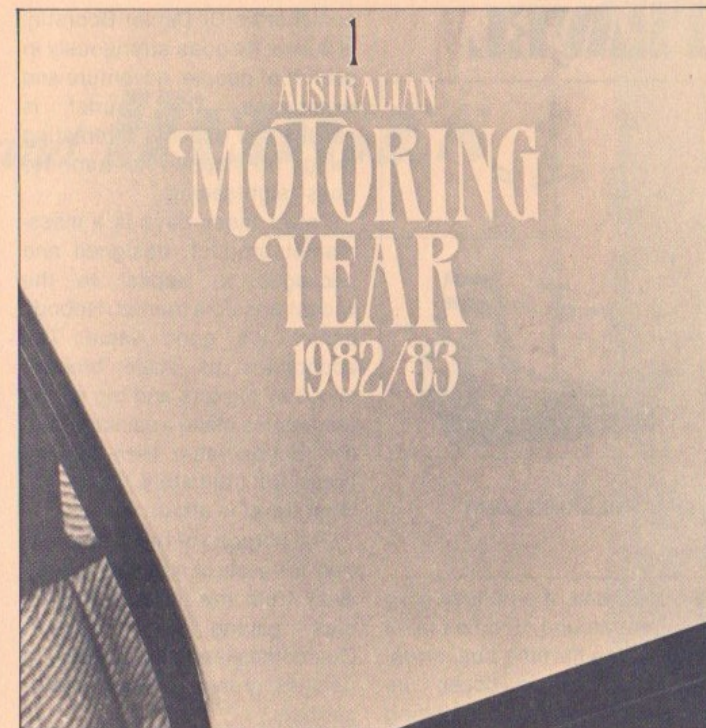
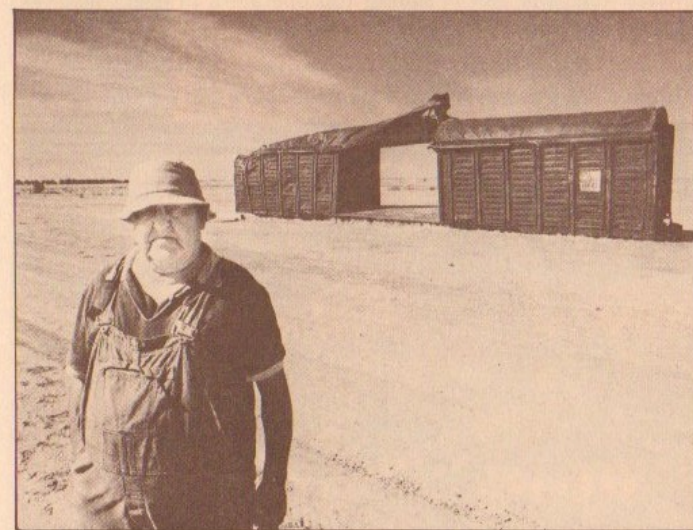
How the hell did this ancient railway carriage end up in the middle of a barren paddock in the western plains of NSW, miles from the nearest tracks? "Took a wrong turn at Hillston I guess," was old Jim Anstice's cryptic reply. Anstice, who uses the carriage as his mailbox, is one of a remarkable array of classic Australian characters described in the pages of James Cowan and Colin Beard's book

River People (AH and AW Reed, \$29.95), the story of a journey down the Lachlan River from its source to the point where it finally merges with the Murrumbidgee. Cowan's cultured prose is complemented by some excellent photography by Beard. The pair have collaborated on similar works such as *Mountain Men*, a study of the Snowy River region's horsemen. *River People* has a similar theme to that book, presenting an overview of a unique race of people, the inhabitants of the banks of the Lachlan, a group which Cowan contends makes up one of Australia's few remaining white tribes. — *Colin Hinton*.

It's difficult to predict the market for *Australian Motoring Yearbook 1982/83* (Lansdowne, \$25), the inaugural volume of what is intended to be an ongoing series. Edited by Bill Tuckey, a prominent magazine writer of the 1960s now involved in hard-cover publishing, AMY is a lavish production destined to find homes in boardroom bookcases throughout the automotive industry. Beyond that, its appeal could be limited to committed car aficionados.

Those who do fork over their \$25 (a not unreasonable cover price for this coffee-table quality

River People... classic Australian in words and pictures



Australian Motoring Yearbook... flawed manual for car buffs

320-pager) are likely to be satisfied. The reading is extensive, running the gamut from the investigative to the flippant. It's an admirable first-up effort, although not without blemishes that must be banished from future volumes. Twelve of Australia's best-known motoring writers have contributed.

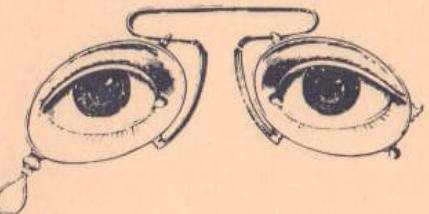
Tenacious, no-nonsense David Robertson has managed his usual incisive reporting in interviewing the men who guide the fortunes of local car makers and importers. Robertson's words make compelling — and occasionally disquieting — reading. *Wheels* editor Peter Robinson has written an uncomplicated, readable piece about the future of the motor car, taking the reader down the road of wind tunnels, four-wheel-drive passenger cars and high-tech powerplants. Good stuff from one of the canniest motoring observers in the business. There's a story on luxury cars from *The Australian's* motoring writer Mike Kable, while freelancer John Mellor has

crystal-balled the hard months ahead for the beleaguered white-shoed warriors of the showroom floor, the new car salesmen.

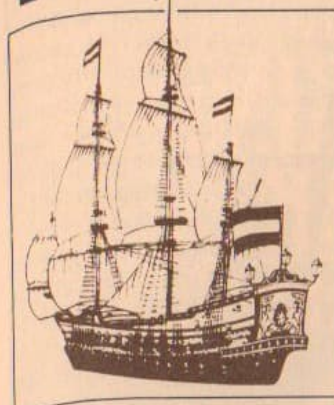
The *Adelaide Advertiser's* unobtrusive Bob Jennings has succinctly summed up 1982's tumultuous motor sporting season highlights, and Phil Scott of the *Sun-Herald* delves into his extensive industry background to report on the passenger car substitution lurk.

Aesthetically, the publication stands tall. However, for a book purporting to be regarded as an historical document, it is dotted with inexcusable errors that reflect a distaste for research and a lack of editing diligence. Likewise, the inclusion of recycled pap from Romsey Quints irritates rather than entertains and such wank and dribble is not worthy of a place in a classy presentation.

Australian Motoring Yearbook makes great furniture, but lovers of motoring history have too many occasions to wince. The potential is there, though. — *Peter McKay*



TRAVEL



BREAKING AWAY

If your idea of a holiday is to hustle around 19 cities in 13 days in a hurtling bus, struggling with half a dozen unfamiliar languages and spending three hours a day in the fume and fury of European traffic jams, then you're a tourist rather than a traveller.

You're a tourist if you don't mind being short-changed in funny money for authentic artifacts churned out in their millions by Hong Kong factories, or jostled through the sweat and clamor of tourist-trap bazaars all the time wondering whether your stomach's going to handle that weird stuff on the end of your chopsticks. Perhaps you really do like those tinsel-and-glitter concrete jungles that blot out the sun on so many beautiful beaches with high-rise apartment blocks, where there's an eternal roar of traffic and the pinball parlors bleep all night. That makes you a tourist. Or maybe you prefer a crowded cruise ship where you can't choose your company and people pass their time in the bars (or in their bunks if the sea's playing rough) and sitting for hours playing geriatric bingo during the high-speed dashes between ports where everyone's after your cash.

On the other hand, the traveller, according to American

social critic Dr Daniel Boorstin, is active; he goes strenuously in search of people, adventure and experience. The tourist is passive; he expects interesting things to happen to him. He goes "sightseeing."

Travel these days is a mass-market product, designed and packaged to appeal to the widest possible market. Nobody denies it's good value. The economies of scale brought about by big jets and big hotels sometimes make a package holiday better value than staying home. But ultimately, that's not what travel is about.

The purpose of this travel section is to show you real travel, away from the hordes of granies gaping at Grenadier Guardsmen and the screaming families crowding the hamburger bars.

Lots of smart, small operators have genuine travel experiences to offer — holidays where you are actively involved instead of passively carried around. But some of them aren't so cheap, while others are surprisingly good value because they're not using expensive hotel chains and high-technology transport.

Adventurer Hans Tholstrup's latest project is a typical example. He has begun a program of Australian outback tours, using a specially-built four-wheel-drive bus, taking small parties across the Simpson Desert or from Perth to Townsville in as straight a line as possible.

Like all Tholstrup's ventures, he's doing it to prove that it can be done. The Perth-Townsville exercise was planned to show that a bus can go safely through the most rugged terrain and that a cross-continental road could save 2000km on the journey. You can find out about Tholstrup's journeys through East-West Airlines, who provide the flights joining the bus.

Other off-beat things to be outlined in future columns include boat charters in the Whit-sunday Passage, 19-week truck

journeys through South America and dog-sledding in Greenland.

Closer to home, Trans Tours of New Zealand have just launched the *Gulf Explorer*, a cruise ship plying the Bay of Islands. She's unusual — she takes only 80 people and she's equipped with Zodiac inflatable motor-boats, scuba, snorkel and fishing gear.

The idea is that the boat acts as a base for shore excursions, underwater exploration and game fishing in an area which holds many fishing records.

Don't expect guides to the red-light districts of foreign capitals. Anyone who heads for places like that is asking to be ripped off — the health, physical and legal risks just aren't worth it, and your travel insurance won't pay on them anyway.

There are still many places untouched by the rubberneck millions, operated by people who got into the travel business because they wanted to go back to their favorite spots again and again.

There's a definite trend among younger, more aware people away from the plastic togetherness of the all-inclusive resorts — with their uneasy hedonism and security men in sunglasses. They're looking for travel as a peak experience, perhaps with a slight but calculated element of risk — an experience that will teach them about themselves.

People like this are going to the smaller, more adventurous tour firms in increasing numbers. In fact, things like trekking, desert safaris, bareboat charters, white-water rafting and ballooning are the only growth sectors in a troubled and declining travel industry. Many of the biggest operators could go to the wall in the next year. Some of the smaller operators offer holidays with prices starting at less than \$300 a head.

There are still magic places within easy reach — places the hordes haven't reached yet.

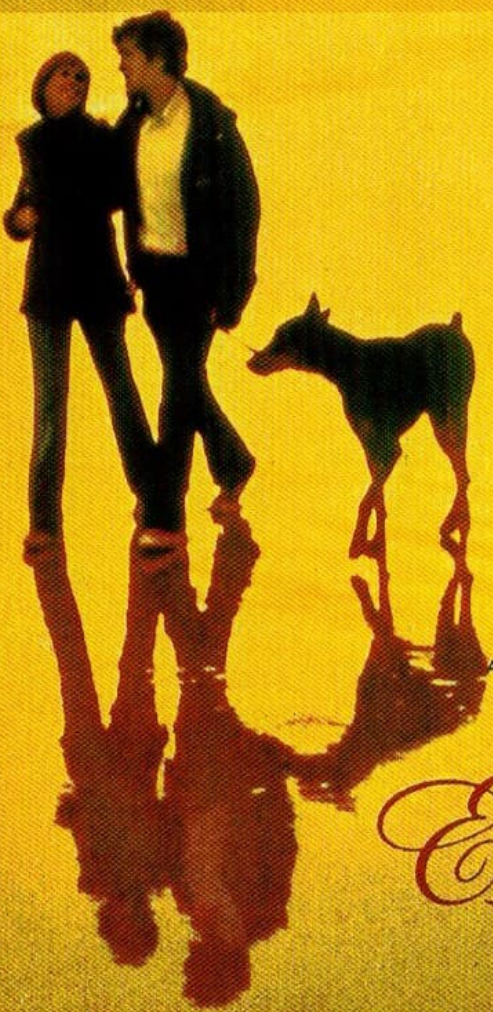
Sri Lanka, for instance: it's only two hours more flying past Singapore, but without the crowds, the hustlers and the high prices. You can hire a car or a motorbike and travel around in one the world's most enjoyable climates. The people still behave with the ancient courtesy of their race, welcoming every visitor as an honored guest without the false "have-a-nice-day-you're-welcome" routines indoctrinated into hotel staffs and tour guides the world over.

There's still a lot of the world to see and numerous new experiences for the enterprising traveller. Some of them will be exclusive to *Penthouse* readers, organised especially as one-off opportunities for adventure. All of them will be excellent value, tested for quality and run by the top operators in every field. — Fred Baker

There's more to travel than organised tours and big hotels



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THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BLIGHT

BY JOHN BURTON

Soil erosion is threatening Australia's greatest resource — her fertile land

Every Australian knows that this is a continent of harsh environmental extremes. As if to remind us of that fact, the country has been afflicted with one environmental disaster after another in 1983. "The Great Dry" which gripped the land in one of the worst droughts of this century was outclassed by the media flashpoint of "Ash Wednesday"; we had flash floods at the height of summer, then a great dust-cloud of drought-blighted topsoil rolling in over Melbourne, then drought-breaking floods. All instances of the elements gone mad. Those events are a harsh reminder of the uncertainty of the Australian environment — yet they diminish in comparison with the environmental tragedies that have been occurring here over the last century, all of which could have been prevented. The fact that they were not, places Australia's status as a nation able to provide for itself at risk.

If time could be compressed, many of these slowly developing *man-made* crimes against the land and its resources would create flashpoints of disaster against which "Ash Wednesday" or the May floods in Queensland and northern NSW would pale in significance. There is an often-voiced sentiment that the land is only held in trust by the present generation for those to come. Voiced, but tragically ignored by many of the "trustees" who have regularly betrayed subsequent generations, either in an effort to survive or in the rush to exploit the environment. Were Australia a human patient, it would be placed under intensive care, with many regions ear-marked "Terminal."

To the "greenies", or home-grown conservationists, the enemy of the Australian people has always been the mining industry, the scarring of the environment in the grab for mineral wealth. While not entirely innocent, the mining industry is only a minor offender compared to the farming and grazing industries. Cursed with ignorance, adverse economics and incompet-

BLIGHT

ent government policies, those industries have damaged the environment irreparably, dooming large tracts of once-fertile land and numerous waterways to waste.

Erosion of the nation's fertile land — unquestionably Australia's greatest resource — and the siltation of her waterways (a natural occurrence accelerated by man's intervention) are blights affecting every taxpayer in Australia. The extent of the problem is evidenced by the fact that nearly 80 percent of pastoral non-arid zone land in NSW alone is in need of conservation treatment. Deprived of close to 600,000 hectares of commercial agricultural land (turned to other purposes) between 1970 and 1979, landholder producers are faced with the fact that farm and grazing land has become a premium asset in NSW.

Then there is the mighty Murray River — one of the world's four great rivers — described by one conservationist as "a national sewer of shame"; and the saline-affected rivers of south-west Western Australia, a disaster resulting from the clearing of deep-rooted natural vegetation. Although not unique to the region (salinity occurs elsewhere in Australia, America and Canada), the effect is more severe in Western Australia than anywhere else in the world. It has led to deterioration in the water quality of rivers and streams and the loss of valuable agricultural land. It is estimated that nearly 50 percent of the south-west's usable surface water has suffered significantly from salinity. In 1955 approximately 75,000 hectares previously used for crops or pastures were lost to salt seeps; that figure climbed to 167,294 hectares by 1975.

The problems faced by today's conservationists have their roots millions of years back. Through the course of nature, ancient mountains rising out of broad plains comprising thick sediments have been worn by water and wind, scattering them over surrounding terrain, layer upon layer. The ongoing reworking of the soil's parent materials has resulted in earth that is relatively poor in plant nutrients. The few areas formed on volcanic rock and alluvial soils contain adequate levels of phosphorus and sulphur in their natural state; those elements are missing from huge areas of Australian land.

Because of the predominance of low-grade soil, it was estimated in 1788 that only 300,000 people could reasonably farm and graze Australia's land. And that was when the real trouble started. Before the arrival of the Europeans, rain and drought did not greatly affect the land. Woodland and grassland were supported by flat or undulating country. Rocky outcrops and ridges were thickly timbered. Land erosion did occur in the aftermath of bush or wildfire, when the vegetation that

Opening pages: An ominous cloud of dust descends on Melbourne as winds rip the scant layer of topsoil from drought-affected agricultural regions. For every tonne of wheat produced in Australia, between six and 13 tonnes of topsoil are being lost. Right: Darkness at noon as red outback soil is whipped into the sky above Condobolin in NSW.

intercepted runoffs from storms was erased, but generally the vegetation served as a conduit in nature's program, bringing high infiltration into an undisturbed soil profile.

All that changed with the advent of traditional European farming procedures. Sheep and cattle, together with the clearing and cultivation of land, reduced the vegetation layer, which in turn led to a loss of soil stability and the slow erosion of stable, natural lines of drainage. Today, it is not unusual for soil losses following a heavy rainstorm to amount to 50 tonnes per hectare. This soil takes with it vital nutrients which have to be replaced at high cost before farming can continue.

The NSW Soil Conservation Service estimates that a loss of between 75mm and 150mm of soil reduces wheat yields, for instance, by up to 30 percent, as well as reducing the protein levels of the harvest. As an example of the "She'll be right" attitude that prevails among some farmers, the department points to a number of properties researched over the 1978-79 wheat-growing season. Erosion on one farm choked a creek with silt while diverted water contributed further to erosion. When more rain fell, the areas were left water-logged to the extent that 320 hectares could not be sown. The estimated loss in harvest output: \$60,000.

The loss on 16 other properties — when previously cultivated land could not be cropped because of neglect — averaged out at \$2800 per farm.

In another study of a particularly troublesome area, the slopes and plains of northern NSW, the SCS reports that the crisis has escalated dramatically during the last 20 years as more and more land has been cleared for cropping. Rain in this area now falls largely on plots of unprotected soil, with the resultant runoff flowing at a higher velocity over bare terrain and literally carving up and carting away essential topsoil. One heavy downpour can either reduce or completely destroy any chance of future productivity. Apart from burying crops completely, added costs to the ignorant farmer include replacement of damaged fences, earthworks and roads.

Australia is cursed with fragile top-soil, an ancient and shallow soil cover unlike that of North America and Europe. Push a shovel into the farming soil and chances are that it will strike subsoil only 15 cms below the surface. Fertile soil in America is often metres deep. An extremely slow





BLIGHT

part of the natural time clock, soil formation averages only half a tonne per hectare per year. Cultivation does not contribute to soil formation, but does contribute to soil erosion. It is essential for the future stability of fertile alluvial land that there be a balance between the two.

Because man has little or no control over Australia's harsh environment, and because of his surroundings, erosion usually wins out — and the nation pays. So bad is the problem now that one prominent scientist, talking of the national emergency that soil erosion has become, stated that only a banana republic would give priority to a new Parliament House over works to save its degraded soils. To those who are professionally concerned with halting the spread of Australia's wastelands, that building may come to be viewed as a monument to short-sightedness.

Facing a seminar concerned with the question of soil management in times of drought and flood, CSIRO scientist Dr D.E. Smiles said that the recently deposed Fraser Government had gone for "symbol, not substance." One faction of the seminar urged for an integrated water and soil resources government policy as part of a national conservation strategy. The education of the farmer and grazier, hopefully resulting in better agricultural practices, and the necessity of raising the public con-

sciousness (not confined to country people) were also proposed as matters of extreme urgency.

As with the sentiment that the land is only held in trust for generations to come, governmental words are often voiced but rarely acted upon with the force required to start the healing of the land. Of Australia's five million square kilometres of agricultural and pastoral land, a 1978 study placed the amount in urgent need of conservation at 1.5 million square kilometres, at an estimated cost then of \$675 million. Work considered at that time to be of the utmost importance would have cost \$200 million and should have been completed by the mid-Eighties.

Choosing to ignore most of the study report, the Fraser Government cut allocations to the states for soil conservation programs by \$1.5 million, having convinced itself the problem was not federal. Because of the lack of state funds and the mounting problem of landholder ignorance of the ailment and possible means of cure, little positive soil conservation treatment has been carried out in the last five years. Drought, fire and floods, overstocking and overcropping have helped to turn Australia's productive land into a national tragedy. Today, the Australian Agricultural Council estimates the cost of carrying out essential soil degradation control at \$1.6 billion.

"Soil erosion is the most serious single environmental problem in Australia," in-

sisted the current Minister for Primary Industry, John Kerin, when promising \$4 million would be allocated in the 1983-84 Budget (rising to a minimum of \$20 million by 1987-88) for soil conservation — or three percent of the amount considered essential by the AAC. Kerin envisages the formation of a bureau drawing on the scientific and technical expertise of the CSIRO and the states to help "contain" the crisis. The Department of Primary Industry's level of expertise in science and technology has fallen well short of its grasp of economics.

Despite tax concessions designed to promote soil conservation (and proving of little value to landholders who have to survive on severely depressed incomes), government policies have so far been shallow and next to useless. Concessions for tree felling and pasture improvement may have actually contributed to land degradation in some instances.

Where the activities of public bodies have an impact on soil management it is imperative that affected landholders be involved in the formation of conservation policies, according to the Executive Director of the Australian Wheatgrowers' Federation, Mr L. Wearing. Farmers should be encouraged to work in groups to improve soil management, with the support of education and research by state governments. "It is preferable that responsibility be exercised by local groups with access to government services, rather than have the government directly involved from afar," he says, referring to Canberra holding the reins over policies to combat land degradation. He believes the write-off of capital expenditure encourages clearing of land, and the policy should be amended to make it conducive to sound agricultural management.

The bottom line — money — rules the thinking and planning of landholders. They must operate within the confines of a budget, just as federal and state governments do. Unlike governments, which are able to carry a continuous deficit, the landholder has to consider the omnipresent banks. Chairman of the NSW Livestock and Grain Producers' Association Drought Committee, Dick O'Brien, has been severely critical of banking attitudes toward landholders during "The Great Dry," which forced them into expensive financing in order to survive. Other statements portraying banks as oppressive landlords highlight the financial burden under which the farmer and grazier must operate to stay in business.

For many farmers pushed to the point of despair by drought and impossible financial commitments, the only available option when the elements do turn in their favor is to make hay while the sun shines. This can result in overstocking and overcropping in an attempt to make up the shortfall. Overcropping results in soil being used beyond its capacity, causing it to

Left: Salt-affected land in the Murray River valley. A million Adelaide people annually drink Murray River water with a salt content above the World Health Organisation's recommended limit. Top right: The constant erosion threat to farmers is graphically illustrated by this photograph taken in Dubbo, NSW. Bottom right: Like fog, topsoil dust lingers above the highway in erosion-stricken Goulburn, NSW.

decline in chemical and physical fertility. Assessment of land capability and protection are not necessarily high on the priority list of the farmer or grazier who is facing financial ruin.

Once the resilience of the soil has been broken down — through the mistakes of man compounded by the fickleness of nature — the disaster cycle can only continue. An example was witnessed in February this year, when a dust storm carrying fine topsoil from the nearest drought area 250 kms away descended on Melbourne twice in one day. Eroding the top five to 10mm of soil and resulting in soil losses of between 50 and 100 tonnes per hectare, wind — given the right set of circumstances — is a killer where degradation is concerned. Losses of this magnitude can reduce productivity of the affected land by up to 60 percent.

For every tonne of wheat produced in Australia, between six and 13 tonnes of topsoil are being lost. Monitoring carried out by the Wagga Conservation Research Station places annual soil loss through wind erosion on a three-year rotation at only 1.05 tonnes per hectare for that district. Taken in the short term that figure is not so daunting, but when gauged over 30 years the crop yield adds up to 30 to 40 percent reduction on today's yield.

Wind erosion can be reduced by maintaining a protective cover of vegetation over the topsoil — an impossibility in long periods of drought. Vegetation cover also contributes to control of water erosion resulting from flash storms. These storms can cause damage to a typical 150 hectare property in a year. The most effective control comes from shelter belts or windbreaks of trees which prevent uninterrupted runs of wind across the land.

But emergency or "band-aid" applications, as perceived by many conservationists, can only temporarily relieve the problem. For there to be any real hope of bringing the erosion crisis under control, farming systems need to be radically altered. It is a matter of re-educating the farmers and graziers, of altering their perceptions of how the land should be treated. If effective control measures are not implemented now, such as those being undertaken in Queensland's central highlands, the productivity of the land will be severely limited. Had the central highlands project not proceeded, the productive life of land there would have been a mere 50 to 70 years.



Photo courtesy of the NSW Department of Agriculture

Photo by Ian Lynch/Soil Conservation Service of NSW

BLIGHT

It is a simple fact of farming and grazing life that, due to a combination of the elements and economic pressures, Australian landholders are concerning themselves only with the short term, hoping to see themselves through a rough patch while turning a blind eye to the problems they are bringing on themselves further along the track. The generations to come? Well, it's best not to think about them.

The NSW Soil Conservation Service is taking a step in the right direction by bringing farmers and graziers together to adopt conservation methods, and making them realise that the problem is not an individual one but one which affects primary industry as a whole. On a wider scale, that approach would well be applied to the entire nation, in order to make Australians realise — before meat, vegetables and cereals become affordable only to the very rich — that soil degradation and water salinity are not solely the concerns of country people.

Solutions do exist, but when the CSIRO suggests that the choice between Saharan desolation and a stable, productive and pleasing environment is ours, it also gives a clue as to why the right choice is not being actively pursued — that is, why Australia's soils are being treated not for sustained production but as inexhaustible mines. Who, the CSIRO asks, decides? Soil scientist, public servant, pressure group, expert, grazier, environmentalist, conservationist, businessman, farmer, forester, developer, politician . . . no-one? One working example, which illustrates what happens when all these factions are grouped together, is the furore surrounding Australia's greatest natural waterway, the Murray River. On one side of the fence stand the conservationists and the socially concerned, declaring the river's demise by the end of this century; on the other, there are those working to "cure the patient" who claim the idea that the Murray is a dying river is all hogwash. The truth is to be found somewhere between those two viewpoints in an argument that has been long and heated.

Fate more or less jinxed the Murray to traverse three States: NSW, Victoria and South Australia. Each continues to insist it is in the right. Yet while the states have debated the issue, the livelihood of 500,000 Australians has been at risk. Add to this the possibility of 13,000 square kilometres of arable land being turned to desert, of NSW's entire inland river system being stilled, of 75 percent of the nation's irrigation industry being wiped out, and among other apocalyptic predictions, of two deadly toxins being fed into the drinking water of one million South Australians, and it is understandable why the NSW Minister for Agriculture, Mr Jack Hallam, regards "the death of the Murray"

as a disaster "besides which the damming of the Franklin will seem trivial."

Conservationist Laurie Drake puts it even more succinctly: "Deceit — conscious and unconscious — and a desire by those in authority to deny any reality and responsibility has brought one-seventh of Australia to the brink of devastation."

It is clear to those working on rectifying the Murray's problems within the NSW Water Resources Commission that high salinity, at times persisting for more than a year, has always been one of the river's natural attributes. There is also a direct link between the salinity behavior of the Murray and relative levels of the river and groundwater in adjacent country. The inflow of saline groundwater is the major factor determining the salinity of the river.

It should be understood that salinity is not confined to the Murray or to Australia. Around 50 percent of the world's irrigated

and Medical Research Council to argue its case. These bodies class water containing less than 2500 EC units as satisfactory; a reading of 800 is said to be *excellent*. The commission stated that readings at Morgan and Mannum (from which the Adelaide supply is pumped) were always within the "satisfactory" standard. One independent survey gave Morgan an average salinity reading of 1042 EC units — 192 more than the World Health Organisation's maximum.

Internationally, there have been extensive studies linking salt intake with hypertension, high blood pressure and strokes. Water pumped into South Australia's system also carries a high percentage of amoeba — a cause of amoebic meningitis, which is a fatal disease. So it is easy to understand South Australia's concern that it may be getting the rough end of the stick . . . or the river.

In 1970, a Senate Select Committee on Water Pollution recognised the salinity of the Murray as one of the biggest water pollution problems Australia was then facing. The extent of salinity damage is frightening: 192,000 hectares of arable land lost to dryland salting in Victoria, another 96,000 hectares lost to irrigation salting. Of the salted areas in Northern NSW and Victoria, 70 percent are expanding each year while new areas are continually developing.

By the year 2000, all non-irrigated areas will be salinised, as saline groundwater moves towards them from irrigated land. That prediction was made by the government-sponsored Maunsell Salinity and Drainage Report, which aimed at drawing together the thinking of the state and federal governments so as to overcome this emerging national tragedy.

Others are reacting with less emotion; they see "The Dying Murray" movement as an upshot of greater awareness triggered by intensification in recent years of water quality monitoring programs. Public awareness of salinity fluctuations in the middle and lower reaches of the river has increased through the availability of these records. This in turn has motivated public debate and publicity.

The Water Resources Commission of NSW does recognise a substantial deterioration in water quality over the Murray's course from the NSW-South Australian border down to Morgan, but defers to its responsibility for those landholders along the other NSW inland rivers feeding into the Murray. Again, the economics of farming and grazing rears its ugly head. The commission argues that for each new hectare irrigated along the Darling River and its major tributaries, export income of \$1500 "may be anticipated." A ban on irrigation licences, new storage construction and associated irrigation development envisaged by the commission over the next 25 years would result in a loss of \$200 million in export revenue. A small

price to pay in order to save the Murray, cry the conservationists.

As irrigation licences have increased in NSW and Victoria, so have South Australian fears of a reduction in the flow downriver, resulting in less salt being flushed into the sea. The other aspect of irrigation economics is the cheap price irrigators pay for Murray water. They fork out only 10 percent as much as the city user. Then there is the high proportion of sodium chloride present in the saline groundwaters flowing from citrus crops into the Murray. Sodium chloride is the most damaging component of salt in irrigation water, having a very high level of solubility and staying in solutions as salt concentrations increase, while other salts may precipitate. Thus the interception and diversion of these waters is crucial.

Professionals concerned with the plight of the Murray are advocating the planting of millions of trees along the Murray's course. There has also been a strong recommendation (from South Australia) that federal money be channelled into the practice of on-farm irrigation in order to reduce pollution and actually increase production. The storage units constructed along the river (again, mostly for the benefit of irrigation) are said to have had an adverse effect on the ecology of the river. There has been an increase in summer flow and a decrease in winter, stunting the regeneration of river red gums.

Trees serve to prevent the erosion of river banks. The root systems bind the soil, allowing the banks to resist the flow of water. Without preservation of trees on the toe and face of the banks, the force of water results in erosion and siltation downstream.

A delicate balance exists between the natural *lore* of the Murray River — established over millions of years — and the man-made *law* derived over the last 120 years. Covering a seventh of Australia's land mass, the Murray-Darling basin's vast fertile valley area is vital to the future growth of the Australian economy. The feasibility of piping saline water to the sea to save the Murray Valley, and of utilising turbine windmills to extract ground water as a means of cheap pumping, are two of the questions being discussed by the joint municipalities in the Basin.

A public meeting held at Swan Hill in April, is just one example of the groundswell of concern surrounding the Murray and its future — and the future of those hundreds of thousands of people dependent on the river's survival for their own survival. This groundswell is a reaction apart from the steps being taken by the state and federal governments which, following the recommendations of the 1979 Maunsell Report, put into action a four-part plan encompassing land drainage, farm-based measures, interception and drainage diversion and river regulation at a cost of around \$75 million.

To conservationists, the Maunsell proposals are inadequate and only highlight government short-sightedness. To those involved in carrying out the first stages of the proposal, positive moves are now being made to rectify mistakes of the past — mistakes that have been amplified by NSW taking water out of the Murray at an increasing rate, Victoria putting salt into it by expanding its irrigation systems, and South Australia moaning a lot but achieving little. To South Australia's Minister for Water Resources, Mr Arnold, the NSW Government has demonstrated an "arrogant and irresponsible" attitude toward the downstream users of Murray water.

By 1981, relations between the two states had become strained to the point where South Australia was threatening to cut off supplies of gas to NSW, which in turn was legislating to combat objections from South Australia concerning the issuing of irrigation licences. The two parties

The Australian
Agricultural Council
estimates the cost of
carrying out essential soil
degradation control at
\$1.6 billion

finally came together last October to thrash out the opposing arguments. Their decision to review salinity mitigation through the development of a water quality computer management program, as part of a new accord between the states, was viewed as meaningless by one South Australian Senator, Janine Haines. Any significance it might have had was only that it "finally and belatedly" recognised *officially* that something had to be done. As one report from the early Seventies proposed, complex ecological relationships cannot necessarily be translated into simple figures. There are engineering problems that do not readily lend themselves to engineering solutions.

The advantage Western Australia has in coming to grips with the salinity problems of the south-west rivers is that it has only itself to contend with. Again, the arrival of the Europeans is the direct cause of the problems. The rivers naturally carry salts borne inland from the sea, part of the natural water cycle. Rivers believed to have been fresh before the advent of European settlers have been severely affected by salinity to the point of turning brackish, as

a result of forest clearing to develop agriculture in the region.

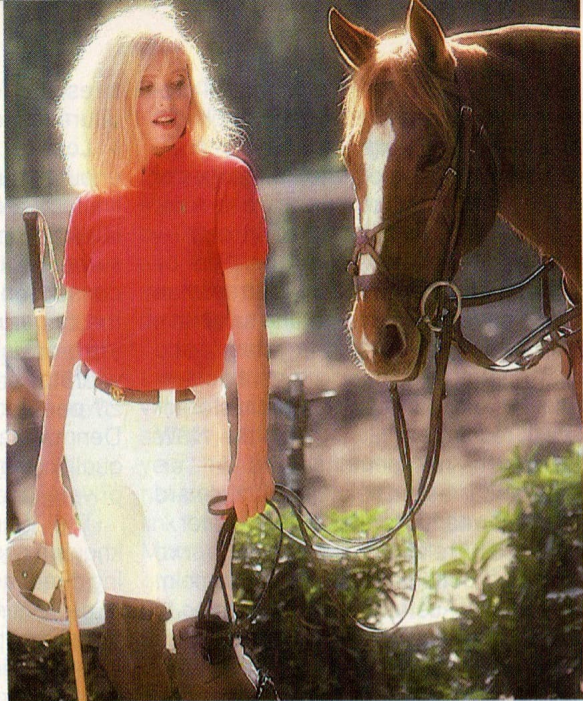
Loss of agricultural land is serious enough, but deterioration in the quality of limited water resources has become crucial. An estimated 50 percent of the usable surface water is now saline-affected as a consequence of agricultural clearing. Of the longer rivers in the region, 34 percent are brackish or saline because of clearing, with little prospect for restoration. Another 20 percent — the Kent, Warren, Collic, Denmark and Helena Rivers — are of a quality that would seriously decline if private land in the vicinity were cleared.

The Western Australian Government knows it has a problem on its hands requiring direct action. The only reliable method of preventing an increase in salinity is the curtailment of native vegetation clearing — something that should have been done in the last century as development of the state got underway. But to have done so then would have placed severe limitations on Western Australia's development. Now, maintenance of the fresh water in the short rivers (comprising the balance of those in the south-west region with good to marginal salinity) is being assured by protective management of state forests. No longer will the clearing of native vegetation in salt-sensitive areas be permitted. Neither will bauxite mining, until the government is satisfied that forest rehabilitation techniques are able to maintain the present sub-surface water balance.

The government now realises that there can never be complete prevention of salinity in the south-west rivers, and further development of water resources is going to depend on finding systems for adapting supply and use, to co-exist with increased salinity in certain rivers. Adaptation may also demand abandonment of certain rivers — a bitter epitaph to the civilising effect of man's arrival in Australia.

This country has paid dearly since the Europeans brought their inappropriate farming, grazing and agricultural methods here and settled the lush regions which they envisaged would become some kind of agricultural Utopia. Australia has missed out on the Technological Revolution. The "resources boom" has not eventuated. The one asset the country does possess — the ability to feed itself with a surplus for export — is being depleted.

Soil erosion has been described as the most serious problem facing Australia by Prime Minister Hawke. Coupled with the problems facing the Murray, the salt infection of one-seventh of Australia's prime agricultural land and the loss of vital productive areas in the south-west of Western Australia, this problem becomes one of near apocalyptic magnitude. It's a problem which the politicians may well mull over from the safety of the new Parliament House, Canberra . . . as the extent of arable terrain shrinks inward around their monument to ignorance. ☐



Paula Warnick always travels first-class: custom-made car and thoroughbreds are her two favorite means of transportation. Her penchant for the good life is obvious when you consider the job she's held for the past three years. Paula has been scheduling guest activities at Club Med resorts around the world. Her favorite Club Med's in Martinique, where she met a dashing half-French, half-Argentine millionaire. Paula, the playboy and his ponies soon became inseparable. Talk about animal magnetism . . .

THE GOOD LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH





Not that our winsome and worldly 24-year-old has settled for just one man. She's prepared, she laughs, to try her hand at tennis pros, and dabble in investment bankers.



Also she'd like to be an
objet d'art for a cultivated
intellectual type — but only if he keeps
himself in shape. "I can't stand
men with pasty skin or squishy muscles,"
professes our mounted trophy.
"Men that aren't in shape don't have the
energy in bed that I require . . ."





Ambitions? If she really had the nerve, she grins, she'd follow her animal instincts and become a professional horse thief. But being more beautiful than brave, this willowy blonde will probably try her hand at modelling.



Our feisty Pet rarely goes to bed exhausted, but loves to fall asleep in that condition! Her hedonistic bent is the result of growing up in the cold climate where summer was a fleeting dream and winters dragged on forever. Small wonder this pretty opportunist intends to make hay while the sun shines.

○—■





GROUPIES PART V

Spare the rod or spoil the child?

TO SIR WITH LUST

BY PETER McDONALD

What drives me insane is the twofold nature of this nymphet — of every nymphet, perhaps; this mixture in my *Lolita* of tender dreamy childishness and a kind of eerie vulgarity... and then again, all this gets mixed up with the exquisite stainless tenderness seeping through the musk and the mud... And what is most singular is that she — this *Lolita*, my *Lolita* — has individualised the writer's ancient lust, so that above and over everything there is — *Lolita*."

No writer has more brilliantly captured the essence of the schoolgirl's fatal allure than Vladimir Nabokov did in *Lolita*, his classic tale of a middle-aged man's obsessive yearning for a 12-year-old girl. *Lolita* is a nymphet who holds the world of men in her small hands, because she is the subject of a universal fetish. She wields the bewitching and perilous power of emerging sensuality. Few men are unmoved by that power.

However, there is another phenomenon which leads to equally profound emotions; it is the fixation which the schoolgirl herself commonly develops over her teacher. The origins of this odd, frenetic infatuation aren't easy to nail down, but the consensus among teachers is that something very similar to the groupie syndrome operates in the classroom. Teachers are not famous or glamorous, but as one put it: "Every teacher is a celebrity in his own classroom. Schoolgirls have their favorite pop stars, favorite sportsmen and favorite teachers. Their reasons for wanting to make sexual contact with the teacher are much the same as those which motivate all groupies: they want to know you, to know something special about you that the others don't, to get very close to you. If they can do that, it makes *them* special." Another teacher said this: "The teacher represents to schoolgirls something that is both desirable, because he is a successful mature adult, and attainable, because he's right there in front of them. On top of that, if a schoolgirl can actually seduce her teacher — at some risk to herself and him — she's demonstrated the fullness of her womanhood. So you've got this powerful fixation coupled with incredible determination... they'll literally throw

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

TO SIR WITH LUST

themselves at you. If you're a young, good-looking teacher, you've got it made."

So in classrooms around the country, there exists a symbiotic obsession in the unique relationship between teachers and schoolgirls. This two-way torrent of illicit passion produces situations that can be immensely exciting, or funny, or sad, or pathetic, or all of these at once.

Schoolgirls use a maddening variety of tactics to gain the attention of their favored teachers. Often the young ladies are merely at play, utilising their newfound awareness of sexual power to unnerve the authority figure in the classroom. At other times they're motivated by an all-consuming desire which leads them to make very unsubtle displays of affection. The classic example here is the disappearing knickers trick. The girl sits in the front row with her legs spread-eagled, staring intently at the unsuspecting teacher. He begins to notice that she's behaving strangely . . . then, glancing furtively downward to a point below the waistline, he discerns a small, black, hairy triangle gaping at him from beneath the rolled-back skirt. The schoolgirl smiles knowingly . . .

A 15-year-old who pulled this one on a startled teacher combined it with another popular tactic: the scribbled suggestion in the chalkbox. Her note said simply: "I want to screw you." The teacher ignored both the visuals and the lady's charming offer. "What else could I do?" he said wistfully.

The chalkbox note, most often used by Year 9 and 10 girls, is usually anonymous, "but you can always tell who's written it by the handwriting." It normally contains sentiments inspired by a recent reading of a woman's magazine like *Cleo*, such as: "I want to taste your sweet nectar. My passion cannot be contained." Then there's the continual invasion of body space ("They love to get close"), which often extends to rubbing themselves against the teacher's body; the attempts at eye contact; the verbal flirtation ("Gee you've got a nice bum"); undoing buttons to show off cleavage; hitching up skirts so the teacher can see the pert white triangles between their silk-smooth legs; the scribbled dedication on the blackboard ("Mr Smith is a spunk, by Carol"); the constant touching . . .

"Sometimes I'm horrified by how precocious they are," said one teacher. "The latest thing at my school, for instance, is to walk up to the teacher, stare him in the eye, and say 'Sucks.' I can never think of an appropriate reply."

Another related this story: "I was working at my desk one day, head down, when one of the girls straddled the table from the other side so that her twat was just three inches from my nose. She started thrust-

ing away like mad and finished by screaming out: 'Give me a banana.' I can't remember my reply, but I think it was: 'Oh God, no'."

The same teacher remembers an incident that took place when he escorted a group of 16-year-olds to the beach for sport. "They looked really beautiful in their bikinis. I was going crazy. Then one of them grabbed me round the neck, wrapped her legs around my waist and started moaning at me. I had to beat her off with my roll."

That sort of behavior isn't too uncommon, particularly in the middle years of high school. Rattled by a sudden rush of hormones, the average adolescent tends to act first and think later. Facing up to a horde of overstimulated and irrational pubescents can reduce strong men to gibbering wrecks . . . particularly if they're somewhat partial to the untarnished fruit on offer. I well remember my own initial en-

We used every trick
in the book on him:
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counters with the enemy as a naive practical teacher. The first period was spent with a bevy of lascivious 15-year-olds who did nothing but stare at my fly, until I was convinced I'd wet myself; in the following class I encountered a handsome 16-year-old who was using the pencil groove in the desk to display her new vibrator. ("What's that thing?") I said. "It's my vibrator; do you like it?" came the reply.) Third and fourth period were a double, with recess in between. Having gained my undivided attention by showing me every inch of her virgin-white Cottontails, a hellishly attractive blonde returned to her seat and her former posture — and of course, she'd removed those bothersome underpants . . .

These recollections are not the ingredients of a wistful fantasy; they are quite real, and they make all the lectures I attended on Discipline and Conduct in the Classroom seem rather absurd. "We really go after some teachers," admitted a trio of 16-year-olds who were interviewed for this story. "There was one guy, Mr Johnson, who we used to give heaps. We used every trick in the book on him: notes

in the chalkbox, playing with his bum, asking him for a screw. In the end he resigned." Most cases of overt sexual behavior stem not from mere playfulness but from powerful desires. "We're attracted to teachers because we can get them to notice us; they're so close to us in the classroom — but they're also something you can't touch. It's like when you meet a really handsome guy and you know you can't get him, so you want him more. Teachers are even more desirable because they're just out of reach."

However, teachers are not always out of reach. Plenty of innocent flirtations develop into serious sexual encounters. It's impossible to say how often teachers and schoolgirls actually engage in the fulfillment of the universal fantasy; there's no file locked away in some dusty departmental bureau, and anyway the percentage of cases which come to the attention of the hierarchy is miniscule. A teacher with nine years' experience estimated he knew of around 40 individual cases where teachers had screwed schoolgirls who were under their charge, "but only six or seven were busted for it. You only hear about these things in bar-room conversations after work — but then the stories abound. Inside the closed shop, you hear plenty."

The great majority of such cases involve especially popular teachers. Sexual conquest of an authority figure is a high-risk, high-status activity. Unpopular teachers don't get a look in, and nor do unattractive girls: "The teachers involved are generally putting their jobs on the line, so they're not going to go for it unless it's a worthwhile cause." Likewise, the girls won't offer themselves up to a teacher just because they want to denigrate him; as in the case of classroom flirtation, sex itself is usually the result of genuine desire. Schoolgirls who want to screw a teacher normally perceive themselves as no longer interested in the gawky behavior of mere boys; they want to explore the limits of their sexual powers . . . and the teacher is the most accessible target. "In many cases the teacher will be the first adult male, apart from relatives, that they've ever had any sort of relationship with."

The teacher-pupil affair is more common in all-girl schools than in co-ed institutions. In the absence of boys, the teacher naturally becomes the outright focus of attention. But regardless of the type of school, according to one teacher who's done time in co-ed and segregated classrooms, "far more sexual contacts happen than people in the community — and most teachers, for that matter — would ever suspect. Naturally these things are always done surreptitiously, and even if something gets back to the boss it will be hushed up. Based on what I've heard over the past six years I'd say at the average school there would be two full-on teacher-

pupil affairs each year. And in almost every case, they happen on the initiative of the student rather than the teacher, who is normally the innocent tempted by the conniving schoolgirl. The girl has an obvious advantage: if her attempts at seduction don't come off, she can have the excuse that it's just her innocence and exuberance operating; the teacher overcome by lust is really putting himself on the line if he decides to go for it."

There are numerous anecdotes to support these observations. For the young and popular teacher who wants to indulge, the opportunities are limitless. "The Year 12 farewell night is a happy hunting ground," said one teacher. "At a school where I once taught there was the legendary case of a respected teacher who left the farewell dance with one student, took her home and gave it to her, then returned to the dance and did exactly the same with another schoolgirl. This was viewed as a personal triumph for him, but he wasn't the only teacher to get one away that night."

Another case demonstrates the resourcefulness of the schoolgirl seductress. "This one involved a teacher who was screwing his way through an entire senior basketball team in his capacity as coach. At the same school there was a Year 10 girl who was having an affair with another teacher, who subsequently dropped her. So she set her sights on the basketball coach. It wasn't easy for her, because this particular guy looked like a kid himself and his classes were always full of 'ring-ins' — girls who'd dodge their own classes to sit in on his, just to spend the period staring at him. Anyway, one day she informed him that her parents would not be home that night; then when he was driving one of his charges home that same evening, he was directed past the lady's house in a pre-arranged plan. He noticed the porch light on and the door open, so having delivered his passenger, he returned to the scene. When the student came to the door, she said simply: 'I was wondering when you'd arrive.' This particular teacher has an insatiable appetite for schoolgirl snatch, and although he was later transferred, he was understandably keen enough to come back and coach the basketball team once a week."

Many teachers — even normal red-blooded types who have a healthy fondness for pouting pubescence — are taken aback and even a little horrified by the ease of access their profession offers. One teacher who stressed that he'd been loath to take advantage of his position quickly found himself in situations he'd never dreamed of back in his Diploma of Education days. Posted immediately after graduation to a suburban all-girl school, Tony (a pseudonym) was taken aside during the first week by an experienced teacher, who told him: "I'm about to get transferred and I've got a softball team

that I coached last year. They were picked on looks rather than ability. How would you like to look after them when I'm gone?"

"I didn't know what I was getting into," Tony said. "After this teacher became confident that I wasn't going to blab on him, he told me that he and the co-coach — another teacher at the school — had spent the whole of the previous year humping each of the girls in the team when they were in Year 10. They'd been away on weekends with these girls; they'd screwed them in the back of panel vans after school; during the Christmas holidays they'd put together a foursome with a couple of the ladies at a holiday house owned by one girl's parents. All of these kids were apparently 'goers'; they had nice, trim, taut bodies and on the softball field they looked beautiful."

"It took a while for these details to sink in," Tony continued. "The whole scene seemed totally unreal. I didn't want to get

One popular male
teacher at an all-girl
school was surprised at
home by five senior students.
The party ended up
in his bedroom

involved, but the girls were constantly asking me to come away on week-ends with themselves and the other coaches. [The teacher who'd been transferred continued to coach the girls once a week.] Anyway, I finally agreed to go with them on a week-end of camping at the beach. That was when it really dawned on me what it was all about. We were sitting around the campfire — not actually toasting marshmallows, although that would have been appropriate — when the other two teachers suddenly got up and disappeared into the bushes with two girls. I was left there with four others, and one of them started getting very friendly straight away, putting her arms around me and trying to kiss me. I was shocked. All I could think about was doing the right thing, so I went to bed. And all night I was thinking: 'What a set-up. These guys have been humping the hell out of eight 16-year-old girls for a whole year, and nobody knows about it but me.'"

It was not long before Tony was again confronted with the fires of adolescent lust. On an excursion later that year to the Snowy Mountains, a rather plain 16-year-

old approached him on the first evening and said: "I'd really like to sleep with you, Mr Jones."

"This particular girl would always sit in the front row in my class and never failed to spread her legs and flash her knickers at me," Tony recalled. "I had often wondered when she was going to get around to showing me what was underneath. Anyway, I told her to just go to bed. Later that night she came to my door in the male dormitory, wearing a brunch coat with nothing underneath. She said: 'I just want to talk to you,' so I let her in; she then demanded to be let into bed. I gave her this lecture about the proper role of the teacher. She was really pissed off that I wouldn't screw her."

However, Tony didn't finish his first year of teaching with a clean sheet. He almost made it, but there may come a time when even the most reluctant teacher has to throw in the towel. "You have to understand that I'm not proud of this, because any teacher who's young and reasonably good-looking can go around screwing schoolgirls. But I was at an end-of-term barbecue and there was one 17-year-old schoolgirl there who'd been spreading around rumors to the effect that I'd been having an affair with her. She was an extremely attractive Italian girl. I walked up to her and said: 'You've given me a lot of trouble with all these rumors, you know.' Her reply was: 'Well, I'll have to make up for it then.' She grabbed my hand and led me into some nearby bushes. I was in a kind of daze. Then she ripped off all her clothes and lay flat on her back. It was too much for me. I took off my clothes and climbed aboard. What would you have done?"

A difficult question. In a typical case of teacher-pupil contact, where the seductress has cultivated the attention of the teacher over a long period and has set up the big moment herself, it's pretty hard for a normal man to actively resist the natural train of events — even though the consequences may be severe. Such incidents are often based on genuine mutual affection and understandably powerful physical desires. But because of the unique nature of the teacher-pupil relationship, in which a dominant authority figure interacts with a subordinate, some odd situations can develop. One popular male teacher at an all-girl school was surprised at home one night by five senior students. A party ensued, and eventually the participants moved to the bedroom. Wild scenes culminated in the teacher being stripped naked by the girls. He protested strenuously, but alcohol had made the students brave. There was no suggestion that the girls would disrobe themselves; apparently their only objective was to expose the teacher and make him vulnerable.

Then there was the case of a teacher who regularly tutored two Year 11 girls at

TO SIR WITH LUST

his home. According to another teacher from the same school, "This guy was married so he used to wait until the wife went to bed. Then he'd shut the double doors and get straight into a threesome with these girls. He must have taught them heaps."

And often enough, the trauma of adolescent desire produces bizarre distortions in the expression of sexuality. An extreme example of this involved a male teacher at a country co-ed school whose girlfriend was also on the staff. "My girlfriend was constantly being pursued by a Year 10 girl who claimed to be passionately in love with her," the teacher said. "This girl would leave signed notes in her chalkbox and follow her all over the school. Eventually, on the night of the Year 12 formal at a pub in town, this mixed-up girl decided to make her move. She approached my girlfriend and demanded to be allowed to go home with her after the formal — what she was going to do, I don't know. My girlfriend told the kid she was staying with me that night in an upstairs room at the hotel. The schoolgirl left the place very upset, and I thought that was the end of it. But at four o'clock in the morning there was a knock on the door. I opened it to see this distraught girl, who was sobbing and demanding that I let her in. I couldn't refuse, really. So when she came inside and saw my girlfriend lying naked in bed, she immediately said: 'I want to get into bed with you both.' She was already tearing off her clothes. Apparently she figured she could screw her way through me in order to get to my girlfriend. I said to her: 'It's a little early in the morning for that sort of thing.' Eventually we persuaded her to leave."

In all aspects of adolescence, confusion reigns supreme. Sad cases of misguided and unrequited passion abound in schools. "Schoolgirls these days are getting into sex when they're not emotionally equipped to handle it," said one teacher; most of his colleagues agree strongly with that view, and most will also maintain that sexuality is now much more visible in schools than ever before.

It should not be assumed that sexual trysts take place only between schoolgirls and their male teachers. The opposite situation, although much rarer, is by no means unheard of. One teacher, when asked how many cases of sexual involvement that he was aware of had led to a forced resignation, replied: "The only one I can think of was the case of a female P.E. teacher who was asked to resign because she'd had so many relationships with schoolboys it became a standing joke at the school." Another teacher had once shared a flat with a Geography mistress who regularly entertained the handsome school captain in her bedroom. "I'd come

down for breakfast in the morning and this schoolboy would be in the kitchen having his bacon and eggs in my chair. It was just too blatant," said the still incredulous teacher.

One significant principle operates in the area of schoolboy-schoolmistress relationships: "Whereas the schoolgirl is normally the instrument of seduction in the more common situation, the female teacher has always been the aggressor in relationships with schoolboys. It's hard to explain why, because schoolboys are just as powerfully attracted to young, spunky female staff members as schoolgirls are to the men. I'd say the boys are probably more insecure and less mature than the girls; maybe they're afraid of being laughed at — or worse."

While there's plenty of agreement between teachers on the various aspects of schoolgirl sexuality, the ladies interviewed for this story expressed a wide range of

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opinions. A group of senior students of varying ages maintained that most of the passion surfacing in the classroom stemmed from the teacher rather than the girls. "We might spend a lot of time teasing them," said one girl, "but if they think we're all in love with them they're having themselves on. I reckon it's the other way round."

But most schoolgirls are prepared to concede that teachers do carry with them a special appeal. Few can honestly claim never to have been overcome with desire for a teacher at some time or other. One particularly forthright 17-year-old, now in her final year, confessed that she had a special weakness for teachers. "As soon as I saw this new guy we got for Maths last year I had fantasies about fucking him," she said. "He was young, blond and strong. The first chance I got, I went for it. I went down on him in the front seat of his car in the school parking lot one lunch-time."

Despite their obvious attractions and the relentless vigor with which many schoolgirls pursue the objects of their passion, the majority of teachers manage to

keep their noses clean. The risks are simply too great; as any teacher knows, you can't trust an adolescent girl to keep her mouth shut about *anything* — let alone the sexual conquest of yourself. Peer pressure, particularly from older staff members, tends to keep frisky young bucks in line; and the general attitude among teachers is that you have to be a bit immature to value the attentions of love-struck Lolitas . . . and a bit of a bastard to take advantage of them. Teachers with some experience realise that popularity with the attendant hordes of fawning nymphets tailing you all over the place, only lasts until the next young, good looking teacher comes along. Schoolgirls are fantastically fickle creatures.

Besides, if you find yourself besotted by the charms of some nubile admirer, you can always sweat it out until she leaves school, and then pounce. "That's been an established practice for a long time among teachers," said one. "You put in plenty of groundwork while the girl is still at school, then go for it as soon as she's done her exams. That's why Year 12 farewells are often outrageous, and I'd say a good proportion of teachers get into relationships with ex-pupils. Often they end up getting married."

But survival in the jungle of blackboards, books and beautiful bouncing bums has never been easy for horny historians, lusty linguists and macho mathematicians . . . particularly if they're single and teaching in a small country town, where the only talent to be found is still wearing a tunic and black stockings. Three young teachers sharing a house in a small town complained vociferously of the pressures they were working under: "You look at all these young tarts at school and you can't help but want to touch them, fondle them, screw them . . . they are beautiful. In every staff room I've been in, all the male teachers — whether young or old — lust over the girls; they're constantly chatting about the way particular girls are developing, and the overall standard of spunkiness . . . and that includes the principal. It's all a big joke. But as soon as anyone puts in a bit of groundwork or even lets the girls talk to him in the playground, that's frowned upon."

Another member of this horny household added that the difficulties were compounded by the intrinsic naughtiness of the situation: "There's nothing fonder in my memory than the vision of myself sitting in the back corner of the classroom watching my hand as it disappeared under my girlfriend's pleats and worked its way up those smooth loins. Every day in the bus on the way to school I'd get an erection. Four years later, when I arrived at school to do my first session of prac teaching, I got out of the car with an erection."

It's a strange irony that anyone can become a teacher and thus be lauded by

the most desirable kind of groupie there is. For the stars of the sporting and entertainment worlds, sexual advantages bestowed by an adoring public come only after years of dedication to excellence. Even then, the choices are seldom as maddeningly enticing as those offered regularly to quite ordinary blokes who happen to be teachers. Schoolgirls are without doubt the cream of groupies. As Nabokov says rather earnestly in *Lolita*: "In the possession and thralldom of a nymphet the enchanted traveller stands, as it were, *beyond happiness*. For there is no bliss on earth comparable to that of fondling a nymphet. That bliss belongs to another class, another plane of sensitivity. Despite the danger and the horrible hopelessness of it all, I still dwelled deep in my elected paradise — a paradise whose skies were the color of hell-flames — but still a paradise."

Teachers locked in the throes of a schoolgirl affair find that the entrance fee to "paradise" is continual paranoia and endless soul-searching. Neither the community at large nor the hierarchy will offer any sympathy for their plight. One teacher who'd given this matter strenuous thought concluded: "Most people in the community are horrified by the idea of a sexual component in the teacher-pupil relationship. It's something that's constantly joked about by outsiders who reckon they'd love to be in there mixing with all the young nubile, but if you were to say to them: 'Yeah, I like to get stuck into at least one schoolgirl a year,' they'd be shocked and stunned. The average person has this vague idea that teachers have their heads buried so far into textbooks they have no problem upholding 'professionalism' even when surrounded by a sea of schoolgirl snatch. It's a ridiculous concept."

It hardly needs to be said that the penalties for transgressing the Golden Rule — "Don't Touch The Girls" — can be severe enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the randiest educator. Laws vary around the country, but the situation in NSW is typical. Back in 1900, that state's lawmakers recognised the special relationship between teachers and schoolgirls when they framed section 73 of the Crimes Act: "A schoolmaster or any teacher . . . who unlawfully and carnally knows any girl above the age of 10 years up to the age of 17 years is liable to imprisonment for 14 years." Few teachers in NSW are aware of the fact that the age of consent in the special case of schoolgirls and teachers is not 16 but 17. But that's not the only area where misconceptions and confusion reign. Speculation on the part of State school teachers as to what really happens when you get busted with your finger in the pie is tinged with elements of folklore, politics and paranoia. Not surprising when you consider that the teachers' *Handbook* has little to say on the subject and there are numerous variables

involved: Is the girl over the age of consent? Has there been any sexual activity in the school, or only after school? Is there a scandal in the community, or has the teacher been discreet? Does the principal have a close relationship with the regional inspector? Is the teacher generally respected? Is the school loosely or tightly disciplined? And so on . . .

The *Handbook* for NSW State school teachers is typically circumspect; the dreaded section 37, which also contains references to teachers' drinking and drug habits, says that teachers "guilty of any disgraceful or improper conduct" can be cautioned, reprimanded, fined, demoted, dismissed, or directed to resign. But of course, there's no definition of what is "disgrace or improper." Many teachers believe that in an age when the distinction between proper and improper behavior is getting more and more shady, the lack of specific guidelines is a formula for trouble.

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"The subject of schoolgirl snatch was never mentioned in the Diploma of Education course," said one teacher. "They waffle about 'professionalism' and 'maintaining a social distance', and assume that every teacher is middle class to the core and thus understands exactly what to do in any situation."

A spokesman for the NSW Education Department spelled out the official attitude: "Teachers are in a very special position to influence the students in a remarkably strong way. Having sex with them would hardly be an appropriate example. The department is reflecting community standards when it states that the teacher's duty is to actively discourage the sexual infatuation which schoolgirls are prone to develop."

As to what is and what is not "proper", another departmental officer said: "The way it works is that you do the thing and then you find out whether it is considered disgraceful or not." The department can call in a magistrate to make that decision or delegate "prescribed officers" to determine the teacher's fate, but in reality the discretion of the principal is paramount.

The "boss" of a school is basically a public relations man; his main interest is in ensuring that teacher-pupil dalliances don't blow up into public scandals. The consensus among teachers is that the age of the student is nowhere near as important as the degree of caution on the part of the teacher: "The authorities will often turn a blind eye unless the situation becomes so outrageous that it's obvious something must be done. The department has moved with the times; I think they realise that the potential for teacher-pupil affairs is so great they'll never get control of it. I know of dozens of cases where nothing was done."

However, none of those cases involved an irate parent (known in the trade as an "IP") or a public scandal. Teachers who haven't been sneaky enough to avoid those circumstances can expect the shit to hit the fan. Although there's no provision in the guidelines for transferring such teachers, that's what happens in the majority of cases, and this is where teacher lore enters the picture. "The forced transfer usually directs busted teachers to some God-forsaken place. The back of Broken Hill and the western suburbs of Sydney are popular termini for such people," said one teacher.

The department disagrees violently with that statement: "There is no such thing as a forced transfer for disciplinary breaches. This business of the supposed forced transfer to the back of beyond is a misconception adopted by teachers for emotional and political reasons," said a departmental officer. "Teachers are allowed to put in a request for transfer after they've been found guilty. There is no instance of a teacher being transferred against his wishes." In reality, according to the teachers, the situation boils down to a Catch 22: If you refuse a directive to "request" a transfer, you've committed a breach of discipline and thus you can be dismissed. Faced with such depressing alternatives, teachers will always "request" a transfer; either way, they've got you — silently and with a minimum of fuss.

And as you contemplate your folly while sitting in the bar of the Grand Hotel in some dusty outpost, you can also rest assured that any grandiose plans of a spectacular career in the teaching service have gone down the gurgler. The infamous "files" — voluminous departmental documents which are said to contain information on what you were doing wrong in kindergarten — will ensure that your name is blackmarked indefinitely.

It's a testament to the potency of the schoolgirl's timeless allure that so many teachers, despite the likely consequences, succumb to the perilous temptations of their profession. Like Nabokov, they must answer for themselves the question: "Why does the way she walks — a child, mind you, a mere child! — excite me so abominably?" ○—■

Since the first Tarzan swung through the jungle more than 80 years ago, countless hams have tried to ape him

MONKEY BUSINESS

BY DENIS WHITBURN

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the flying trapeze. Daring? Unquestionably. Try getting along with an extended family of orangutangs. Young? That's stretching it a bit. At last count the man would have to be over 100 years old.

And that is no trapeze he is so adept at flying on. Vines enable him to move through the jungle foliage at a rattling pace.

He is, of course, Tarzan the Apeman — or, in the minds of the hundreds of millions who have followed his adventures for the last 80 years, Lord of the Jungle. In reality Tarzan, who "biographer" Philip Jose Farmer describes as "the most famous adventurer since Odysseus or the strongest man since Samson," is Lord of the Pulp. It indicates how seriously Tarzan's devotees take the Apeman legend, that one of science fiction/fantasy's most respected writers, Farmer, should put to paper "the true and definitive biography of Lord Greystoke." Greystoke being the blooded Englishman's family name as given to him by his creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs. And *Greystoke* it is today with the latest in a long line of Tarzan films (the first reaching the screen in 1918). The \$40 million epic is directed by Hugh Hudson, the man responsible for putting blooded Englishmen back into film favor with his *Chariots Of Fire*.

Forty million dollars; who said money can't buy respectability? Have Warner Bros, the studio backing *Greystoke*, blown their marbles or do they simply see the profit realised from *Superman I-III* coming

from the man in a loin cloth?

"The most popular of latter-day heroes are still overshadowed by one sun-bronzed figure clad only in a rudely trimmed animal hide swinging through the upper terraces of a distant jungle and voicing the victory cry of the bull ape," writes comic book authority Camille E. Cazedessus Jr. "Tarzan of the Apes simply doesn't need an introduction — or at least shouldn't." But, as Cazedessus points out, there are millions of people who have had their perception of Tarzan distorted by Hollywood. They think he has a son called Boy, lives in a tree house and speaks short broken phrases. And as every true devotee knows, that perception is simply not kosher. Thus, charged with the same fervor that motivated his athletes in *Chariots Of Fire*, Hugh Hudson has set out on a quest of great worth — to bring Tarzan back to his rightful place in 20th Century mythology.

Hudson, along with numerous psychologists, has taken a route also covered by Philip Jose Farmer, who, in his "biography", set out to present "a fairly accurate picture of the life and times of the very real Englishman who spent his youth among a group of rare hominids who are probably now extinct." As Farmer explains, hominids are subhuman, not great apes; it was a band of language-using pithecanthropoids who adopted the baby Greystoke, not apes, as Burroughs stated inaccurately in his first novel.

The breed of jungle creature to whom Greystoke/Tarzan became "family" is one of the inaccuracies Burroughs contributed towards in Farmer's mind. "He

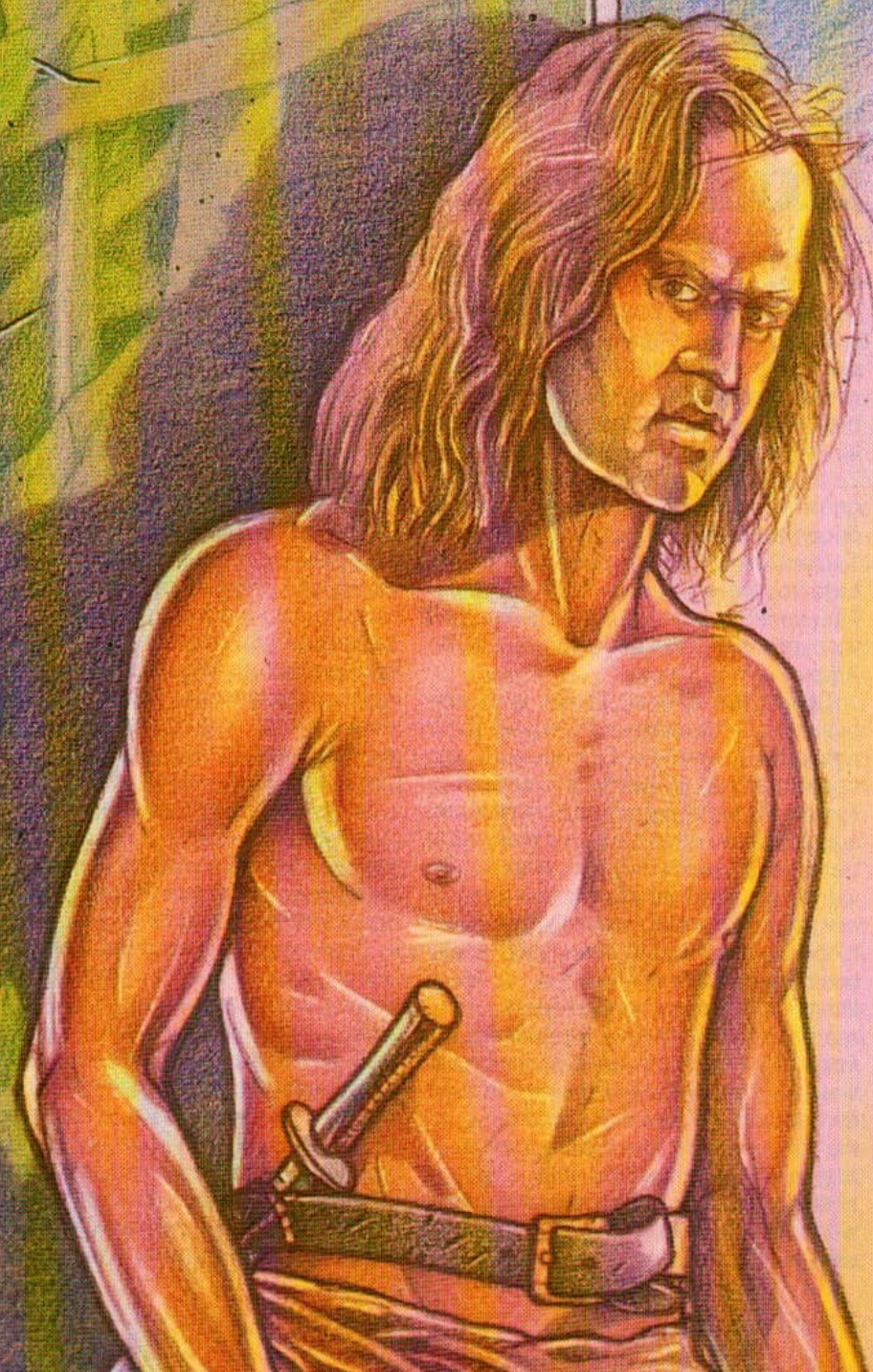
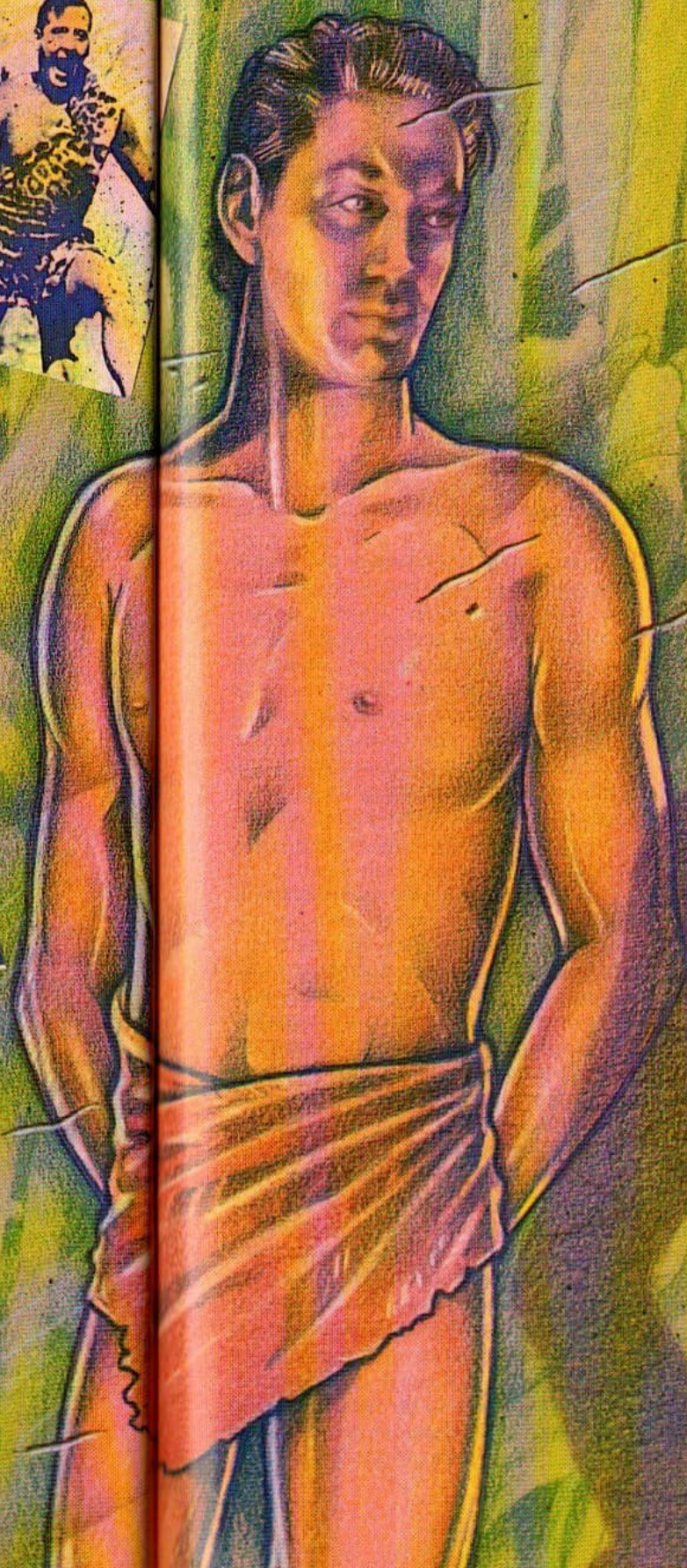
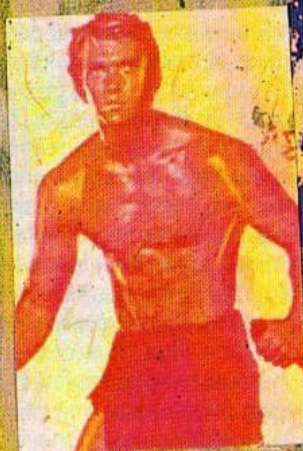


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE



MONKEY

was writing novels, and the facts did not always have to be adhered to. Indeed . . . he sometimes went out of his way to make sure that the reader thought his Tarzan books were entirely fictional." Which, of course, they were, and Farmer is talking bullshit in attempting to portray Greystoke/Tarzan as fact.

"With dumfounding energy and high good humor, Philip Jose' Farmer has produced a veritable PhD thesis on the real Tarzan, who of course is alive and very busy to this day," science fiction elder Theodore Sturgeon wrote at the time Farmer released his "biography," *Tarzan Alive*.

Stating the obvious, Tarzan is serious business. A business created 81 years ago by a 37-year-old Chicago-born and raised man with the purest of intentions — to fend off desperation. Had Burroughs imagined that far off in the future men would be eager to spend \$40 million to put the world right as to the purity of his fictional character, he would probably have wept blood . . . had he not been such a wily businessman himself when it came to licencing film, comic strip, radio serial and merchandising rights to the Apeman. Ol' Edgar Rice may have been on the breadline at 37, but by the time he died in 1950 he had consolidated in a way that — for his time — challenges the George Lucas *Star Wars* bonanza. But that is getting ahead of the story, and as any good pulpist worth his adjectives knows, you have to start at the beginning . . .

At 37, Burroughs turned to the typewriter in an effort to feed his wife and children. "If people were paid for writing rot such as I read I could write stories just as rotten," Burroughs said in 1929. "I knew absolutely that I could write stories just as entertaining and probably a lot more so than any I chanced to read in those magazines" — referring to the cheap weekly, fortnightly and monthly pulps (*Argosy*, *The All-Story* and their ilk) which could be considered the TV mass entertainment vehicle of the day.

Getting into his stride with a science fiction piece, *Under The Moons Of Mars*, Burroughs wrote the first 95,000-word Tarzan story in longhand on the back of somebody else's stationery. As noted by Cazadessus, the story was "full of remarkable coincidences, some zoological errors, and impossible happenings." Nevertheless *All-Story* bought it for \$700, publishing it complete in the October, 1912 issue. Even though the money was excellent for the time, Burroughs insisted on one clause few writers up to that time had thought of: he retained all rights on the story and the character.

The way Philip Jose' Farmer tells it, Burroughs was inspired to write the tale following a dinner he had with a retired official of the British Colonial Office who had, as was the way of retired Colonial officials, a few drinks too many. The story he told Burroughs sent the writer off into those records he could get access to. "Inspired by what he read, he wrote a biography which is, in the main, faithful to the facts. However, there were gaps which he had to fill in which were guesses.

Some of these hit the mark and some missed completely."

The year is 1888 and John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, is chosen to make a secret investigation along the British west coast of Africa. "Clayton was a graduate of Chat-ham, the Royal military engineering college," Farmer explains. "His experience in the Indian Army, and his powerful connections, could have taken him high up in the military. But, tired of army life, he preferred the Colonial Office, which was swiftly expanding with the growth of Britain's overseas empire. Almost at once, he was given a mission to the Niger." Recently married to the 18-year-old beauty, the Honorable Alice Rutherford, daughter of Baron Tennington, Clayton could not think of going to Africa without his new bride, even though she was pregnant with their first child — the baby destined to become Tarzan.

Eventually falling foul of a crew of mutineers, Clayton and Alice are cast ashore, where their child is born. The mother dies and the father is eventually killed leaving the babe in the woods . . . or jungle to be more exact. Writing to *All-Story's* editor Thomas Newell Metcalf, while still piecing his saga together, Burroughs explained in part: "The infant was found and adopted by a huge she-ape (Kala, who had lost her own baby) and was brought up among a band of fierce anthropoids.

"The mental development of this ape-man in spite of every handicap — of how he learned to read English without knowledge of the spoken language, the way in which his inherent reasoning faculties lifted him high above his savage jungle friends and enemies, his meeting with a white girl, how he came at last to civilisation and to his own" made for fascinating writing. Burroughs was plainly making a solid sales pitch to Metcalf, who had already rejected his second novel, *The Outlaw Of Torn*.

Burroughs named the ape-raised child Tarzan, meaning *white skin* in the language he invented for the tribe of anthropoid apes. "It was a product of his fascination with odd syllables and strange sounding names," Burroughs' biographer Irwin Porges reveals, "which he repeated aloud in varying combinations until, with the approval of both his ears and intuition, he made a final choice."

Inspiration for a child raised by savage animals came from the ancient legend of the founding of Rome. "As a child," Burroughs wrote in later years, "I was always fascinated by the legend of Romulus and Remus, who were supposed to have been suckled and raised by a she-wolf." He supposed that this led to conjecture as to just what kind of individual would develop if the child of a highly civilised, intelligent, cultured couple was to be raised by a wild beast without intercourse with members of the human race. "I started with . . .

Opposite page: Gene Pollar traded his New York fireman's uniform for a leopard skin wrap-around to appear in The Return of Tarzan (1920); Right: Former Olympian Johnny Weissmuller remains for many the definitive screen Tarzan; Over page: Christopher Lambert lends tousled animal magnetism to his role in the latest ape man epic Greystoke.

Romulus and Remus, who had been suckled by a wolf and founded Rome, but in the jungle I had my little Lord Greystoke suckled by an ape."

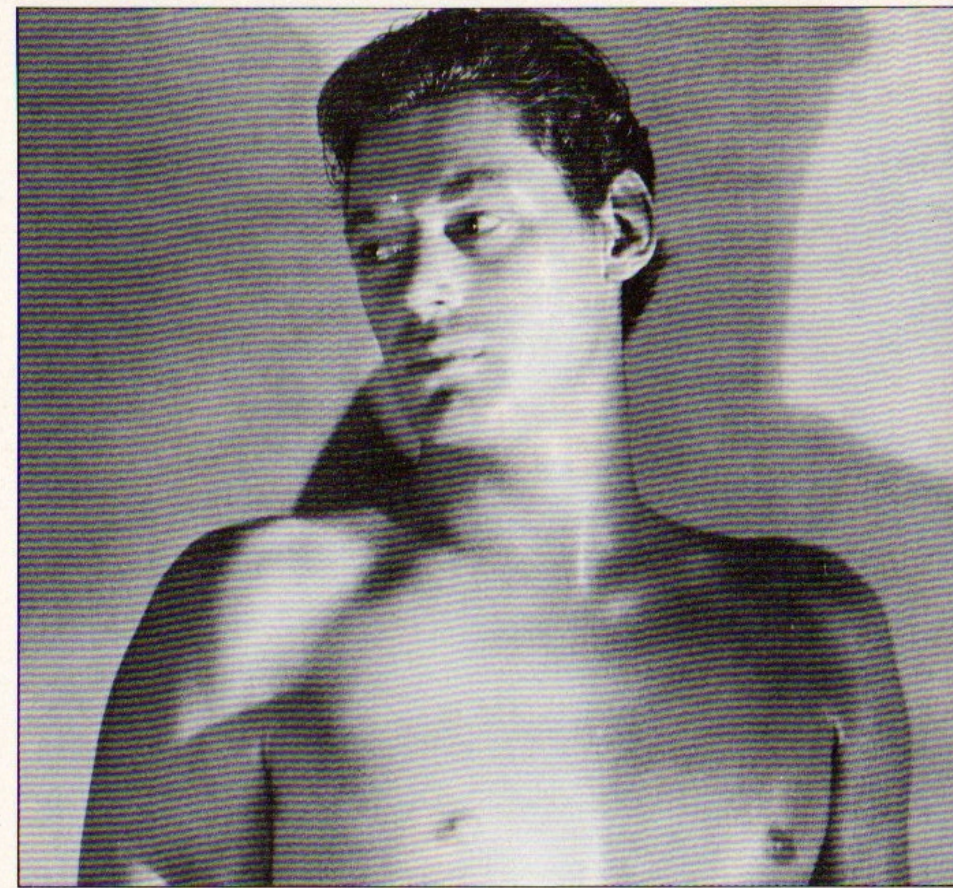
Some 25 years later, Burroughs expanded on his Romulus and Remus inspiration to a Professor Rudolph Altrocchi, from the University of California. Altrocchi was interested in "the curious process of literary creation." Burroughs recalled having read a story years before he created Tarzan, of a sailor shipwrecked off the African coast who was adopted by, and consorted with, great apes. Years later, when rescued, a she-ape followed him into the water and threw a baby after him.

The tale, Burroughs admitted when pushed by Altrocchi, was merely an anecdote. ("Anyway, it is probably not true.") It sent the determined professor off on a six-month search with the same enthusiasm that motivated Farmer to research and write his definitive "biography" of Tarzan. Having no luck at the end of the six months, he again pumped Burroughs for more information, trying to prompt his memory. To no avail. Continuing his search, Altrocchi came upon two possible sources two years later, but because they were in such "inaccessible books, he doubted whether Burroughs could have possibly read them. Both dealt with relationships between women and apes.

In one — written in Latin in the 17th Century — a woman is relegated to an uninhabited island after committing a crime. There she is seduced by an ape to whom she bears two children. The other, an unnamed adventure novel published in 1635, uses a similar situation but ends with the ape-husband following her into the surf when she is rescued, throwing their baby after her.

Altrocchi was never able to find the anecdote in the form suggested by Burroughs, his (quite obsessive) research culminating in a paper, *Ancestors Of Tarzan*, delivered in November 1939 to the Philological Association of the (American) Pacific Coast, demonstrating just how deep-rooted in the past the human-ape relationship went. The professor goes to the top of the class as one of the earliest theologians to realise Burroughs had come up with something that went way beyond mere pulp fiction.

Perhaps Burroughs was using the tale of the stranded sailor as a diversionary tactic to keep academics, such as Professor Altrocchi, off the scent of the trail that



led to the true source of his inspiration. Do not lose sight of Burroughs' reason for taking pen to paper in the first place — to find a means of feeding his family — and of the fact that he believed he could "write stories just as entertaining and probably a lot more so than any" he had chanced to read in the pulps.

British critics from the start were on to Burroughs, suggesting he had "unintentionally perhaps" borrowed his themes from Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard and H.G. Wells (for his science fiction). Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, concerning the boy Mowgli reared in the jungle by beasts, loomed large in the finger pointing. "The Mowgli theme is several years older than Mr Kipling," Burroughs shot back. "Doubtless it is older than the first attempts of man to evolve a written language." It was to be found, he insisted, in myths and legends of many cultures, the most notable being (again) Romulus and Remus. For himself, Kipling (whom Burroughs did acknowledge as having some influence upon him) spoke of Edgar Rice as "the genius of all geni" (although he was referring to the vast number of imitators at the time), who "jazzed the motif of *The Jungle Book*."

"He was reported," Kipling went on, "to have said that he wanted to find out how bad a book he could write and 'get away with', which is a legitimate ambition." Which left the ball in Burroughs' court. "That Mr Kipling selected a she-wolf to mother a man-child might more reasonably subject him to charges of plagiarism than the fact that I chose a she-ape should condemn me on a similar count." He

thought the whole affair all too silly and that answering such charges was sillier still. "But no man enjoys being branded a thief."

Whatever the source for his Apeman, Burroughs was of sufficient imagination to go his own merry way once he got Tarzan through puberty with the anthropoids. Proving that anything television audiences will swallow today pulp readers would go for in a big way then, Burroughs has a second batch of castaways falling to the same fate as Tarzan's parents. Coming ashore this time is the woman who becomes the object of what is arguably the 20th Century's most quoted introduction: "Me Tarzan. You Jane." Jane Porter and her father, Professor Porter, an assistant, a maid and William Clayton, Tarzan's cousin who has inherited the Greystoke title, form the latest group of castaways.

Jane (with a 38-19-36 figure as gauged by Farmer from "measurements taken at a London shop 20 years later, when she had not lost or gained a pound") is a stunner. "She was strikingly beautiful," Farmer writes, "had long yellow hair which fell to her waist when unpinned, had bluish-grey eyes, and was left-handed." A tomboy at heart, tough and strong-minded, she had joined her father on the expedition during her holidays. Now, stepping ashore on the coast of West Africa, she is the first white woman Tarzan has clapped eyes on. He knows instantly that this woman has been created to be protected — and you will never guess who has been created to protect her. Within pages of this revelation, Jane has been carried off by an ape, Terkoz ("expelled



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from the tribe as a troublemaker"), and carried away to a "a fate a thousand times worse than death." Rescuing the fair damsel, Tarzan finds her responsive to his savage charms. "He did what no red-blooded man needs lessons in doing," Burroughs wrote in 1912. "He took his woman in his arms and smothered her upturned, panting lips with kisses. For a moment, Jane Porter lay there with half-closed eyes. For a moment — the first in her young life — she knew the meaning of love." No dirty-breathed, long body-haired anthropoid for her; not when all that stands between her emerging desires and this hunk that has just loomed out of the jungle is a loin cloth.

For the time of publication this was hot stuff and it was the illicit nature of the situation — single man and single woman together in the jungle where unbearable conditions demand minimal clothing — that first fired reader imagination. It also attracted that strange place emerging out of Los Angeles in the early part of the century, Hollywood. In all, Burroughs penned 24 Tarzan novels of varying quality. Once Hollywood got its hands on the screen rights — only through Burroughs — they quickly left his output behind.

Relations between Burroughs and the filmworld got off to an uneasy start and more or less stayed that way. The man chosen by producer William Parsons to depict Tarzan on the silent screen was a piece of 1918 beefcake, Elmo Lincoln (real name, Otto Linkenhelt), complete with pro-

truding pectorals, animal fur and Hiawatha hair style. He was far from Burroughs' original concept of the Apeman who was, by that time, the hardback hero of 1.7 million people — the story having been translated into 14 languages. Tarzan was meant to be light, graceful and well muscled — not a beefy, cumbersome thug. "The people who could see *Tarzan of the Apes* and the *Blacksmith of Louvain* as identical characters had just about as much conception of my story and of the character as one might expect after seeing some of the atrocious things they did to the picture and the story," Burroughs sounded off.

It was not so much author's concept versus producer's, as it was Burroughs' moralistic position, trying to get a clear message across to his readers in pulp adventure. "I wanted my readers to realise that man alone of all the creatures that inhabit the earth or the water below or the air above takes life wantonly; he is the only creature that derives pleasure from inflicting pain on other creatures, even his own kind. Jealousy, greed, hate and spitefulness are more fully developed in man than in the lower orders. These are axiomatic truths that require no demonstration."

Truths in which producers held little or no interest. Lincoln starred in *Tarzan Of The Apes* and *The Romance Of Tarzan* (which came out nine months after the first). Burroughs, meanwhile, no longer interested in doing business with Parsons, struck a deal with Numa Pictures Corporation for *The Return Of Tarzan*. This time around he got Joseph C. Pohler a New York fireman (renamed Gene Pollar), play-

ing his jungle hero. In quick succession, a heavily bewigged P. Dempsey Tabler, Elmo Lincoln, James H. Pearce (an athlete who became the first radio Tarzan as well as Burroughs' son-in-law) and Frank Merrill all had their moments of glory before fading into film archives.

Tarzan as a screen entity attained mass popularity with the arrival of Olympic swimming champion (winner of five gold medals) Johnny Weissmuller, after MGM's contract stars (including Clark Gable) were considered unsuitable. One of the film's writers, Cyril Hume, in typical Hollywood fashion "discovered" Weissmuller swimming in a hotel pool. Here was a Tarzan in whom Burroughs could delight, because of his youth, marvellous physique and magnetic personality.

With *Tarzan The Ape Man* being the first true sound production of the series (*Tarzan The Tiger* was released in 1929 as a silent and with soundtrack added), MGM technicians went to work to come up with his jungle "cry." They eventually put into Weissmuller's mouth, laying sound upon sound, a concoction allegedly comprising a dog's growl, a hyena's howl, a camel's bleat . . . and a violin. MGM, it seems, were not so much inspired into production by the idea of cleaning up at the box office as by making use of the pile of footage left over from African locations on the feature, *Trader Horn*. Their economic measures satisfied, the studio was subsequently surprised to find they had a hit on their hands that today can only be measured in terms of a *Star Wars* or *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*.

"The rush was so great Saturday and Sunday (in Los Angeles)," Burroughs told a friend upon the film's opening, "that they advertised in this morning's paper that they are forced to put on seven shows a day starting at nine o'clock in the morning."

Coming as he did in the wake of actors who leaned more towards the caveman in their depiction of Tarzan, Weissmuller gave the character exactly what it needed — sex appeal. He remains the definitive screen Tarzan, says film writer David Robinson. "His characterisation of the noblest of savages retained a comforting hint of the American college boy. He had a gift for establishing rapport with all but the wildest animals with which he acted and was able to do most of his own stunt work."

Not everyone was impressed though. The original screen Tarzan, Elmo Lincoln, who had been working on Burroughs to allow him to re-release the first feature *Tarzan Of The Apes* with added soundtrack, could not understand why audiences treated Weissmuller's film as a comedy. "Why do they portray Tarzan without any dignity?" he asked Burroughs. "With the right treatment and portrayal, Tarzan could be a thrilling character and still have the sympathy of his audience. I don't like to see him treated as a clown."

The one kind word Lincoln did have about Weissmuller concerned his swimming prowess.

Weissmuller once claimed his greatest asset was his grunt, a monosyllabic utterance loved by audiences the world over. After all, the sound was perhaps the closest any actor has come to deriving a universal language. The actor related an incident where the line "You go" came out as "You go quick," only to have the director jump back with, "We don't want to slow up this scene with long speeches."

If Weissmuller was the perfect Tarzan to everyone, excepting Elmo Lincoln — who never did get to re-release the 1918 feature — Maureen O'Sullivan (the mother of Mia Farrow) as Jane sent Burroughs into near ecstasy. "I'm afraid that I shall never be satisfied with any other heroine for my future pictures," he said.

Between 1932-48, Weissmuller (and O'Sullivan until 1943, followed by Brenda Joyce) starred in an even dozen Tarzan adventures that pitted him against evil doers of all types, from crooked traders and big game hunters to Nazis trying to force African tribes to take up spears for the Reich. One film, *Tarzan's New York Adventure*, put him in suit and tie and flew him off to the Big Apple. This was a period of great success for MGM, not just with the Tarzan series, but it was also the time when the rot set in as far as staying true to Burroughs' original depiction. As Camille E. Cazedessus Jr points out, "there are millions of people who think Tarzan has a son called Boy, lives in a tree house and speaks in short broken phrases. Such was the image given to Edgar Rice Burroughs' magnificent creation for nearly a quarter of a century."

Of all the Hollywood studios, MGM was strictly family orientated, concerned at all times in getting a clean bill of health from the Hays Office — the self-regulatory body set up by the industry to censor itself following a period of Hollywood scandals that included heroin deaths, murders and rape. The studio was even in two minds whether to allow Clark Gable to utter the great farewell line in *Gone With The Wind*: "Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn." In this environment, MGM went about cleaning up Tarzan's act. The college boy aspect of Weissmuller's personality was a plus, but the situation in the jungle had to be worked on. Hence the tree house (representing the American home), Boy (the chaperon) and the large dollops of evil in the jungle to keep audiences' minds on the action and off what Tarzan and Jane were up to out of Boy's sight. Burroughs gave a hint of what might have preoccupied the two in a scene from *Tarzan and His Mate* (1933). There was a particular underwater shot he was concerned might not get by the Hays Office. "It shows Jacqueline McKim, doubling for Maureen O'Sullivan, and Johnny Weissmuller swimming nude underwater. It is a very

beautiful and artistic shot. The motion of the water partially veils the figure. Their movements underwater are naturally slow and extremely graceful." Burroughs saw nothing objectionable in it and neither did audiences quite used to the "now you see it, now you don't" titillation of the day. For many people, this was the closest they came to the strain of inferred sexuality that runs through Burroughs' writing of the brief time Tarzan and Jane spent together. In the main, Tarzan is a loner and has been depicted as such in his other visualisation, the comic strip.

While the movies encapsulated Tarzan in a homely jungle environment that would have done Andy Hardy proud, the comic adaptation of Burroughs' writing not only respected the source material but also achieved new heights in comic art. Hal Foster, the genius behind *Prince Valiant*, was commissioned to do the strip in 1929 (prior to *Valiant*). "In developing the strip,"

Weissmuller once claimed his greatest asset was his grunt, a monosyllabic utterance loved by audiences the world over

writes Hubert H. Crawford in his *Encyclopedia Of Comic Books*, "Foster introduced a novel technique in story illustration by placing all the dialogue in captions rather than the more conventional speech balloons.

"The practice was especially helpful for the feature because speech represented a peculiar problem — Tarzan, according to Burroughs' original concept, did not speak any specific language yet he could understand all men or animals. Although Tarzan lacked a formal education, he was extremely intelligent — he could analyse men at a glance, and he easily knew friend from foe. And he kept a keen jungle-sense of justice, which was roughly parallel to a civilised approach to questions of right and wrong."

In defining the elements that made Foster's visualisation a classic of the medium, Crawford has focussed, in part, on the reasons for Tarzan's mass popularity — those attributes of the civilised man carried by a noble savage. Philip Jose' Farmer sees him as "the last expression of the mythical Golden Age, that his life emulated the lives of many of the

heroes and demigods of classical and primitive mythologies and legends."

Quite unjustly, Tarzan has been in recess since the feature, *Tarzan And The Jungle Boy* (1968), and the TV series of the same time. (There will be no discussion here concerning the 1981 skin-flick, *Tarzan The Ape Man*, with the monosyllabic Bo Derek as Jane Porter.) But like that other super-hero who fell from favor in all but comic strip form, *Superman*, the time has come to dust off the loin cloth and put the record straight. This time around, with Greystoke: *The Legend Of Tarzan, Lord Of The Apes*, the story is going right back to basics, showing the babe Tarzan being suckled and raised by Kala. No expense was spared in creating mechanical anthropoids in the shape of real apes — now you can understand where \$40 million goes; these lumbering babes don't come cheap.

And what of the relevancy of Greystoke/Tarzan to the Eighties? Farmer, in the closing chapter of his "biography", frames the Lord of the Apes in a way that the new generation of caring Earth people can easily relate to. Tarzan contemplates the dying breeds of African wildlife that have walked across the sweeping savannas of this continent for thousands of years. "But their days were numbered. The hunters were too many; every day thousands of new mouths were born and had to be fed." Hunters were slaughtering for hides and meat. The crocodile and hippo would not last. "He was thinking that, mankind would have perished in its own poisons before that day came. A few men would be left, of course. Men were too tough to be entirely killed off, barring a nuclear war. But if outraged Mother Nature, violated Mother Nature, retaliated, then Man would become few again . . . the survivors would be savages. Earth would heal herself."

If he were lucky, Tarzan would be here to enjoy the trees greening the Earth, "to invite his soul, to have adventures, to talk to the beasts and those men worth talking to. Pass the time of day and of eternity with them."

Farmer's last image of this man, this noble savage whose instincts are those of the pure civilised man, is of a tall, bronzed, black-haired, grey-eyed being, "more Apollo than Hercules", this forest god's skin gleaming, and the moonlight seeming to bless him. Of such imagery are fantasies turned to mythology; or maybe Edgar Rice Burroughs let slip something he never meant to, when Professor Altrocchi pushed for the source of his creation — and realising what he had done, hastily tried to cover himself by having a lapse of memory?

Made respectable by Farmer, with his good work being continued by Hudson, Tarzan of the Apes is too good a man just to be the figment of some writer's imagination. 

If it's big and
brazen and live to air,
you can bet that TV puppet
master Peter Faiman is
pulling the strings

FAME MAN

PROFILE BY ELAINE GLICK PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY BELL

A stuffed toy giraffe, a huge panda and a heap of promotional T-shirts compete for space with signed photos from grateful stars in a crowded office: Peter Faiman, Australia's top television producer/director, seems relaxed and at home in this jungle of bits and pieces. He does wonder, though, why anyone would be interested in interviewing him.

Wonderment is a key characteristic of Faiman's personality. He's like a boy who has stumbled on to a *Star Wars* set, a gigantic playground filled with toys, and he wants to play with every one of them. This is a man who in the world of Australian television is as close to a guru as you can get. He elicits gushing, fawning accolades from those who should know better, and warm praise from those who do know better. But who is he? Many link him immediately with Don Lane and have a vague idea that he is connected with producing television specials. Apart from this limited exposure, his visibility outside the industry is virtually zero. However, it is true to say that Peter Faiman, next to network owners like Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer, is probably one of the most influential men in Australian television.

How could such a powerful and creative talent keep such a low profile for so long? That's another key to his character — he's intensely private, that's why. Faiman has erected an impenetrable shield around his private life and is extremely evasive when questions of a personal nature are asked.

Q: Have you ever been married?

Faiman: No.

Q: Have you got the time to get married?

Faiman: Yes.

Q: Have you met the right person yet?

Faiman: Yes.

Q: Are you getting married?

Faiman: No, we wouldn't know what to wear...

Nothing escapes Peter Faiman's attention. If he was a one-dimensional character, you might be able to dismiss his success as the typical up-through-the-ranks climb of an intelligent TV executive. However, his successes are spectacular and the man himself has more dimensions than a prism. He's a visual conceptualist par excellence.

Interviewing him is a little disconcerting; his eyes pierce the soul and nothing can be hidden. Getting through is difficult. You have to give something of yourself

before he will give. Once he's sure you are not going to splash him across a trite showbiz gossip rag, he begins to open up, bit by excruciating bit.

Everybody around Faiman thinks he's a social animal, but that is far from the truth. On many occasions he locks his front door on weekends, pulls the plug on the phone and gets away from them all.

At Channel Nine he acts as father confessor, ego smoother and patriarch. Staff wander into his office for a fix and they get it — he gives them a charge of his boundless energy and they go away with batteries brimming, ready to do anything he demands. Faiman is very demanding of his staff. He believes they should be able to do what he does, and if he can't do it, then they shouldn't be expected to.

But it's his sense of humor that gives the best insight in a whirlpool of conflicting data, opening more doors to his personality than just about any other single characteristic. Asked whether, with all the pressures of his demanding career, he still had a private life, Faiman said, "Most of my life is private." Beneath all the crazy tension and energy there is a very amused onlooker who perceives the world in a considered and sometimes irreverent way.



His world of live television is one of considerable drama. Make one false move and thousands know about it the very moment it happens. There's a lot at stake. Watching Faiman putting a show together is an exercise in neurosis. Not a damn thing escapes his eagle eye, from the wardrobe to the way a performer is standing. Everything is subject to scrutiny, criticism, suggestion, change and pointed advice. Once the cameras start rolling a metamorphosis takes place: the incredible levels of tension around him disappear, and the now cool captain of the ship calmly guides his showcraft. Observing his care in setting the scene, you'd think everything depended on him alone. That is his attitude, and that is why he is the best at what he does. Faiman juggles his giant toyland with a kind of frenetic ease. The future is just as exciting as yesterday, and the most exciting project in his life is always "the next one."

Faiman is the head of the Nine Network's Special Projects Division. This seemingly innocuous position appears to be an inadequate title, as Faiman is involved in vast array of activities.

His career just "happened"; he fell into TV through a friend. Faiman was brought

up in Coburg, a dreary Melbourne suburb, and his father sold clothing at the Victoria markets. In his youth Faiman was unsure of what he really wanted to do. Television certainly wasn't one of his objectives. At 19 he was studying Psychology at Monash University, then Architecture at the University of Melbourne, along with photography as a hobby. A friend offered an opportunity in television which he took, more because of the multiplicity of career choices it offered than anything else. He still hadn't found out what he wanted to pursue, and the TV job kept his options open. So he stayed, and one of the most remarkable careers in the history of the medium in this country began in the Props and Staging Department of GTV 9 in 1962.

Between 1962 and '66 Faiman learned his craft, progressing through the system to junior cameraman, junior floor manager, senior floor manager, then facilities manager. From 1966 he began to get into those areas in which he has since excelled — production and direction. There was Graham Kennedy's *In Melbourne Tonight* and production/direction teeth-cutting exercises in variety shows for Mike Preston, Stuart Wagstaff and Bert Newton. The Faiman magic was begin-

ning to happen and the new technologies that came along were eagerly grabbed by him to be used as tools for bigger and brighter productions.

Within eight years his talent had taken him well along the road to success and in 1974, at the age of 30, he was appointed Executive Producer to Live Programming for the Nine Network. The best was still to come; by 1976 Faiman had produced and directed shows and specials that began to read like a *Who's Who* of international and Australian stardom. There were shows for Raymond Burr, Bert Newton, Liberace, Dave Gray, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Rolf Harris, June Allyson, Barry Crocker and Neil Diamond, to name a few, plus extravaganzas such as *The Moscow Circus*, *20 Years Of Australian TV* and the three-day *Sunbury Pop Festival*.

At the same time, the *Don Lane Show* was running with Faiman directing. By 1976 the show had already won a Logie as the most popular Australian variety show and Faiman was just beginning to flex his creative muscle. The kudos he had received by that time, coupled with a mantlepiece groaning under the weight of industry awards, might tempt a fellow to retire with some pride from the adrenalin-charged world of TV. Not Faiman; to him the future was even more compelling.

What makes him tick? On the surface he appears unassuming, but getting into Faiman's mind is like trying to open a can with your fingers. "Peter is manic and depressive," says his friend Phill Adams. "He has the emotional life of a roller coaster; he's as temperamental as any of his stars. He's a zealot, a missionary, a tormented, abrasive individual, and the greatest live TV person in the country."

Adams, who has been trying for years to talk Faiman into directing a feature film, added: "Peter is the finest director in this country and one of the best in the world."

Faiman's reluctance to direct a feature for Adams is the result of time constraints, hesitation about going into an area he doesn't have mastery over, and finding the right script. "I'm not just going to make a feature for the sake of making it. It has to be something I want to make," is his own explanation.

"What makes Peter different is his fantastic productive ability," Adams said. "When I'm on a film I would be lucky and happy to get four minutes a day in the can. Peter, with satellite hook-up, seven cameras, a live show and monitors all over the place, gets two hours in the can."

Adams was stunned by the scope of Faiman's direction for the opening of the Sydney Entertainment Centre: "It made Leni Reifenstahl's Nuremberg Rally productions for Hitler look lacklustre." At the time Adams sent Faiman a telegram which read: "What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing producing the Nuremberg Rally?"

"It was," said Adams, "a towering

FAME MAN

monument to visual kitsch and vulgarity but at the same time it was great television." Adams sees Faiman as an unusually intelligent director in a field that doesn't have much in the way of Rhodes Scholars. "They don't give Peter the run-of-the-mill, they give him the Everests; if there were anyone in the industry I would nominate to sit on a government committee for television, it would be Peter."

In such a role, Faiman says he would like more encouragement and more chances given to people who have ideas. "There is a terrible danger in any system that has developed on a lot of money to be conservative in its approaches. The industry must market itself overseas and create a profile in overseas markets in order to draw more money to itself — so that more chances can be taken."

Faiman maintains that those at the top have to take more risks, spend money and try to understand what creative people are all about. "There is an enormous rift, a misunderstanding, between creative people and management. On one hand I think that difference can be healthy; creative people tend to get carried away, and sober management can bring some level-headedness to it all. At the same time, creative frustrations frustrate management, which needn't happen." The solution, as he sees it, is to bring those people into Australian television who foster and develop creative talent. This is not a problem to him in the NineNetwork, where he is given plenty of rope.

This emphasis on creative leeway and the pioneering spirit are just two facets of Faiman's persona. He would have stayed well in the background if it hadn't been for Don Lane's rave reviews of his producer at Logie time. If it seems overdone at times, don't be mistaken; Lane means every word of it and backs up his claims with facts. "We went to Memphis to set up a satellite interview from Elvis Presley's Graceland Mansion," recalls Lane. "Peter said to the Memphis television executives that he wanted to hook-up with a satellite. 'Satellite?' they said. 'What satellite?' It was: 'Chuckle, chuckle, who do these hicks from Australia think they are?'"

"Peter then called up Cape Kennedy and said he wanted to rent an eight-metre dish. When the truck pulled up at Graceland with a dirty great dish sitting on it, and Peter began erecting a 30-metre tower, the Memphis execs started saying to themselves: 'This guy could be serious.' From then on it was: 'Yes Mr Faiman, No Mr Faiman'."

Talking about the man himself, Lane said: "Peter's in touch, knows what's saleable and is aware of a performer's limitations." Lane sees Faiman as his mentor, confidant and the guiding force

behind his successful career. They met when Faiman had finished producing the Graham Kennedy show — just after Kennedy had parted from Channel Nine. The network was looking for someone to fill that gap — an almost impossible task, given Kennedy's mammoth and unique popularity. Lane, at that time, had already had a variety show on Nine in Sydney. He had also been back to the US for three years after that contract ran out. He was in Australia purely for a night club season and to do a benefit in Darwin for the Cyclone Tracey victims. That was early in 1975. "I didn't trust him when I first met him," says Lane, tongue-in-cheek. "He had a long nose."

"That was about the time I was contemplating having nose surgery," was Faiman's comeback.

Within 15 minutes of meeting each other they found they had very similar ideas as to the way they wanted the show

“
Faiman thrives
on unique challenges —
projects and productions
that stretch the
imagination to
the limit
”

to go. "I wanted a talk show with variety (the reverse of the Kennedy format) and as it turned out, Peter wanted exactly the same," Lane said. The rest of the story is history. Lane has developed into one of the top live personalities on Australian night-time TV and much of it is due to Faiman's vision. "I've learnt a lot from Peter. When he tells me something won't work, it won't, so I've learnt to listen to him."

Faiman understands his star well. "Don Lane has one of the most difficult jobs you could imagine: being up front and being judged by viewers on your sense of humor, looks, stance, what you wear, how you comb your hair, whether you sweat — all are major components of success or failure. That's really putting yourself on the line, and there are not many people prepared to face it. It's *the* most public life, next to being royalty or a politician; it takes an exceptional person, and exceptional people have exceptional temperaments."

Faiman pioneered the live satellite interview in Australia, and probably the world, when he brought the enormously popular *Colombo* star, Peter Falk, live on

to the *Don Lane Show*. Live satellite interviews were the first of many innovations, both spectacular and subtle, in which Faiman has had a leading hand.

His ability to keep a balance and produce excellent television has been rewarded many times. Last year Faiman won an International Emmy Award Commendation for the *Australian Women's Weekly* Fashion Awards. The Television Society of Australia loaded him down with awards for Best Light Entertainment, Specials, Outside Broadcasts and Direction. Over the years between 1972 and '79 there have also been at least 10 Logies fighting for space in his trophy room. Faiman thrives on unique challenges — projects and productions that stretch the imagination to the limit. "One of the things that pulls me down is being challenged with the same problems over and over again. It becomes boring. It's great to be confronted with fresh problems that present something to really grapple with. That's a fantastic buzz."

Yet another highlight for Faiman was his departure to London this year for seven weeks to direct two shows for Paul Hogan, a comedian for whom he has an unreserved admiration. The Hogan specials will be made for the English and Australian markets, plus around 26 other countries. Faiman, incidentally, may have been instrumental in bringing us Paul Hogan. He was producer/director of *New Faces* early in his career when he received an application from a Paul Hogan of Sydney to appear on the show. He accepted it. Hogan came on stage carrying a rubbish tin, which he played! Did Faiman discover him? "Paul Hogan discovered Paul Hogan," Faiman modestly maintains.

Peter Faiman's career has not been a smooth ride. At one stage he went through a period of immense boredom, producing *Tonight Show* after *Tonight Show* until his frustration drove him to Sydney for two years. Once there he set up the Special Projects Department and was following that trail when the call came after a year to take over the *Don Lane Show* again. He commuted for a year between Sydney and Melbourne. "I had a sort of semi-talking relationship going with Jenny Jobson (his girlfriend of seven years and Don Lane's business manager).

"She wasn't too thrilled with that," he said, alluding to the loneliness of a long-distance relationship.

At the end of the two-year period he was called back to Melbourne and is now permanently based there. Nevertheless, he does like Sydney. "Sydney makes me feel more Australian. It's a lot more exciting to work in, but there's a lot more bullshit as well. Melbourne tends to be more level-headed, but a bit boring."

The return to Melbourne resulted in new challenges, a refreshed Faiman and a new lease of life for the *Don Lane Show*, which hasn't looked back since. 



DONNA



USED TO BE A SHY GIRL

Donna Burns gets a lot of body work. Just a quick once-over of this luscious 20-year-old is enough to tell you that the opening statement could well go without saying. But our October Pet of the Month is a model and the type of body work she gets, or admits to in public, is all in the line of the modelling business. She's not new to the glamor game, having been involved in modelling since she was a kid. So, trite but true, you can't help but observe that Donna's business is our pleasure . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARWICK GIBSON

Talking about pleasures,
Donna takes hers in the Australian
countryside. When she can find time in
her work schedule, she's off horse-riding
on a property west of Sydney. Born and
bred in the big smoke, her affair with the
wide open spaces resulted from working
as a roadie with several touring
rock 'n' roll bands.



...and about these...
 ...latter bars in the...
 ...when she can find time to...
 ...she's on hand...
 ...of beauty...
 ...with the...
 ...with the...
 ...as a...
 ...



Her willingness to bend to the will of the right man means she's prepared to act out whatever fantasy he can summon up. What

sort of fantasies exactly? "I'm not going to tell you," beams this pert Pet. "Some things are best left in the realm of imagination..."





Donna's reticence when it comes to disclosing the juicy bits is a hangover from the days when she was a bashful teenager. "I used to be a shy girl and I still like to keep to myself a lot," she says. "I'm no outrageous sex machine, and once I've found a man I'm completely faithful to him."

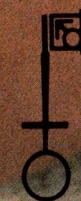


This honey blonde expects to give as much as she gets. Once she's singled out her man and bedded him, he'd better not go creeping down the back stairs at night: "If he tried it, there'd be trouble." Anyone who was out playing around while Donna was at home keeping the bed warm would have to have rocks in his head.



When she's had enough of modelling, Donna plans to open up a business. She's got her heart set on running a wine bar — and as the spunkiest inn-keeper in town, she won't be hard up for customers. "I don't know anything about it yet," she says, "but I learn fast." No doubt, Donna will have plenty of willing teachers.





MISS DONNA BURNS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen
believed the Czech cancer therapist was a miracle-worker.
The California Supreme Court thought otherwise.

BRYCH

HEALER OR HOAX?

BY PHIL ACKMAN

On a warm night in 1978, 13-year-old Sue Diefenbach walked into the hearts and minds of an astonished Brisbane television audience. She walked 20 paces across the floor of a studio and there wasn't a dry eye in the place.

The occasion: a gladiatorial Queensland television interview featuring the State's usually cautious Health Minister and medico, Dr Llew Edwards, locked in combat with Ian Cleland, a no-nonsense Melbourne millionaire, sportscaster and supporter of one Milan Brych — the so-called "cancer man."

"Edwards had been saying what a charlatan Brych was," recalled Cleland. "I said that people — people who were expected to die — were still alive thanks to Brych. Edwards had replied that anyone could do it. I said: 'I've got a surprise for you,' and with that the curtain parted and in came Sue Diefenbach. I then said: 'This is the

girl your hospitals said would die in two months. Here she is. Alive and well. With a remission.'

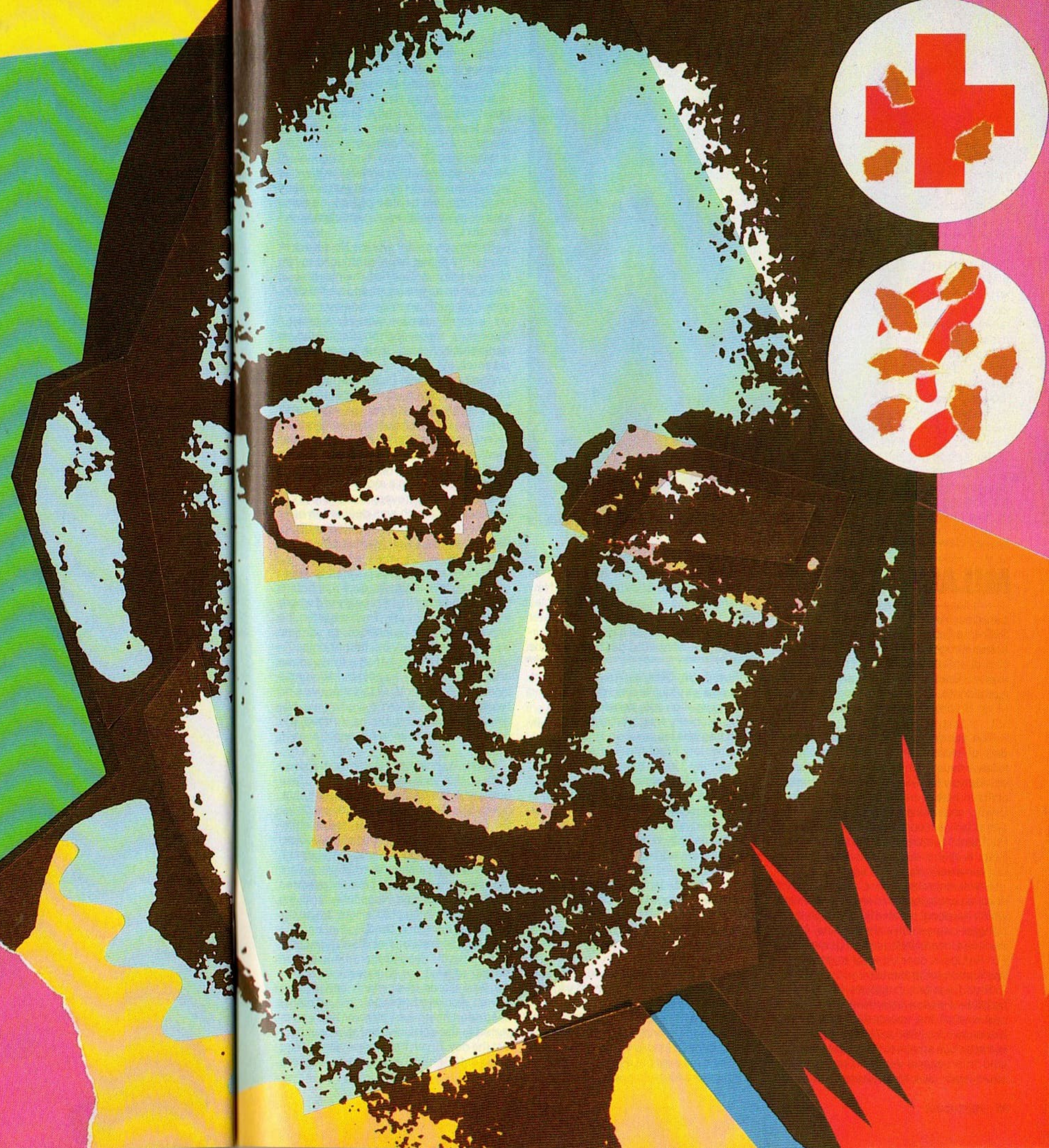
"And you know what Edwards replied?" pounced Cleland. "Nothing. He didn't say a word."

Nor, in the awesome power of that moment, could any politician have found much to say. Sue Diefenbach had been written off by Australian medicine. Confined to a wheelchair and riddled with cancer, she should have been dead at just about the time she made her television debut.

That she was still alive and had apparently regained her health was a tribute to the skills of one man. That is how many would have seen the situation.

Milan Brych. The cancer man. An exile. He first fled from his native Czechoslovakia to New Zealand. Then from New Zealand into a South Pacific tropical

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON





Bjelke-Petersen meets Milan Brych

MILAN BRYCH

paradise. And later to America and a Supreme Court battle that may one day be acknowledged as the trial of the century. Charlatan and miracle worker. Saint and sinner. Doctor and hold-up man. One question to solve it all: Would the real Milan Brych please stand up?

The puzzle starts in the seething cauldron of eastern Europe during Czechoslovakia's five-month flirtation with a sort of democracy in 1968. Out of this white-hot political hiatus emerged Milan (Vlastimil) Brych, who skidded into an Italian refugee camp just seven weeks before Warsaw Pact tanks rumbled through the streets of Prague. With a dull metallic thud, the Iron Curtain swept shut once again.

Brych defected with a Czech identity card, an engaging smile and the clothes in which he stood. He shuffled through three refugee camps while the Italians, NATO and the United Nations High Commission For Refugees decided what to do with his application for protection.

Brych wanted to get as far away as possible. He was issued with a UN passport and all the appropriate stamps. On November 14, 1968 a 707 jetliner slid out of the clouds and on to the tarmac at Auckland International Airport. On board, his smile intact, was Milan Brych.

Brych's first move was to arrange an interview with the chairman of the New Zealand Medical Council, Sir Douglas Robb. Working through an interpreter Brych indicated he was a doctor. Not surprisingly, he wanted to get back into the trade.

"Sure," Sir Douglas must have said. "Just pop your qualifications in to us and I'm sure we'll be able to help."

The problem was, of course, that all Brych had was his smile and his passport. Documentary proof of his medical background lay in Czechoslovakia. And Czechoslovakia was distinctly out of reach. The New Zealanders looked with some sympathy upon Mr Brych and his Iron Curtain difficulties. He was given a technicians job in Auckland Hospital's pathology department. This position entailed complicated analysis of tissue and blood samples. Brych performed competently and worked on his English at the same time. In December, 1969 he filed for registration as a doctor, offering to face whatever examinations were deemed necessary. None were.

Brych stated that he was born in 1939, the son of a man who later died in a forced labor camp. He completed six years of medicine at Brno's Masaryk (now Purkyne) University and later worked at the city's nearby St Anna's Hospital, where he combined his medical duties with studies for a post-graduate science degree.

In 1967 he was based in the Czech capital, Prague, where he qualified for his science degree at Charles University. And although it would not emerge until later, there really was a lot of evidence to support this version of Brych's background.

Refugee Jarmila Nemec, for instance, would one day provide an affidavit confirming that Dr Brych had been at St Anna's Hospital at the same time she had worked there as a nurse. "It was common knowledge that he was pioneering some kind of systematic treatment of cancer," she said.

Sydney computer worker Raul Kacirek swore Brych had been introduced to him by Professor J. Charvat "some time in 1966, when he was preparing his thesis involving the influence of human emotions on internal disease, mainly cancer." Kacirek, a theoretical physicist, said he had actually helped Brych in some of his research.

Another refugee, Paul Tesar, swore he had known Brych as a student doctor. Tesar's affidavit claims he was partly paralysed in a 1963 Czech motorcycle accident and that Brych, then a sixth-year medical student, had been part of the medical team which had treated him.

So, in 1969 and in a move that was conspicuously uncontroversial in all these circumstances, Brych was deemed to have met the requirements of the Medical Practitioners Act and was granted provisional registration.

He spent six months on staff in Auckland Hospital's intensive care unit before being transferred to the urology unit where he performed surgery. Then a stint in the head injury unit of a paediatrics surgical ward was followed by four months in obstetrics as a member of a flying squad attached to the National Women's Hospital. Throughout all this there was no reason to doubt Brych's credentials. His demonstrated competence formed the basis of his elevation to full registration in 1972.

By 1971, however, Brych had applied through the Auckland Hospital Board for a position in the Radiotherapy Department, headed by distinguished cancer specialist Dr Ross Burton. Within a few months Brych was quietly pioneering what looked like a new method of cancer treatment. Subjects for this experimental work were the desolate band of cancer refugees housed in Auckland Hospital's terrifying Ward II, something of a halfway house between the living and dead.

In fact, at least one of Brych's patients was officially "dead" before he had even started to treat her. Unconscious and in the final throes of stomach cancer at a private Auckland hospital, the woman's death certificate had already been completed in the certainty that she could not last the day. Brych transferred her to Ward II and in 1981 — 10 years later — she was still alive.

Another patient, 18-year-old Auckland butcher Garry Simpson, went from conspicuous good health to a confirmed malignant spinal tumor in three short weeks. In September, 1971 doctors despatched him to a private nursing home for terminal patients. You couldn't have bet that Garry Simpson would make it to Christmas. Again Brych intervened with his own cancer treatment. Two years later, in October 1973, Brych kept a solemn promise; the mercurial Czech refugee danced at his patient's 21st birthday party.

Another dazzling success involved 38-year-old Ronald Anderson, a former New Zealand boxer and building society commission agent. On February 28, 1972 he reached out to return a tricky tennis backhand and felt a searing pain in his stomach. The diagnosis: abdominal tumor. Survival time: three months. Anderson too became a Brych patient. Five years later, he would tell Melbourne journalists of his miraculous recovery.

Perhaps the only sour note during this period concerned two patients referred to Brych by Associate Professor Philip John Scott. Speaking from his office in Auckland, Scott said he had been in Australia when Brych had made his New Zealand medical debut. But after referring a number of patients to him, Scott became sceptical about Brych's abilities.

This was to mark the beginning of an incredible campaign. Eventually, Scott would become convinced Brych was a charlatan. His investigations would drive Brych from New Zealand to the Cook Islands and from the Cook Islands to America. It would be a campaign fueled with a zealot's undying enthusiasm. In some ways it would appear cruel; a Czech refugee with an engaging smile and a gentle manner, hounded from country to country across two hemispheres and surrounded by denouncers, grateful patients and question marks.

But in 1972, Brych's medical career was in the ascendant. In July of that year a group of worshipful former patients told New Zealand television of this engaging new doctor who could apparently bring people back from the dead.

The impact was instant and devastating. Cancer victims, desperate people from throughout the country, clamored for the miracle man's treatment. Doctors in other centres had to admit they knew nothing of Brych nor his methods. What the hell was going on? What was Brych doing? Could they offer to their patients what he appeared to offer his?

Five months later, the sub-committee in turn appointed two prominent surgeons to assess Brych's work. The surgeons, Mr E. Gifford and Mr J. Carter, monitored the treatment of 202 Brych patients in the first five months of 1973.

"An overall consideration of the cases admitted to Ward II demonstrates that a

great many patients with advanced malignancy have been treated with skill and devotion," the Gifford-Carter team reported. "They have been given encouragement, and often relief of pain and other symptoms to a greater extent than would have been likely had they been treated elsewhere. We feel that this general management should be continued."

The full sub-committee echoed much of what Gifford and Carter had reported. In addressing what it referred to as the immunotherapy factor in Brych's treatment, the sub-committee noted that no balanced trial had been held to determine its effectiveness.

Immunotherapy was the term coined for Brych's treatment, which he said was the dovetailing of traditional chemotherapy drug treatments in conjunction with other procedures designed to raise the patient's own immune response. On July 10, 1973 the hospital's full medical

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advisory committee opted for a probe into Brych's immunotherapy. Three days later the Auckland Hospital Board's chief, Dr R. Moody, ordered Ward II's immunotherapy program to be suspended until full evaluation could be carried out.

Brych was down but far from out. The medical community split over the controversial Czech. Scott and others led the anti-Brych camp but he still had support.

Twelve days later, prominent New Zealand medico and Medical Research Council member, Dr Duncan Adams, commiserated with his luckless colleague. "One has to allow a little while for people to get used to the idea of such a major advance," encouraged Adams. "One also has to expect tremendous opposition from unthinking people, who comprise the great majority of the human race, and especially of academics."

In December the row worsened when New Zealand journalists learned that Ward II facilities for Brych patients had been chopped from 30 beds to six.

Finally, acting on the recommendation of the Auckland Hospital Board chairman, New Zealand Health Minister Robert Tiz-

zard called an inquiry to determine whether Brych's treatment was any good and if others had acted properly in suspending immunotherapy and curtailing his facilities.

But before the inquiry had gotten underway, Brych delivered a broadside at a small (un-named) group of medical men whom he said were out to persecute him. At the same time, Auckland Hospital Board member Bruce Faris announced Brych had achieved "results and dramatic remissions in quite advanced cases . . . but . . . these results are no better and no worse than are achieved in New Zealand and a multitude of centres overseas."

The inquiry itself was something of a farce. Brych, for instance, was cheered by a somewhat biased gallery when he described the proceedings as not so much an inquiry as a crucifixion. His defence, if it could be called that, was to parade 20 former patients before the court — many of whom should have been dead if normal cancer life expectancy had been followed. Brych refused, pretty much altogether, to discuss his immunotherapy treatment while his superior, Dr Ross Burton, in turn painted Brych as a brilliant medical rebel.

Others, including hospital sub-committee chairman Professor Eric Nanson, testified they could not abide Brych's scientific secrecy. "It is utterly foreign to all my upbringing in medicine," he said.

Sixteen hundred pages of evidence later, the one-man board of inquiry, Australian Professor R. Wright, lashed Brych over the same issue. "If Dr Brych has any valuable information, he has denied it to the medical profession, his employers, the public and the committee of inquiry." Professor Wright, then director of Victoria's Cancer Institute, also found Brych had competently administered chemotherapy but concluded there was no evidence that immunotherapy was being used.

The inquiry had been a disaster for Brych. There was little surprise when Auckland Hospital later announced Brych's contract would not be renewed.

Shortly after that, the world caved in. A simple letter escalated the Brych affair from a medical squabble into a far graver issue. The letter, from the Czech Ministry of Health and passed on to the New Zealand Medical Council, indicated that records at Brych's supposed university in Brno had been consulted and that Brych had never attended the place. That meant, of course, that he had not graduated. Nor had he ever worked at St Anna's Hospital. Milan Brych, the miracle cancer man was, in short, not a doctor.

This evidence placed the reputation of the entire New Zealand medical community at stake. Brych had, after all, worked as a doctor in New Zealand for six years. He'd delivered babies, worked in intensive care, treated cancer patients and attained wide publicity and a reputation.

If Brych wasn't a doctor then what was

MILAN BRYCH

he? The New Zealand medical establishment was worried. The possibilities were just too awful to think about. In fact, the answers (if there are any answers in relation to Milan Brych) were many months away. And they were worse, far worse, than any of the New Zealand medical heirarchy's wildest nightmares.

In any event, the New Zealand Medical Council moved swiftly. On November 9, 1974 Brych was officially deregistered on the grounds that he had no medical training and that he had told lies. Three days later, Brych appealed and Mr Justice Beattie, now the Governor General of New Zealand, overturned the Medical Council decision and reinstated Brych pending a full hearing.

Aghast, the Medical Council sought an immediate and protracted adjournment to collect further evidence. One might have thought that Brych himself, now exposed as a fraud, would suffer from public contempt. Not at all, his popularity actually rose. Former patients and businessmen flocked to him with condolences and offers of financial support.

In December, Brych finished runner-up in the Kiwi Of The Year competition. In front of him, former Prime Minister, Norman Kirk; behind him, Robert Muldoon, who would replace Kirk as New Zealand's leader within months.

The following month, while taking his annual leave, Professor Philip John Scott disappeared in the general direction of Czechoslovakia, leaving nothing in his wake but a jet trail. When Scott returned, he had statements from a string of officials confirming the information on which the Medical Council had already acted.

The Czech authorities appeared to go even further with their statement that the name "Brych" did not appear in any of their records.

This created a minor controversy later when a Dr Otakar Brych, living in Canada, revealed that he too had studied medicine in Czechoslovakia and that the name "Brych" should therefore certainly appear.

A misunderstanding, it was later explained. It was Milan Brych in particular that the Czechs had been referring to.

All of this, however, was just the icing on the cake. If Brych had not attended university and was not a doctor then an obvious and by no means irrelevant question arose. Who was Milan Brych?

Scott had an answer to this as well. It was an answer that would reshape the Brych issue and change its chemistry in such a fundamental way that Brych will certainly take his place in history as either the most misunderstood researcher of his time or as the greatest conman of the century.

What Scott appeared to have found out

was that Brych was a high school dropout and a habitual criminal who had spent a period of confinement in a mental hospital together with long stretches in jail. This astonishing information, according to Scott, came in part from a senior officer at the Brno Police Station. According to the Czech authorities, the real Milan Brych was alleged to be have been a juvenile delinquent who left school at 15 and spent time in a mental hospital. Finally, after holding down a series of menial jobs, Brych broke into a second-hand shop to steal a sun lamp. When the elderly owner came to investigate, Brych attacked him with a hammer. He was subsequently found guilty of attempted murder and sentenced to 16 years. An appeal reduced this to seven.

In October 1965, according to an extract of his criminal record, Brych was again before the courts charged with attempting to flee Czechoslovakia on a

Brych argued that his university records had been destroyed and his criminal record fabricated

forged passport after perpetrating a confidence trick on two individuals. Four years later, according to this astonishing version of his life story, Brych was released and a few weeks after that, fled the country.

What the New Zealand Medical Council proposed to do with all this was equally as bold as their version of his background. In July, 1975 the council applied to the Supreme Court for permission to formalise the evidence of Scott's witnesses by examination and under oath. The catch was that it was and is extremely difficult to leave Czechoslovakia. In these circumstances, was the Supreme Court in Wellington prepared to allow an examination of the Czech witnesses in a Czech court by a Czech judge?

To the horror of Brych's advisers, Mr Justice Roper agreed to the precedent-breaking request. He became, reportedly, the first Commonwealth judge to authorise evidence prepared in an Iron Curtain country for use against a refugee from that country. Brych argued that his university records had been destroyed and his criminal record fabricated in a standard

disinformation process used by the Czechs to discredit unpopular former citizens. Explaining why university and medical colleagues had denied any knowledge of him, Brych said it was an offence punishable by 10 years' jail for Czech citizens to supply information on political refugees.

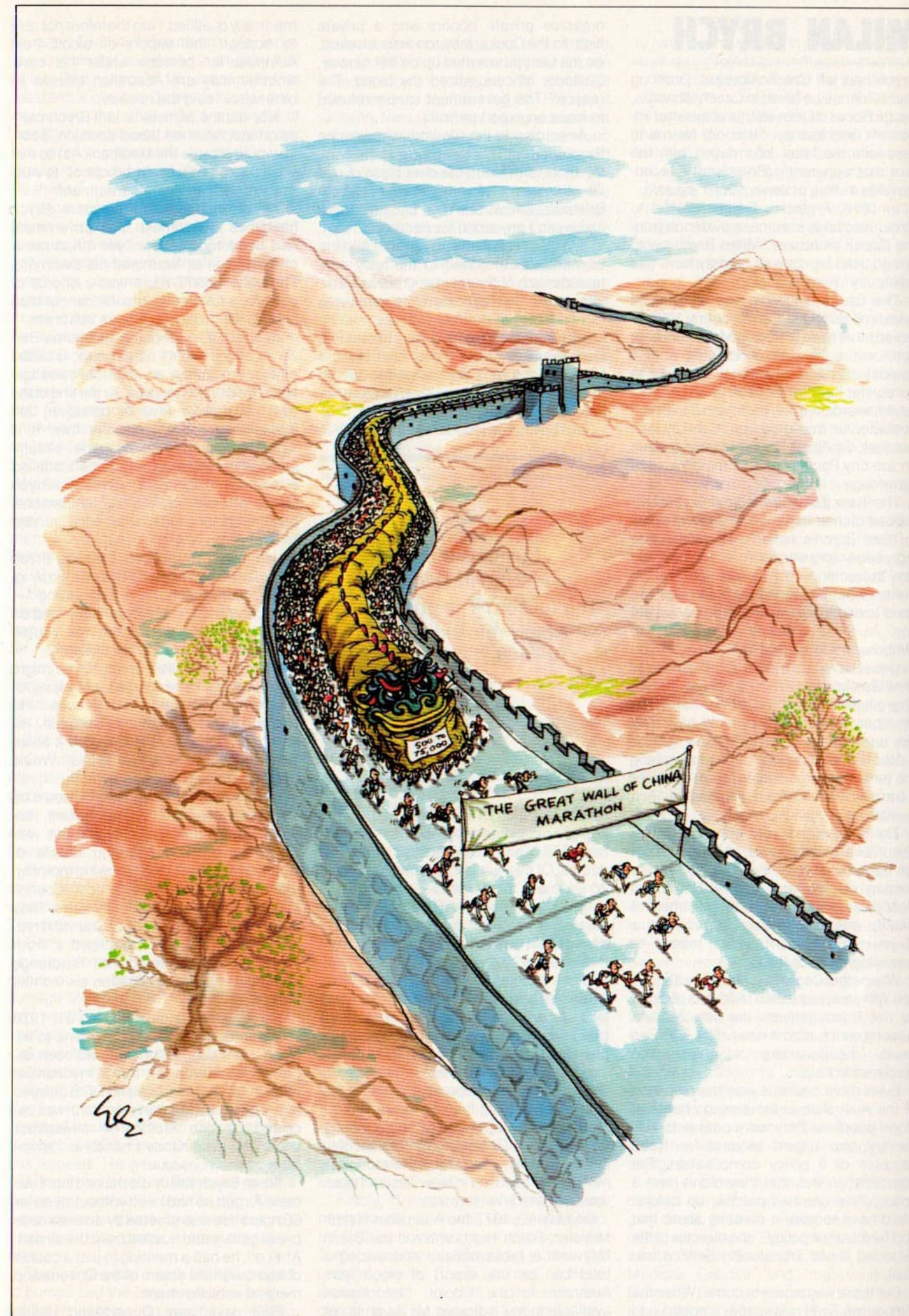
"I know it is the practice of State authorities in Czechoslovakia to force persons to give false evidence against others," he said. "I was personally forced on several occasions to sign statements . . . giving false information against persons I had never met."

The New Zealand Medical Council drew comfort from Albert Kiralfy, a law professor at London's famous King's College. Professor Kiralfy, a legal expert on the East, said he believed the Czech Government attached great importance to the goodwill of governments and lawyers in western Europe: "In my opinion, the regime in Czechoslovakia has a regular legal system with a regular court system, regular laws and proper legal records." Despite a variety of statements suggesting the Czech legal system was very far from Professor Kiralfy's view of it, Judge Roper ruled that he preferred Kiralfy's "more moderate opinions."

Enter Professor Otto Ulc, a political science academic at New York State University, recognised by the New York Supreme Court as an authority on Czech law. It would have been a little surprising, in fact, if the Americans had not accepted Ulc's expertise in Czech law. He was, after all, a Czech trial judge for seven years until his defection in 1959. Ulc added to the Brych controversy yet another dimension. He argued that Czech law was in no way related to Western law since its highest tenet was the principal of rule unrestricted by law. "If a court in New Zealand sends a request relating to the professional qualifications of a refugee physician, the authorities . . . will respond that the particular ex-citizen is not a doctor of medicine but a fugitive common criminal," he advised.

Still later, Ulc travelled to New Zealand to examine the evidence against Brych. Examining the extract of Brych's alleged Czech criminal record, Ulc declared it to be an inept forgery. He said the extract made reference to laws which do not exist. Ulc also found that Brych's criminal record did not make sense because it failed to allow for compulsory military service immediately upon completion of Brych's first sentence. Checking still further, Ulc found that the stationery code at the bottom of the extract related to forms which were then seven years out of date. Further detailed examination by Ulc led him to reject Brych's criminal record entirely.

Perhaps the most glaring problem with Brych's record was that it had him sentenced to 30 months' jail at a court hearing in Brno in 1971. This was three years after



MILAN BRYCH

Brych had left Czechoslovakia. Ordering that evidence be taken in Czechoslovakia, Judge Roper dismissed this somewhat important discrepancy. "It is not for me to reconcile the latter information with the fact that apparently (Brych) left Czechoslovakia in May or June, 1968," he said.

In 1976, Professor Scott travelled to Czechoslovakia to witness evidence from the Czech witnesses. Milan Brych could not go. Had he done so he may have had "difficulty" leaving again.

The Czech evidence was filed in the Auckland Supreme Court in early 1977. It would have been tested on May 9, the date set for the hearing of Brych's appeal against the Medical Council decision to deregister him. The appeal, however, was never heard. In April, the mercurial Brych accepted an invitation from Cook Islands Premier, Sir Albert Henry, to open a clinic on the tiny Pacific nation's main island of Rarotonga.

The New Zealand Medical Council — robbed of their day in court — were quick to blast Brych's actions. Brych's seemingly lame reply was to argue that he could see the writing on the wall and that no matter what happened he could look forward to endless harassment and court action in New Zealand. According to Melbourne journalist Frank Quill, Brych may just have had a point. During a visit to New Zealand in 1978, Quill noted that 33 charges had been brought against Brych by other doctors, which could have tied him up for many years defending them.

But if Brych thought he was swapping the tension of an Auckland court room for a tranquil and lush tropical paradise, then he was sadly mistaken.

The Cook Islands rank among the most beautiful archipelagos on earth — but not for the cancer man. Even as Brych was dusting off his desk at the Rarotonga Hospital, the New Zealand Department of Health was on the way to breaking a 50-year arrangement which related to supplying blood to the Cooks.

When the Cooks' Health Minister, Dr Joe Williams, requested four units of blood for two Brych patients, the New Zealand Government turned it down. Nor was Red Cross headquarters in Wellington prepared to help.

Even more ominous was the response of the Australian authorities in charge of blood supplies. They were unable to fulfil the by now urgent request for blood because of a policy complication. The complication was that they didn't have a policy. "No one has put this up before. We'd have to have a meeting about that and formulate a policy," the director of the Victorian Blood Transfusion Service told Quill.

But there was worse to come. When the Melbourne *Truth* newspaper stepped in to

organise private donors and a private flight to the Cooks, they too were blocked. As the Lear jet warmed up on the runway, Customs officers seized the blood. The reason? The government simply refused to issue an export permit.

According to Ian Cleland, who was on Rarotonga with his dying wife at the time, the blood ban led to the direct loss of one life. "It was a woman, a woman from Brisbane, I think. She died because there just wasn't any blood for her."

It is also reasonable to assume that the woman's death added to the hotly contested maze of figures designed to show, alternately, that Brych patients were dying like flies or that he truly was the miracle cancer man. Wild claims abounded. Generally, authorities in both Australia and New Zealand were unprepared to accept the possibility Brych may have been enjoying any success.

Quill, who visited Rarotonga in 1978,

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calculated that 249 patients had visited Brych's clinic since April, 1977. By mid-1978 Quill had isolated only 56 deaths. Of this number, according to Quill, 20 — more than a third — had died at stage one treatment. In Brych's parlance, stage one treatment represented nursing care only. It was before Brych started any treatment of his own.

Since each of these more than 200 patients had already been given up for dead by their own doctors in their own countries, Quill's results, if correct, are astounding. What Brych appeared to be doing, the way Quill and supporters saw it, was to extend and improve the lives of the dying patients who flocked to see him.

"The feeling against Brych was incredible," said Ian Cleland. "One patient died in the aircraft on the way to Rarotonga. A newspaper headline in New Zealand read: 'ANOTHER BRYCH PATIENT DIES'."

On May 12, 1977 the Australian Health Minister, Ralph Hunt, entered the Brych fray with a press release announcing a total ban on the export of blood from Australia to the Cooks. "Information available to me indicates Mr Brych is not

medically qualified. I am therefore not able to support the export of blood from Australia for persons under his care, whether they are Australian citizens or otherwise," said the release.

Nor did the Minister's anti-Brych campaign stop with the blood decision. Soon, he would change the Medibank Act so that health insurance could be cut off to Australians seeking Brych's treatment.

All of this ensured constant Brych headlines in Australia. The government had condemned Brych, yet it had never met the man or examined his treatment. Throughout 1977 there was a chorus of calls for a full inquiry into the cancer man and his allegedly miraculous treatment.

In late 1977, the outer Melbourne Berwick council and 41 other councils called on Hunt to launch an impartial investigation. The call was ignored. At the end of the year, Australia's favorite politician, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, entered the fray. It is almost impossible to imagine circumstances in which Joh could be identified with small "l" liberals. On the Milan Brych issue, however, Joh's unique personal background pushed him, for once, into the radical camp.

Joh was predisposed towards Brych because he had beaten polio as a kid by ignoring conventional — and wrong — medical advice. He had concentrated on the treatment devised by the much hated and ridiculed Sister Elizabeth Kenny.

For Joh, the Milan Brych fiasco might have looked like an unpleasant replay of his own childhood experiences. He wanted Brych to come to Brisbane. He had faith in the man. He wanted a Milan Brych Brisbane Cancer Clinic. Would Brych come and talk about it?

Before this intriguing question could be answered, Health Minister Hunt announced the Federal Government was now interested in securing details of Brych's treatment. The following morning, Victoria's powerful Anti-Cancer Council supported the government initiative. They did not mention that Cancer Council director Dr Nigel Gray had declined a *Truth* newspaper invitation to visit Rarotonga and make his own evaluation six months earlier.

Three weeks later — March 31, 1978 — Milan Brych arrived in Brisbane to explore Joh's suggestion. He had been expected on March 30, but a mechanical hitch in his Air New Zealand DC 8 delayed him 24 hours. This development was reported by one Melbourne newspaper under the even-handed headline: "BRYCH FAILS TO SHOW UP AGAIN."

When Brych finally did make it into Brisbane Airport he had been without sleep for 60 hours. He was greeted by an enormous press gallery and hustled from the airport. After all, he had a meeting in just a couple of hours with the cream of the Queensland medical establishment.

Four days later, Queensland Health

Minister, Dr Llew Edwards told his parliament: "I am not convinced in any way that Milan Brych should be encouraged to establish a clinic in Queensland, nor am I convinced that this man's methods of treatment or results from his treatment are even comparable to methods or results being achieved anywhere else in Australia."

I have read the complete transcript of Brych's Brisbane meeting with more than a dozen top medicos, Llew Edwards and Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Brych refused to detail his cancer treatment. He was evasive whenever specific questions arose in this area. For the rest of the time he appeared fully able to hold his own against the best medical brains in Queensland. This is only a layman's assessment, of course. I'd simply note that he appeared to be an outstandingly knowledgeable high school dropout, mental hospital inmate and jailbird.

Defending Brych's evasiveness over details of his treatment, Premier Joh told the meeting: "You wouldn't believe it anyway . . . All I'll tell you is I'm behind the man. Did you get that straight? That's it. I'll kick myself to the end of my days if we let . . . Dr Brych go after what he has done."

By the time Brych returned to Rarotonga, the Cook Islands national election had just been concluded. On the one side, Sir Albert Henry, a staunch Brych supporter; on the other, Opposition Leader Dr Tom Davis, a medico who has spent 20 years in America — part of it working on the US Space Program. Dr Davis was not a Brych supporter.

On July 24, one of the most complicated election battles of all time ended in the Cooks with a Supreme Court decision that took government from Sir Albert Henry and handed it to the Tom Davis-led Democrats.

Brych, of course, was finished. Patients at the Rarotonga clinic were told that the cancer man's run had come to an end. The clinic would close on August 15.

Back they came to Australia: some walking, some limping, some on stretchers or in wheelchairs. They shuffled through Melbourne's Tullamarine Airport into waiting ambulances or private cars. They shuffled into a destiny that no longer included the cancer man, that no longer included even a remote hope for survival.

But it was not yet quite over for Milan Brych. He moved to America, where his financial backers did not desert him. In December 1978, Frank Quill saw Brych in Los Angeles. He was living in a spacious apartment on Wilshire Boulevard and he drove an expensive sports car. There were plans, endless and progressively more grandiose plans, to open American clinics.

That same year, Frank Quill journeyed to Europe and the final question marks — for that is all they can ever be — fell into place. "I stumbled across a . . . picture

taken at the second surgical clinic in Brno in mid-1965 and released by the Czech newsagency in Prague to publicise development by the famed Professor Johann Navratil of heart-lung equipment which enabled the team to lead the world in performing open heart surgery," said Quill. When he looked at the picture of the nine-man surgical team performing the operation, his eyes came to rest upon the most distant figure in the picture, where the focus was poor. Quill could not be sure, but the figure looked like Milan Brych, who in a later telephone call from America confirmed that he had indeed been a member of the Navratil team.

Quill's heart must have raced. Was it possible that a single grainy picture could sweep aside a battle that had raged for nine years? Quill learned that Navratil was also in the West, at the University of Vienna. The professor recognised one of the faces in the picture. Then he was

“
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”

shown a better photograph of Brych. Did he know this man? Did he know the name: Milan Brych?

Navratil shook his head. He did not recognise the picture of Brych.

Still later, Quill tracked down a lady living in Zurich whom he called Madame B. "She said Brych, to her certain knowledge, was attending evening classes for a three or four-month period at a language school in Brno when . . . he was supposed to be serving his first prison term," said Quill. She also said Brych had not attended medical school in Brno or anywhere else. Despite this, she claimed the Czech court hearing convened at the request of New Zealand was a fraud. "Witnesses did not appear voluntarily and were under duress to give tailored evidence," she said.

Finally, Brych's first wife, Milada, and her husband, Jiri Tuma, were interviewed by Quill at their home in California. Mr Tuma, a biochemist attached to the very hospital where Brych claimed to have worked, said he had interviewed the cancer man for a senior laboratory job. Asked for his qualifications, Brych claimed

to have been involved in secret laboratory work on a project to synthesise vitamin C.

According to Mr Tuma, the explanation offered by Brych as to how vitamin C might be synthesised, left him in no doubt the man was a confidence trickster. He later learned Brych had just been released from jail after serving a long sentence.

Milada Tuma painted a picture of Brych which turned the man into even more of a puzzle. He was described as ultra-possessive, with an incredible insight into her own thinking and a mysterious background. According to Mrs Tuma, Brych told her he was older than he let on and that his real name was not Milan Brych but Jiri Spott. Incredibly, it has been reported that a Jiri Spott did attend the Brno Medical School about the time Brych claimed to be studying there.

Around the time the Tumas were talking to Quill, Brych, in another part of the States, was approaching the climax of his incredible career.

In September 1980, Brych was arrested in Los Angeles following allegations by the Californian authorities that he had been offering unapproved cancer treatment for sale as well as conspiring to violate the State's tough cancer laws. Arrested with him was millionaire Dr Richard O'Connor, the pioneer of a complicated device used in knee surgery.

Three months later, O'Connor died. Within 72 hours Brych was re-arrested and charged with practising medicine without a California licence, conspiring to violate health and safety codes and conspiring with O'Connor to defraud the public of California through false pretences.

At a grand jury investigation a few months later, one doctor testified he had been asked to pay \$53,000 so that Brych could start cancer therapy on his wife. But another witness, orthopaedic surgeon Arthur Metcalf, said Brych had treated him, at no charge, for rheumatoid arthritis. Metcalf testified Brych's treatment made him feel better than he had for three years. Nevertheless, he had become suspicious when Brych and O'Connor were arrested.

In March, 1981 three counts of grand theft by fraud were laid against Brych. In late 1982 the six-month trial got underway. Witnesses, including cancer patients from Australia, added to the thousands of pages of testimony. In May, 1983 the jury retired to consider its verdict.

Thirteen days later, Milan Brych — if that is his real name — was found guilty as charged.

And yet there is one thing that still disturbs me about all this; one tiny, nagging doubt. What if — despite incredible odds, and despite Ralph Hunt, Llew Edwards, Philip Scott, the New Zealand Medical Council and the California Supreme Court — what if, despite all those things, Milan Brych really is the cancer miracle man? O—

EL SALVADOR IS SPANISH FOR VIETNAM

America's plans
for El Salvador add up to
a scenario for disaster

Despite the lessons of Vietnam, America's politicians are poised to dispatch combat troops to war-torn El Salvador. This is the ominous prospect that is facing America. Preparations are already under way for possible large-scale US military operations in the region, which would almost certainly include leftist Nicaragua as well.

If, because he has committed both his personal prestige and that of the United States government to the "salvation" of El Salvador, President Reagan does order troops there, the US may find itself bogged down in an endless Vietnam-style anti-guerrilla war in the Salvadoran mountains and jungles. It would most probably be a war with no guarantee of real victory — one raising the threat of the US becoming virtually isolated politically from almost all of its friends and allies.

An American armed presence in El Salvador, along with air and naval strikes at Nicaragua, may likewise lead to a wider Central American conflict that would not exclude some form of Cuban and Soviet participation in support of their revolutionary associates. And deep divisions within American society would surely stem from a direct involvement in Central America, particularly as the 1984 election campaign gains momentum; El Salvador could easily become a major campaign issue.

In the event Ronald Reagan decides for any number of reasons to refrain from the use of force, it is highly likely that the US-backed government in El Salvador will collapse, to be replaced by a Marxist regime even tougher and more ideologically rigid than the one in Nicaragua, a country now

BY TAK SZULC AND JEFF HARMON



EL SALVADOR

closely allied with Cuba and the USSR.

Reagan, then, will not only have broken his promise that the US would not turn its back on anti-Communist Salvadorans, but will have placed in question America's international credibility as well. Having made the commitment to "save" El Salvador, President Reagan could endanger all American alliances if he does not live up to it: the Europeans and the Japanese, for example, would start doubting whether the US has the will and the capacity to defend *them* in an emergency if it cannot defend a tiny nation in what Reagan has called "our front yard." This, of course, is one among a vast number of dangers the Reagan administration is creating with its Central American policies, with the President boxed in by his promises.

It is proper, therefore, to ask how and why the US has gotten itself in such a predicament, 10 years after the end of its unhappy military experience in Vietnam. The answers go back quite a few years, and it is clear that the Carter administration, because of its inattention to the long-festering problem of El Salvador, must share the burden of responsibility for the awesome dilemma presently facing the United States.

The Reagan administration, in its efforts to secure Congressional approval for growing military assistance to the Salvadoran regime, has deliberately concealed the fact that top US and Salvadoran commanders feel that under present conditions the anti-guerrilla war is not winnable.

Moreover, the Reagan administration — including the Pentagon and the intelligence community — committed two fundamental errors in judgement, errors that have now come to haunt it. The first was the conclusion contained in a secret estimate presented to the White House that the failure of the leftist guerrillas' "final offensive" in January 1981 meant that they were finished. It was based on the flawed assumption that because most of the population had not risen in support of the offensive, the rebels lacked adequate national backing to pursue the war. What American experts had overlooked was that in Cuba in the late 1950s and Nicaragua 20 years later, the revolutionaries had suffered similar setbacks only to live and fight and *win* another day. Only when it became obvious that the rebels were very much alive, did the Reagan administration step up the shipment of arms and the dispatch of advisers to El Salvador (initiated by the Carter administration the previous December). General Alexander Haig, then Secretary of State, proclaimed that Central America was the testing ground in the broader East-West rivalry with the Soviet Union.

Because the guerrillas had not scored marked triumphs in this period — they

'We are not playing games here'

Interview with a death squad assassin

BY JEFF B. HARMON

The man I'll call Fernando, a heavy-set Salvadoran with a baby face, handed me another Cuba Libre as The Moody Blues' "Isn't Life Strange?" warped its way out of the stereo in his unkempt living room in the province of Usulután. Fernando picked up his infant daughter and laid her gently in her crib. He was the very image of a good husband and father — which, in fact, he was: a family man, a hardworking engineer, a respected citizen. But Fernando had another occupation as well: he was the leader of a right-wing death squad — one of the men responsible for making El Salvador the nightmare that it is today.

I had first met Fernando back in the summer of 1981, in the military commanders office in Usulután. Later that day we went for a few beers. "You know, man," he said, "normally I wouldn't speak to no reporter. But you travelled with *Atlatl* [El Salvador's first rapid-deployment battalion trained by US military advisers]. You've been to the front; you know what it's like." Fernando went to the front, too, but in a different way.

The conversation was all "off the record" — the torture and killing that Fernando admitted to. And it wasn't too specific; it seemed to be just the teasing of an overgrown hippie. "But maybe next time, man. You come back to El Salvador — maybe next time I'll give you more."

Fernando kept his promise.

I returned to El Salvador to direct and produce *The Front Line*, a film for PBS and the fourth channel in Britain. I spent a good deal of time in Usulután filming with the military and drinking with Fernando, who was treated with the respect afforded a military commander. Not exactly a normal situation for a "civilian" in El Salvador.

At first I was sceptical about Fernando's claims. But after meeting his "associates" and talking independently to junior officers in the military, I realised that Fernando was telling the truth: a rare commodity in El Salvador.

According to Fernando, his paramilitary activities are no less horrific than what the guerrillas do. "To me, there are no human rights here or in any other country." At least in the context of El Salvador, he is correct. The major difference between Fernando and the guerrillas is that Fernando doesn't couch his torture and murder in terms of "revolutionary justice." But for all his claims to be a patriot, he obviously enjoys what he does. This interview was conducted earlier this year.

Fernando: I'm a member of what you peo-

ple call a death squad. As a matter of fact, I'm a member of a paramilitary group acting in Usulután. . . I've been fighting here for around three years. I decided to get involved with this when the guerrillas killed my uncle.

Penthouse: What exactly is a death squad?

Fernando: We are a paramilitary group. A paramilitary group is a group involved in military operations. A kind of military operation. A death squad is, we might say . . . we are not assassins . . . we fight with guerrillas, armed guerrillas. We fight with them; that's the main business of our group.

Penthouse: What's a typical operation?

Fernando: A typical operation might be a group of campesinos (peasants) . . . to tell you the truth, they're not with the guerrillas . . . they give us a tip about a guerrilla group operating somewhere in Usulután. I'm talking about armed guerrillas . . . you know: assault rifles, pistols, grenade launchers. So we decide a time, we hit them, we hit them but try to gain surprise. So we hit them and we kill them and we capture the weapons. If it is possible to capture one of them alive, we try to gain some information from him.

Penthouse: How do you gain or obtain information?

Fernando: The usual way. We torture him; that's it.

Penthouse: In what way do you torture him?

Fernando: Well, it is tough. There are many kinds of people involved in guerrilla warfare. There are the toughest ones, the tough ones, and the weak ones. The weak ones, we tell them we are going to kill them and they speak. The tough ones, we have to put some blowtorches under their armpits. Well, sometimes if they are very tough — I mean the toughest ones — we have to pop their eyes with a spoon.

Penthouse: Pop their eyes with a spoon? How do you do that? What exactly . . .

Fernando: Why don't you ask the Special Forces? We learned this from the Special Forces in Vietnam. We just pop them with a spoon. The eye pops out of its orbit.

Penthouse: Can you put the eye back in?

Fernando: Sure thing.

Penthouse: What do they do with their eyeballs out? How do they react?

Fernando: You have to hear them . . . you have to hear them. There are many ways that people react when you pop an eye from a person. Usually they start screaming, they start yelling, they start running about. Since they are tied to a chair, usu-

ally, or to a table, they just bounce their heads around when you pop the eyes from them. Anything else?

Penthouse: After you obtain information, what do you do with . . .

Fernando: With the eye?

Penthouse: No, what do you do with the person?

Fernando: We kill him. We dispose of his body on one of the main highways as an advertisement to other guys who are fighting against us. That's the way to tell them that we are fighting them. We used to decapitate them.

Penthouse: Do you have to kill them?

Fernando: They are useless. We already have obtained the information we need, so we kill them. It's the same thing *they* do with the government forces when they capture them. I mean, we are fighting a war. We are not playing games here in El Salvador; we are fighting a fucking war. This is civil war, whether you want it or not. I don't give a damn whether the Americans send some human rights commission here, or whatever. This is a fucking war, the same that it was in Vietnam.

Penthouse: How many guerrillas have you personally tortured and killed?

Fernando: I lost count. I would say between 32 and 45 or whatever.

Penthouse: Now, you're a family man, aren't you?

Fernando: Sure thing. I'm a mechanical engineer, as a matter of fact. I have two kids. One of them is seven years old, the other one is one-and-a-half. I love my family; I love my job.

Penthouse: Does your wife know what you're doing?

Fernando: Sure thing.

Penthouse: How does she feel about it?

Fernando: Well, she feels — I'm not going to say upset — but she knows that if the guerrillas know about my occupation — let's call it that — they are going to try and kill me, or kill her and my two kids. So I might say that she is also a fighter against the guerrillas because she supports me.

Penthouse: Do you feel like a marked man?

Fernando: Sure thing. I feel that if I'm walking today, that's because nobody has tried to kill me. But I am pretty sure about it — somebody sometime is going to figure me out, is going to mark me out, and he is going to try and kill me.

Penthouse: What do you think they will do when they get you?

Fernando: Oh boy, same things I did with their friends . . . torture me, try to get some information from me because I'm the head of my counter-insurgency group. Let's call it a paramilitary group. I'm the head of a group that is formed by about 60 members and I'm the head guy. I'm the most wanted man if they know about me.

Penthouse: Do you have combined operations with the government's armed forces?

Fernando: No. To tell you the truth, no, that

wouldn't be possible, because we try not to get involved with each other. They know about us. But since we are not a legal group — let's put it that way — we try to stay away from them and they try to stay away from us.

Penthouse: We read in the paper about people who decapitate unarmed civilians and dump them on the road, but you claim that your group attacks only armed guerrillas.

Fernando: Well, if we are talking about my group, my *particular* group, well, we've done those things before, but they weren't unarmed people and unarmed civilians. They were armed guerrillas — we have captured weapons — I mean we're hitting armed guerrilla groups. I'm telling you we are not a death squad; we're a paramilitary group that's fighting armed guerrillas.

Penthouse: Can you tell us about a typical mission? When do you decide to move?

Fernando: It depends on the tips that civilian people give us. There has been a misunderstanding that the guerrillas are supported by the people. That's not true, because campesinos — or peasants, as you might call them — they are the ones who tipped us about the guerrillas. So we hit them at the proper time while they are together. They are having a meeting at a special safe house or whatever — they call them safe houses, but they aren't safe houses, because the people don't support them, they support us, as a matter of fact. So we hit that house. Usually the head man of the group is useless, so we have to kill him. But if you catch the weak link of the chain, there is where the information is given to us.

Penthouse: Let's say these people have families in the house at the time.

Fernando: Well, we hit armed groups in safe houses, but there aren't any families with them, because it is the headquarters of a guerrilla unit. But in the event that there are some civilians — kids or some women, if they are unarmed — we leave them alive.

Penthouse: How many members are there in your particular group?

Fernando: It depends. At the most, 60 or 80 people.

Penthouse: And how many groups are there operating in Usulután?

Fernando: Well, to tell the truth, we don't have any connections with them, with any of them. We are a particular unit. I know that there are other groups operating in Usulután, San Miguel, La Unión . . . but I have never met some of them. We fight for our country, our homes, our jobs. But we are not organised at a higher level.

Penthouse: You are a fugitive, aren't you, from the United States?

Fernando: Sure thing. But now I'm here. I'm fighting my war. I know I violated the laws of the States. I regret it but I expect the American people can pardon me because I'm fighting for my country.

were busy regrouping and preparing for subsequent action — the Americans felt reassured that things were looking up for their Salvadoran clients. They turned off the anti-Soviet rhetoric in the Salvadoran context (in part because Reagan did not wish Americans to be distracted from his domestic economic program) while continuing military aid to the Salvadoran regime and pressuring Nicaragua in every way to halt arms shipments to the rebels in El Salvador.

The second great error was made in March 1982, after elections were held in El Salvador for the Constituent Assembly. Again, it was an American secret intelligence estimate that informed the White House that the leftists' inability to interfere with the elections (boycotted by the left-wing opposition) and the large turnout at the polls confirmed the belief that for all practical purposes the guerrillas had been beaten. This second misinterpretation of events in El Salvador led the Americans to lessen pressures on the regime to investigate and punish earlier murders of four American nuns and two US labor leaders. It also failed to halt wholesale assassinations perpetrated by right-wing paramilitary squads. Similarly, little was done to force the government to move ahead with crucial economic and social reforms.

The shock to the Reagan administration came late in 1982, when the guerrillas launched their dry-season offensive, achieving surprising victories and succeeding in destroying and paralysing the Salvadoran economy. Bridges and power stations were blown up, factories put to the torch, and farm crops ruined. The leftists may have failed to prevent the elections, but they evidently commanded sufficient support in the rural population to mount the 1982 offensive and keep it going well into early 1983. It was at that point that Reagan finally realised how wrongly he had assessed the real state of affairs in El Salvador.

The gravity of the military situation for the Salvadoran government has been greater than the Reagan administration is prepared to acknowledge publicly, even though daily television and newspaper accounts tell much of the story. Most of the countryside is under rebel control. For the first time, the guerrillas have succeeded in capturing important provincial towns — such as Berlin and Santa Rosa de Lima — and holding them for a day or two before retreating voluntarily. Inevitably, such moves have served to demoralise the Salvadoran troops and to provide the rebels with significant psychological gains. In May this year, for example, the rebels established a stronghold in the Guazapa mountain range, less than 35 kilometres from the country's capital.

At this stage, the Reagan administration was caught up in its own contradictions. While it could not admit that the war was being lost at a quickening pace — an ad-

EL SALVADOR

mission of this kind would have completely undermined the client regime — it had to face the new facts of the battlefield. Consequently, the Americans made El Salvador a centerpiece of their foreign policy, seeking to cope with what President Reagan described as the “fire burning in our front yard.” Fresh military, political, economic, and psychological plans were rapidly drawn up after Jeane Kirkpatrick, the American ambassador to the United Nations, reported to the President on her return from a trip to El Salvador that matters were getting out of hand.

On April 27, Reagan went before a special joint session of Congress, a most unusual step, to speak of Central American perils and to make a dramatic plea for an additional \$110 million in military aid to El Salvador.

The President, however, misled Congress by suggesting that the tide in El Salvador could be turned with this money. In truth, few people in the administration really believe it. The funds Reagan had requested were designed simply to bolster the Salvadoran army in anticipation of a new full-fledged guerrilla offensive later this year when the rainy season ends in Central America, and to avert a total collapse before Salvadoran presidential elections, now tentatively scheduled for December.

Simultaneously, the US began to set in motion a “rural pacification” program, strikingly reminiscent of the Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support program used during the Vietnam War. Under this program, roads, schools, and hospitals are to be built and the Salvadoran peasants assisted in farming.

As in Vietnam, the concept is to win “the hearts and minds” of the population and turn it against the guerrillas. But this is the third time in a generation that the US is rehashing the same idea, belatedly recognizing for the third time the verity that Third World rebellions are rooted in basic social and economic ills — and not simply organized by Communists. The first time the US made this discovery was when the Kennedy administration launched the Alliance for Progress in Latin America after Fidel Castro’s revolution triumphed in Cuba. The second time was in Vietnam, and the third time is in El Salvador. It is a marvel that these ideas occur to Washington only when it is faced with a monumental crisis; little is ever done to prevent escalation in areas with an explosive potential.

Despite two and a half years of US military aid, including the presence of up to 55 American advisers in El Salvador, and the training of three Salvadoran battalions in the US, the local armed forces are in worse shape than ever.

This is why, in the opinion of senior US

military officers, there is no reason to believe that the extra \$110 million the President has requested from Congress will significantly alter the balance of power in the Salvadoran civil war. Between December 1980, when the Carter administration authorized the first \$5 million in military aid to El Salvador, and mid-1983, close to \$100 million has been expended in efforts to improve the Salvadoran army. Much of the new money was intended for further training, but, as US experts point out, it takes around three months to train an army battalion and a year to train officers. While current plans call for expanding the 23,000-man army by some 5000 (creating 14 elite “hunter” battalions), the problem is that there may not be enough time — and no place — to conduct the training. Events are moving too fast to permit a meaningful turnaround in the numbers and quality of the Salvadoran army.

“The momentum is with the rebel side, and in a war that has already claimed nearly 30,000 civilian lives, a political solution does not seem attainable”

Training in the US (the three battalions were trained at Fort Bragg last year) is too expensive and cumbersome. It obviously cannot be done in El Salvador in the midst of a war. The Reagan administration has considered doing it next door in Honduras, but the memories of the 1969 Salvadoran-Honduran war are still alive, making it politically undesirable.

Still, the most serious problems facing the Salvadoran armed forces are dissensions among its commanders and the overall inability or unwillingness of the troops to carry out an effective anti-guerrilla war. In this, the question of motivation is central to the war. Though the army outnumbered the guerrillas roughly by a four-to-one ratio, the underpaid soldiers — many of them youths — are often reluctant to risk their lives for a government in which they seem to have limited faith. Officers are equally reluctant to take risks, and it is not uncommon for area commanders to go to San Salvador for the week-end. In the words of a military commentator, the Salvadoran army is fighting a nine-to-five war while the guerrillas operate around the clock. They clearly

have a political and ideological motivation, and the parallel with the Vietnam War — the inefficiency and the corruption of the Saigon army versus the motivation of the Vietcong guerrillas — evidently applies in El Salvador.

As a result, the Salvadoran guerrillas, constantly growing in numbers, are dominant in much of the country. They hold most of the northern provinces as well as areas east of the capital. They have severed the Pan-American Highway east of San Salvador, blocking all east-west traffic, and, on April 29 — two days after Reagan’s speech to Congress — they blew up six bridges over the Goascoran River, effectively isolating El Salvador from Honduras. It was one of the most dramatic rebel achievements of the four-year-old war.

Thus the initiative is increasingly in rebel hands with the Salvadoran army either on the defensive or engaging in costly and pointless engagements along the lines of conventional warfare. To the despair of American advisers, for instance, Salvadoran commanders favor Vietnam-type search-and-destroy sweeps, which produce no results, instead of sustained blocking actions that theoretically could isolate the guerrillas. Likewise, some of the best Salvadoran units often allow themselves to be caught in rebel ambushes. American advisers are not allowed to go into combat with the forces they train, and therefore they can offer no tactical advice.

Despite their successes, the Salvadoran guerrillas are not a political monolith. There are five separate guerrilla forces loosely forming the umbrella Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front (FMLN), named after a revolutionary leader of the 1930s, when peasants fought the landowners’ government.

Political and ideological differences among the five groups had long been known to exist, but they came dramatically to light in April when Salvador Cayetano Carpio, the 63-year-old leader of the Popular Liberation Forces — the second most powerful of the guerrilla organizations — committed suicide in Nicaragua. Carpio apparently killed himself after his deputy, a 54-year-old woman named Melida Anaya Montes, was murdered by another Salvadoran rebel.

The Carpio and Anaya Montes deaths may, however, lead the Reagan administration to still another major error in judgment. This is the expectation that as a consequence the guerrillas may break up along with the rest of the FMLN, and in the end become defeated by the Salvadoran army. Though such an outcome is not impossible, it does not appear to be probable. The guerrillas were able to mount several major attacks after the deaths of the two leaders, and by the end of May there was nothing to indicate that the FMLN was coming apart.

By the same token, Reagan’s analysts may be wrong in thinking that Joaquin Vilalobos, 32, who heads the People’s Revolutionary Army, the largest guerrilla outfit, may be more amenable than Carpio to the kind of negotiations favored by Washington — negotiations for the organization of the forthcoming presidential elections. Some of the analysts believe that Salvador’s Communist Party leader, Jorge Shafick Handal, would likewise accept such negotiations.

Latin American specialists are convinced, however, that this is an illusion. Both the FMLN and the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR), which is the political organ of the Salvadoran opposition with close ties to the guerrillas have rejected pre-election negotiations. Given the strength of the rebels, it is unlikely that they will change their minds. The leftists hold out for political talks that in effect would bring them into the government, but neither the US nor the Salvadoran regime is prepared to accept it on the grounds that it would amount to “power sharing” and a capitulation.

This fundamental difference in views constitutes the heart of the Salvadoran deadlock, increasingly pushing both sides toward a military solution — and, thereby, making direct American intervention more and more plausible.

In the opinion of some US experts, including critics of the present regime, the only remaining political option is the development of a major split within the Salvadoran Left, but at this stage it is a remote possibility.

Clearly, the momentum is with the rebel side, and in a war that has already claimed nearly 30,000 civilian lives — most of them victims of assassinations by right-wing commandos — a political solution does not seem attainable. In this sense, calls in the US Congress and on the part of several Latin American governments for “substantive” negotiations between the two Salvadoran sides are unlikely to be heeded. For each side survival is at stake, and the Salvadoran regime and its supporters are increasingly resentful of the way in which Washington tries to dictate their behavior, even short of pushing them into negotiations with the rebels. That El Salvador is turning more and more each day into a US protectorate tends to weaken the government in power and to provide greater credibility to the guerrillas.

At the same time, the Reagan administration is making the mistake of assuming that the Salvadoran guerrillas remain totally dependent on arms transfers from Nicaragua, where they have been arriving from Cuba and the Soviet Union.

This was certainly true at the outset of the civil war, but today the rebels have more weapons and ammunition than they can use. Intelligence experts in Washington confirm it privately, along with the fact

that the flow of hardware from Nicaragua by air and sea (the land link with Honduras was cut by the guerrillas themselves) has markedly diminished in the last year.

The Nicaraguans do not hide their sympathies for the Salvadoran rebels. The Reagan administration is trapped in a dangerous illusion if it really thinks that the Salvador war can be won if Nicaragua is sealed off or, better still, if the Sandinista regime can be overthrown by the CIA “secret army.” As a US expert said privately: “What counts are not the arms from Nicaragua or wherever, but the readiness of people in El Salvador to use them against the government.” And this may be the basic misunderstanding in Washington concerning the civil war.

In effect, President Reagan has admitted that the CIA-orchestrated rebel operations against Managua are aimed at the fall of its regime. Apart from the Salvadoran problem, Reagan fears that the

“The blind policies of two succeeding American administrations have made El Salvador a crisis spot, playing right into the hands of the Kremlin”

large military build-up in Nicaragua — including Soviet MiG aircraft and tanks — may be turning Nicaragua into a new Soviet military foothold in the Americas as well as being a prelude to Marxist revolutionary expansion in Central America.

In a speech before Congress, President Reagan made a point of saying that El Salvador was not Vietnam and that there was “no thought” of dispatching American forces to the Central American republic. Administration insiders say, however, that the President did not rule out intervention: the phrase “no thought” was chosen with the greatest care, allowing Reagan to declare later, if necessary, that the situation in El Salvador was forcing him into a different “thought.” Therefore, there is no firm assurance from the American President that force would never be used in El Salvador.

In the meantime, preparations for operations in Central America and the Caribbean are growing. Last year, advance headquarters were established in Key West, Florida — a joint army, navy, and air force command. For air support, the Pentagon is reactivating Ramey Air

Force Base in Puerto Rico, once the home of a B-52 bomber wing. Additionally, air support would be available from aircraft carriers in the Caribbean and the Pacific as well as from Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California. The Reagan administration claims that its military upgrading efforts in the Caribbean are related principally to the growing Soviet activity in the area. Could this potential nightmare have been avoided? The answer is probably yes.

The origins of America’s dilemma can be traced back to the Carter administration. Despite their proclaimed concern with human rights, President Carter and his advisers paid scant attention to the emerging Central American upheavals, satisfied that the conclusion of the canal treaties with Panama took care of its Latin American policies. Though the civil war in El Salvador was starting in earnest in 1978, the Carter administration showed no interest. A warning, sent privately from a well-connected Latin American revolutionary, that the Salvadoran rebel leaders were the “toughest Marxists-Leninists in the world” elicited no attention on the part of the Carter administration.

In October 1979, three months after the Sandinista triumph in Nicaragua, young Salvadoran officers overthrew the regime of General Humberto Romero and installed a civilian-military junta dedicated to the eradication of right-wing terrorism and economic and social reforms. While the Carter administration welcomed it, the great failure was to give the junta little more than nominal support. Funds and advice for land reform had been made available, but the rightists and landowners never believed the US had its heart in it.

In March 1980 the most social-minded members of the junta were replaced by Salvadorans of more conservative persuasion, and the reforms slowly ground down to a halt. While titles to cotton land were turned over to a limited number of Salvadoran peasants, the second phase of the reform, covering the most lucrative coffee plantations, never got off the ground. Guerrilla power grew while the Carter administration, distracted by events in Iran and elsewhere, remained basically inattentive.

The rest is history. Ronald Reagan’s election in November 1980 persuaded the Salvadoran rightists that they would suffer no pressures concerning reforms or observance of human rights, and that the US would defend them from Marxists and other rebels. Of course, their assessment was correct. In this fashion, the blind policies of two succeeding American administrations have made El Salvador a crucial spot in world affairs, playing right into the hands of the Kremlin and its friends. What happens next will be Reagan’s most important foreign policy decision. If he “stays the course” in El Salvador, the United States will certainly face even greater misfortunes. 



Gliders do it on the quiet

FREE RIDE

BY DAVID MCGONIGAL

Birds no longer have exclusive rights to the joys of powerless flight. Lately they've been forced to share the skies with a variety of weird and wonderful aircraft, like gliders, hang-gliders and balloons. For those who want to get airborne without all the aesthetic hang-ups of a powered aircraft, the options carry varying degrees of skill, danger and exhilaration. Gliding is arguably the most challenging and stimulating of the three.

Gliding is pure, natural flight. It requires a profound understanding of the elements and of the principles of flight, and does not confine the pilot to home base.

In Australia last summer there were

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM MONRO



FREE RIDE

nine flights in high-performance gliders which covered more than 1000 kilometres; numerous pilots recorded 500-kilometre-plus journeys. A 500-kilometre cross-country flight is a landmark distance in gliding, and one which is rarely achieved outside Australia.

The skills required to achieve such distances are not learned overnight. Working out how to "read" the sky to find the air that is heading upwards is the essential challenge of gliding. As a former Australian motorcycle champion has said: "It took me four years to become a prominent grand prix racer. After four years of gliding, I'm still only a novice." Even so, his ability to locate lift would seem astounding to anyone entering the sport... while the top-liners are virtual magicians.

Resourcefulness is a byword in the world of gliding. There is a story — probably apocryphal — about an Australian gliding champion who was competing in a cross-country event. The day wasn't as good as expected, and all the other competitors had failed to finish the course, having been forced to land in paddocks around the countryside. The champ managed to stay in the sky until dusk, but couldn't make it to the finish line. No sun meant no lift, but he remained up there by using the residual heat from a bitumen road. When a semi-trailer came past, its displacement swirled the hot air upwards. The truck was heading in the right direction, so the pilot followed it. The truck driver was probably unaware of the dark shape hovering behind him, but as he drove past the airfield the pilot flew his glider over the fence and across the finish line. Naturally, he won the race and inspired another gliding legend.

Opening pages: Pilot Bob Thompson puts a Blanik through a loop. If it's done the right way, a glider pilot could hold a cup of tea through a loop and not spill a drop. These pages, clockwise from left: Tug pilot Des Vagg tows a glider skyward; Dominic Williams and Mark Digby performing a glider safety inspection. This daily procedure is stage one of a glider pilot's examiners certificate; A dolly wheel, placed at a glider's rear for taxiing from hangar to field.

A cross-country sortie often turns into a full-scale battle against the elements. When only the pilot's ingenuity will get him home, gliding comes into its own as a high adventure sport.

Last summer, I set out on a 500-kilometre flight. The drought had produced excellent gliding conditions, but the chance to complete a flight of this distance had not yet presented itself.

The day had started late and the old crop-dusting Pawnee which towed me released me 650 metres above Forbes. The last words I heard were: "You won't make it. The weather is going to sock in this afternoon. You'd be crazy to try."

For the first couple of hours it looked as if those words were going to prove correct. There were patches of rising air, but not enough to enable me to fly around a fair slice of western NSW.

A normal summer day out here produces the booming thermals, but until I was well underway, I couldn't even see any willy-willies rising out of the paddocks to mark where the thermals were. The lift available was only about 30 to 60 metres per minute, and the time spent climbing wouldn't leave enough to finish.

Endlessly circling around in this weak lift provided a chance to reassess the situation. It was pretty hot and the sun was

FREE RIDE

shining, so the lift would get better. But there was supposed to be a cool change sweeping through late in the afternoon. I decided to climb as high as possible and cover the first 250 kilometres of the journey, then turn tail and run for home.

An hour later, I was still on my way back from Temora, 125 kilometres south of Forbes. The day was starting to improve, but time was running out. However, a few fluffy cumulus clouds started forming high in front of me — a sure sign of good lift.

The thermal was the same one I'd been in early, but now it had some strength; the glider climbed at about 250 metres per minute. While circling in the funnel of air rising toward the cloud, my calculations had to straddle the three systems of measurement concurrently used by pilots. The altimeter told me I was at 6000 feet, my map was scaled in metric, and the air-speed indicator said I was flying at 50 knots. It can be very tricky trying to correlate the different measurements.

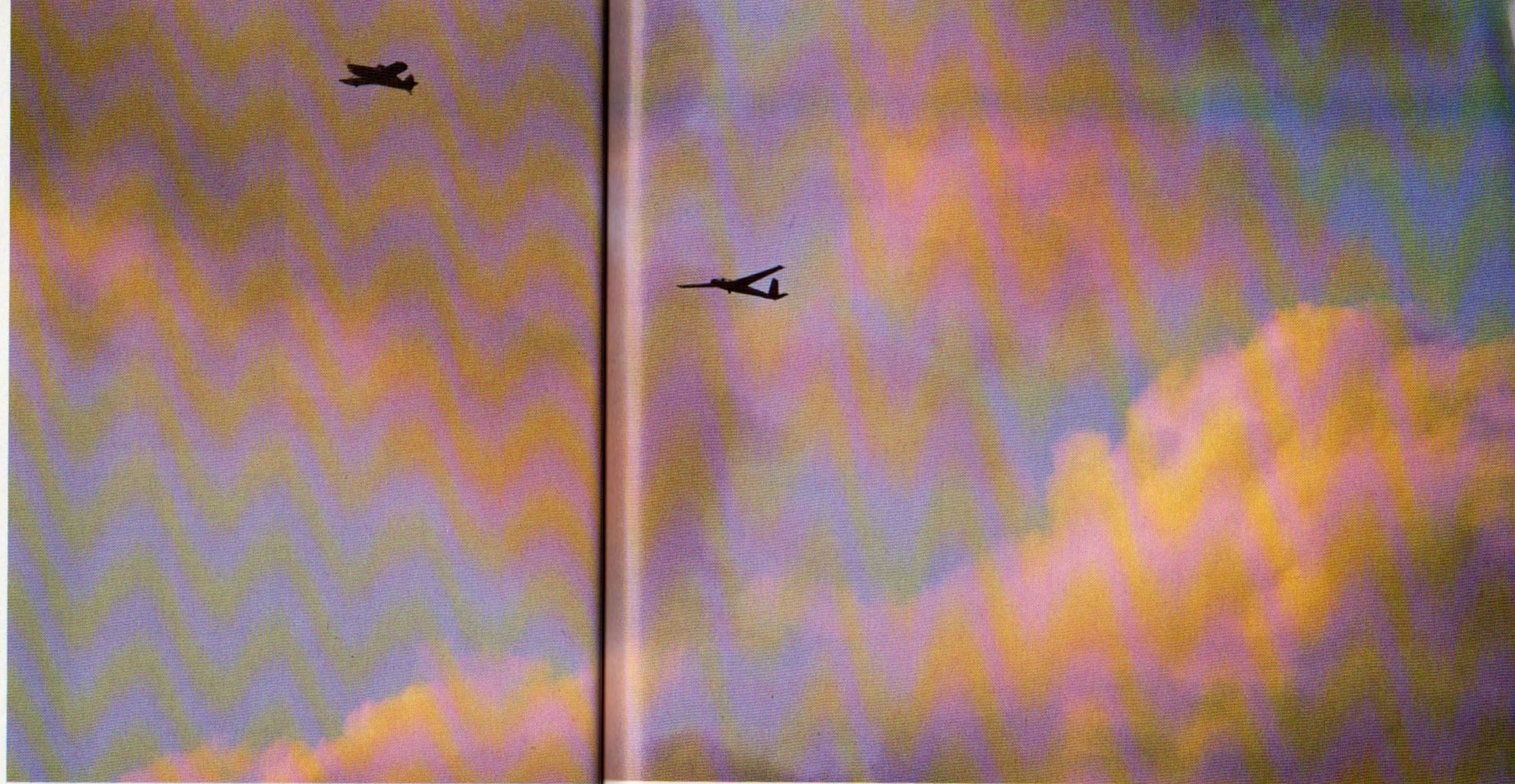
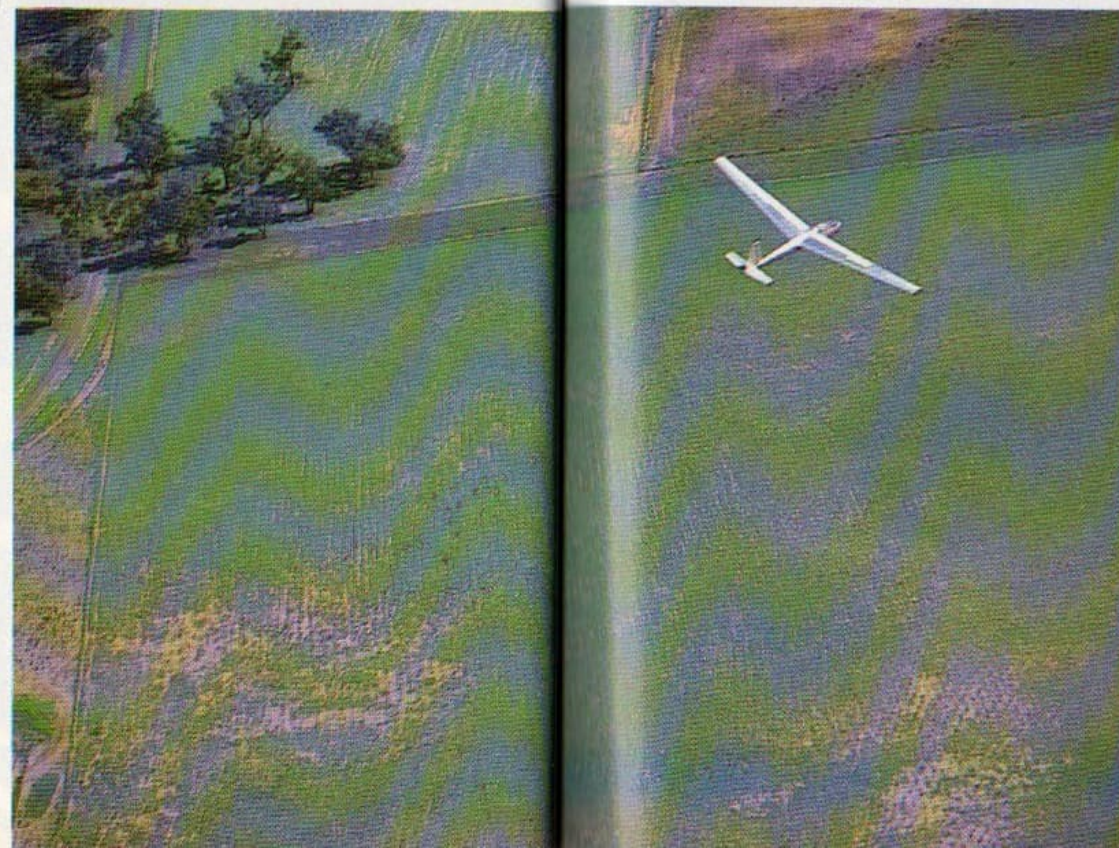
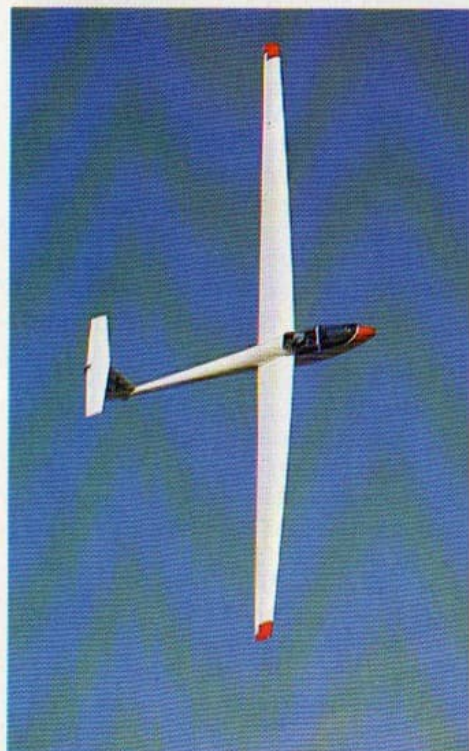
A modern fibreglass competition sail-plane such as the one I was in has a glide ratio of about 40 to 1. That means it will go 40 metres forward for every metre it falls. From about 4000 metres you could expect to cover about 160 kilometres before landing.

Then I saw something which made a successful conclusion to the day a near certainty. About 100 kilometres ahead I could see a big forest fire. The lift off that would get me home with two gliding awards. Already, the thermal I was in had given me a gold height badge for climbing more than 3000 metres.

Flying into the air rising off the forest fire was like running into a brick wall. There was a bit of turbulence on the edge . . . then — wham — the glider was being tossed around like a piece of paper in a chimney. From many kilometres away I could see the flames, and it seemed like a good idea not to go in too close to them.

Fortunately the smoke wasn't too bad, but several hectares of burning forest produces a lot of ash and most of it was circling around with me. It wasn't going to take long to reach the clouds. The thin fibreglass wings, which stretched about seven metres on either side, were flapping with each burst of turbulence but didn't appear to be over-stressed. That was more than could be said of the pilot.

Top: Preparing for tow release. The glider pilot releases the tow line. An experienced tug pilot can place a glider pilot in the midst of a thermal. Right: A \$15,000 Hornet rides the thermals. A thermal is an ascending air current caused by local heating of air. Many pilots find themselves sharing the thermals with eagles, old hands at the gliding game. Far right: Cruising over NSW.



I hadn't thought ahead to what would happen when I hit cloudbase. Suddenly the ground was blotted out, the glider was still going up in a lot of turbulence, and I didn't want to be there anymore. Flying straight and trying to remember which way was up — a near-impossible task when you have no bearings — I built up speed to run out of the cloud. Unfortunately, the ground wasn't where it should have been and I had to look around to find it over my right shoulder . . . I had flown out of the cloud upside-down.

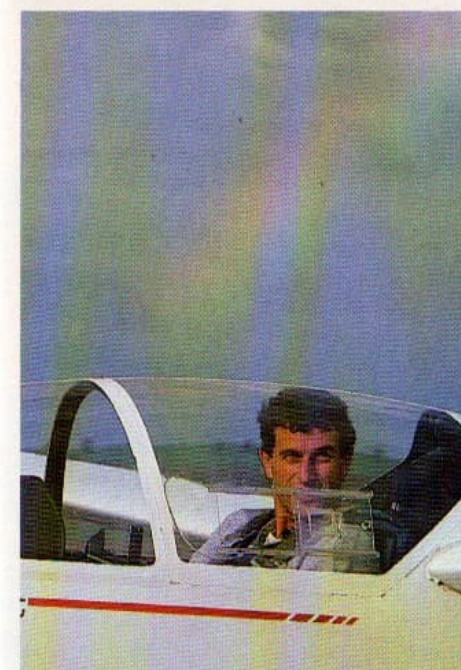
The fire provided enough height for me to glide as far as Narromine, take the photograph which would prove I had been there, and get me a fair way back towards Forbes. By then it was after six o'clock and the sun was too low in the sky to provide much heat. Six hours of intense concentration had drained me; I wasn't up to the level of thought needed to find the lift which would get me home.

Home was looking for me, too. The radio crackled: "Forbes base to Hotel

X-ray. Do you read?" I was glad to hear that there were still patches of lift around Forbes, and that one of the other pilots had decided to fly up and meet me. Dominic in his world championship-winning glider could do the thinking for me.

Once contact was made between the two tiny dots floating in the vastness of the sky, we headed south in formation. Flying side by side enabled each of us to watch the other and tuck in behind whenever lift was found. The patches we slipped into provided what glider pilots — with a fine disregard for English — have designated "negative sink." That means the air is going up just enough to stop the glider going down.

While Dominic did a loop and beat up the Forbes airfield to celebrate my "diamond" distance, I went straight in and landed. Before people came over to hear about the flight there was just time to do something I'd been promising myself for the last couple of hours. Unless you have the confined-space flexibility of Houdini —



Left: A Hornet descends toward landing. At 2000 feet the glider pilot plans his landing, at 1000 feet he's committed to his chosen path. Above, top: A Blanik glider seconds from landing at Forbes airfield in NSW. Resourcefulness is a byword of the gliding world — the gliders' airstrip is basically a paddock. Bottom: A rainbow signals the all clear for gliding conditions. Rain severely hinders the performance of high tech gliders.

FREE RIDE

and the foresight to take a bottle — taking a leak in a glider is next to impossible.

Gliding offers levels of exhilaration and challenge rarely encountered in other sports. Learning to fly is the easy part; learning how to use the weather conditions to stay in the air will take as many years as you can spare. Gliding isn't as aimless as ballooning, where you're at the mercy of the prevailing winds. Nor can it be compared with flying the average private, powered aircraft, which is as easy to operate as a Kingswood and about as much fun. In terms of precision and response, a competition glider more closely resembles a formula racing car.

A well-sealed single-seater fibreglass glider is the quietest flying machine on earth. The lack of a motor may suggest a lack of safety, but that's not so. Gliders are inspected thoroughly every day, and again before every flight. They are only flown outside gliding range of the airstrip on days when there is a good chance of staying in the air, and a well-trained pilot on a cross-country flight will always have a safe paddock marked out to land in if the lift fails. If there is nowhere to land — "tiger country" is the gliding terminology — then you shouldn't be there.

Gliders and birds don't stay in the air just because the wind is blowing. The air

has to be going upwards. Also, the wing has to be cutting through the air at a certain speed or the plane won't fly. If you fly slower than the threshold velocity, the wings stall and the aircraft will fall — at least until the speed builds up and the wings start working again. Propellers or jets force powered planes through the air, but a glider's speed is obtained by pointing the nose towards the ground or sky.

Of course, the important consideration is the speed through the air — not the speed over the ground. If you are flying at 80 km/h into an 80 km/h headwind, you will appear to have stopped moving to someone on the ground. However, the glider will still be falling.

There are three types of lift which glider pilots use to gain altitude. The most common throughout Australia is the thermal which is caused by the sun heating the ground which in turn heats the air above it. The hot air rises and cold air rushes in to take its place; that's why there is normally a sea-breeze on the coast after a hot day. Because the ground heats up at different rates — dark-colored ploughed paddocks warm up faster than light soil or wheat fields — there are patches of lift and "sink." The rising air swirls around to form a circular column which ranges in intensity from the tiny summer willy-willy to the intense thermal over the forest fire.

The other types of lift are forms of "atmospheric wave." When air flows over the

FREE RIDE

earth's surface and strikes an obstacle such as a mountain, it is forced upwards. If the wind isn't very strong or the obstruction is small, the air will only rise a bit — maybe 100 metres or so. This is known as a "ridge wave." A large mountain and a strong wind produces incredible waves which can rise more than 10 times the height of the mountain. You could expect the wave over the Snowy Mountains to rise to more than 22,000 metres. In fact, gliders have reached about 9500 metres there.

Fibreglass competition gliders are beautiful objects even when they're standing still. Graham Monro and I had done a trip down the Franklin River together (*Australian Penthouse*, June 1983), so he was enticed into coming gliding on the promise that it would be dry this time.

Graham had been in small aircraft and helicopters before, and he discounted the

warning that light gliders bounce around more than power aircraft. The queasiness goes after a couple of flights, but it's a heavy thing to contend with when you're a novice . . . and Graham was going to have to sit through aerobatics.

The day began easily enough. The passenger's window was taken off the tug plane and Graham took photos of the glider while the tug followed it down. Next, the canopy came off the aluminium training two-seater glider and one of the instructors took Graham up. After running through the aerobatic safety check, Bob pointed the glider at the ground until the speed was near 150 km/h, then pulled the glider into a loop. Graham had a bit of trouble walking when he got back to the ground.

With the canopy off the two-seater it was a good opportunity for glider-to-glider photography. The tug dropped me at 900 metres, then went back for the other while I tried to hang in the sky. I was at 800 when they got back. We proceeded to do some steep turns in very weak thermals. This

time Graham arrived back on the ground looking positively ill. When I suggested a more leisurely flight, just to show him what gliding was normally like, his toes clung to the ground and he admitted that he'd prefer to wait until another day.

Although glider pilots rarely set out to do aerobatics — it ages gliders too quickly — there is one aerobatic manoeuvre that every pilot has to go through: the annual spin check. Getting an aircraft out of a spin is very complicated, so pilots have to be tested each year to see if they remember how.

A spin starts when the glider's wings stall in a turn. The nose points straight at the ground and the whole aircraft starts rotating like the blades on a kitchen mixer. You can pull out of it quickly enough by using opposite rudder to stop the rotation. Even so, it takes a long time to get over the sickening feeling of dropping into a spin.

Although gliders can cover a lot of territory and don't drop out of the sky on a mere whim, there are still times when you don't make it home. Part of the pilot's early

training covers how to recognise a suitable paddock to land in, how to recognise telephone and electricity wires from the air, and how to read the wind direction by the ripples on a dam.

Afternoon thunderstorms are dreaded by cross-country glider pilots. The wings on a glider are very high-tech and can perform incredible feats under perfect conditions. However, even a bit of dust on the wing will seriously reduce performance. Once they get wet, the glide ratio falls dramatically as the drops of moisture break up the airflow over the wings. The inevitable result: you get washed on to the ground.

Sometimes you end up in an area where there's no lift at all. Last summer I was just outside Lake Cargelligo, NSW, at 250 metres, looking for a paddock to land in. (Once you get below 300 metres, it's not a matter of whether you are going to land, but *when*.) I found one which coincided with some "negative sink", so I circled in that for more than half an hour — not going up or down — until a thermal started

up within gliding range. If I had landed and the tug plane had come to get me, about \$100 would have been tacked on to my weekend gliding bill.

After you've learnt to recognise the pockets of air that will take you up, you begin to realise that the sky has no limits at all. The only restrictive factor is your own ability. Gliding is three-dimensional sailing; you use the air currents to go where you will.

TRAINING AND THE FIRST FLIGHT

Find an airfield which caters for gliding and go there one week-end. The gliding fraternity is particularly friendly and welcomes anyone interested in the sport. The best season for thermals is summer, but it's easier to learn to glide in winter because the air is smoother.

Apart from jumping off a cliff, gliding is the cheapest way of getting airborne. Because most gliding is done on a club basis, much of the instruction is given voluntarily. An average first flight would cost about \$10 for a tow to 650 metres, plus about \$12 per hour rent on the glider. Because it feels so strange at first, you'd probably only stay up for about half an hour. Total cost: around \$16. If the club didn't use a tug plane but towed you up on a winch mounted at the other end of the airfield (much like flying a kite), it would cost less — maybe \$12 in total. That compares with around \$60 per hour for a basic powered aircraft.

Prior to your first flight, the pilot checks that the glider is still airworthy. You climb into the front seat and put on a full lap and shoulder strap harness. If you're going to be launched behind a plane, it taxis over and the rope trailing behind it is attached to a clasp at the nose of the glider. Apprehension sets in when you see that the

tow cord has about the same thickness as a water-skiing rope.

As the tug accelerates, the glider leaves the ground quickly but stays very low until the tug is airborne. While climbing, the glider stays below the tug to avoid the turbulent slipstream. When you reach the agreed height, the glider pilot releases the catch and the tug goes down to land, trailing the rope behind it.

When it's time to land the pilot flies a circuit, just as any other pilot does. Instead of shutting the power off, the glider pilot opens air brakes on the wings which reduce their flying efficiency so that the glider sinks rapidly.

Some of the larger gliding centres in Australia are: **New South Wales** — Southern Cross, Camden (near Sydney), 02-9775625; Narromine, 068-891856. **Victoria** — Gliding Club of Victoria, Benalla, 057-621058; Sportavia, Tocumwal, 058-742063. **Western Australia** — Beverley, 096-461015; Narrogin, 098-811795. **South Australia** — Adelaide Soaring Club, Gawler, 085-221877; Waikerie, 085-412644. **Queensland** — Kingaroy, 07-3783302; Southern Downs, 076-301694.

Most of these clubs offer courses in gliding which run for about a week. If you have any aptitude, you might go solo by the end of that week.

There are numerous small clubs around which operate mainly on weekends. The two clubs which helped with this article were Forbes (about 400 kilometres west of Sydney) and Lake Keepit (near Tamworth). Lake Keepit offers superb scenery and runs some week-long courses; contact Ian McPhee on 067-697640. Forbes operates weekends; contact Des Vagg on 068-522943. ○



You know the saying: "Once a bee always a bee, once a drone not long to be." Well, I'm a drone. Or I was a drone. It's been more than a year now. Yeah, I even survived the winter. And don't look like dying soon, though that would be easy enough. Not that you can jump off the Bridge any more. They've enclosed the walkways. Hell, I used to like the smell of salt air blowing. But still, it's easy enough. If I wanted to kill myself, and I can't afford no gun or drugs or fancy poisons, I'd just take a wander through the Harbor Tunnel on Satnight.

No, life's all right. There's still a few cafes with decent garbage in the Quay. I make me rounds: spaghetti, mixed Chinese, the rare frog's leg (bless those with weak stomachs), stale pancakes, occasional fish. Though you better be careful of that. Knot you up bad. I once spent two days in the Botanical Gardens' dunny.

But I can't complain. Opera House, free shows at the Town Hall, Department of

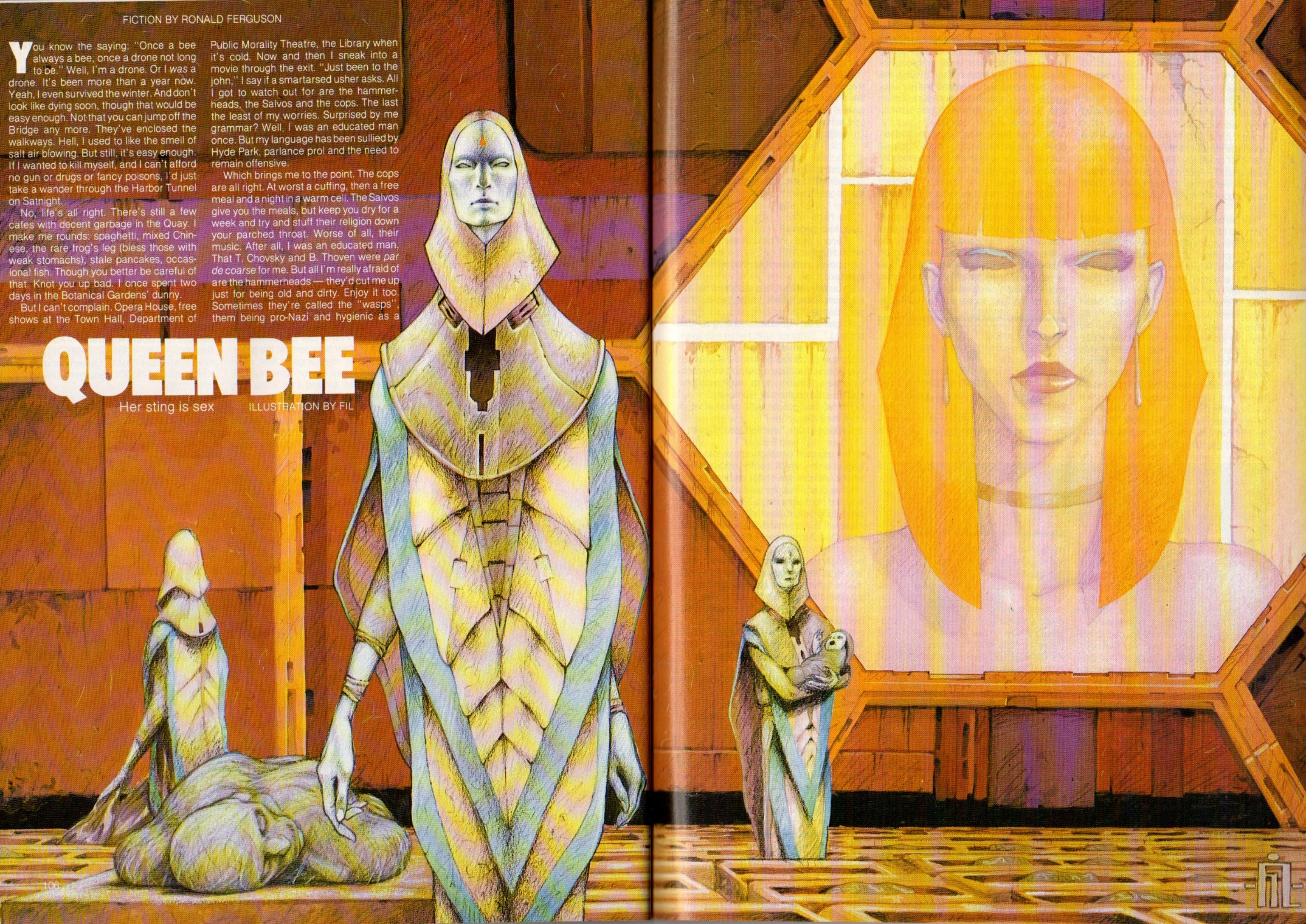
Public Morality Theatre, the Library when it's cold. Now and then I sneak into a movie through the exit. "Just been to the john," I say if a smartarsed usher asks. All I got to watch out for are the hammerheads, the Salvos and the cops. The last the least of my worries. Surprised by me grammar? Well, I was an educated man once. But my language has been sullied by Hyde Park, parlance prol and the need to remain offensive.

Which brings me to the point. The cops are all right. At worst a cuffing, then a free meal and a night in a warm cell. The Salvos give you the meals, but keep you dry for a week and try and stuff their religion down your parched throat. Worse of all, their music. After all, I was an educated man. That T. Chovsky and B. Thoven were *par de coarse* for me. But all I'm really afraid of are the hammerheads — they'd cut me up just for being old and dirty. Enjoy it too. Sometimes they're called the "wasps", them being pro-Nazi and hygienic as a

QUEEN BEE

Her sting is sex

ILLUSTRATION BY FIL



QUEEN BEE

Johnson's baby, but that's a laugh really. The bees still outfight 'em.

What? A note of pride there still?
Nah. I hate the bees more. Look at what they made of me.

Well, it's a long story. But if you come down the street I know a cafe where they still got greasies. Fish 'n' chips, real Aussie stuff — not your Pommie specials. Wipe a fiver across my palm and we'll both have a good lining on our stomachs.

My job was collation. I collated isolated facts out of a maze of mysteries which the city threw up day after day. A survival ratio: the proportion of intelligibles to non-intelligibles. When the figure dropped too low you ended up psychoed or dead. Both were very real options in the city.

But I did much more than just collate facts; I also neutralised them. Some facts were too dangerous to live with. In the old days my job was called "preventative police action." What a laugh. Later it was called "covert police activities", which was closer to the truth. Basically I either dealt with things which couldn't be established in a court, or stopped things from ever getting that far. In a way I was a kind of practical sociologist, getting in there before the riots, the murders and the conspiracies got fully underway.

Some interesting facts crossed my desk one day, but at the time they hadn't added up to much. There was a report about the banning of a new product called Smelsafe — a perfume contraceptive developed by Rotgil Industries, Berlin. The idea was simple: you and your lover always knew if you were safe because of your smell. Rotgil also had to introduce an antidote for those women who wanted to get pregnant but were regularly exposed to people using Smelsafe. A good economic feature, Rotgil thought. But doctors were worried about the side-effects on those accidentally exposed to Smelsafe.

The report had been forwarded to me because some idiot in narcotics had been investigating Rotgil and noticed that they were funding research on an obscure African rodent called the mudpuppy. It was a completely social mammal, and in a nest of 10 to 20 individuals there would be only one breeding female. The rest would have their fertility suppressed and act as workers. The narcotics agent was worried about some new kind of addictive drug. Nonsense, I thought at the time.

But it was the trouble with the apartments I noticed first. With land getting the way it is, the redistribution riots in London and Tokyo, we keep a close eye on the who's and what's. In this case a community group, using the recent Social Benefit Legislation, had forced the sale of an old, unoccupied building in Redfern. What worried me was that the group seemed really

out of place. The area was still depressed aborigine and migrant mixed with a few uni-radicals. So why were a group of anglo-saxes, low mids at that, moving in? And the man who had signed the Benefits petition was a research scientist called Silver, obviously not the kind who usually gets involved in city communes.

Anyway there was enough tension down there already I figured, so I slipped out from under my desk and opened the wardrobe. Inside were several sets of clothes; police, uni blues, business straights, factorials, fancy-man and street-sly. I squeezed into the street-sly outfit; electamesh jeans, white satin shirt, leather open-coat. The open-coat had zips everywhere, supposedly non-functional but one concealed a neat little zapgun. You know, electrified pellets. I took a few turns up and down the office, getting into a supple stride. You've seen it, rolling off the balls of the feet, loose but no hip move-

“
The open-coat
had zips everywhere,
supposedly non-functional
but one concealed a
neat little
zap gun
”

ment. Next, I strapped on the protective jewel piece. Last, my cover. After some thought I chose the Dickens Junior persona, a mole who raked up street gossip and sold it for low numbers.

It was late enough so I slipped out of the office and walked south into the darker streets. Now I was the street-sly. The visitors, in for a movie a feed a little snog of the bitter glitter, stepped around me. The girls ran diamond eyes over my thighs and I laughed at them. Teen-fry.

Into the backways where a few street-lamps splashed red bricks against the night. I picked up two hawks. Lean and young, they tried to intercept. I moved out on to the road and walked down the middle lane, heedless of the occasional car. Letting them know I couldn't be surprised. The fledglings let go.

It was when I was on the same block as the apartment house that two men closed in on me, quiet as mice.

"What are you doin' down here whitey?"

I whirled around. They were as white as me. Close cropped hair, white coveralls and black fistgloves. Mean as rats.

"No whores down here sly. And we don't want none either," said the taller man.

"Just visiting. No business either way," I replied, hands up to show I wasn't armed. Which was a mistake. The short guy rushed a blade at my guts. I stepped back, as if in fear, then smashed his wrist down. The knife drove into his thigh.

"Shit!" he yelled and danced away. The taller guy started to draw something out of a pocket.

"Slow it!" I said. "I've got some info for the people down the street. You'd better not get in their way."

The hand froze.
"Which people?"
"People who got hold of the old apartment. Number 15."

Rat eyes assessed me; they weren't impressed.

"You walk ahead," he motioned me forward and then turned to his friend. "You okay Badger?"

"Yeah. Bit of blood. I'll get that bastard."

"Let's see what the Lady says first."

So they escorted me the rest of the way. We stopped outside a shabby five-storey tenement. Narrow, with large windows and an attic on the top. Number 15.

"What you got there?" came a voice from the hallway.

"Wants to talk," replied the tall man.
"Clear us," said Badger.

The man in the hallway spoke into some kind of intercom. A sentry hidden somewhere? Across the street perhaps.

I was pushed up the stairs. I noticed that the third man wore only a T-shirt and a very tight codpiece. Sweat glistened on taut muscles. It was hot inside and I took off my coat. On the third floor I was ushered into a tiny, bright-lit room. Windowless, paint peeling from the ceiling. There was a desk and two chairs. One was occupied by a fat man with beady eyes enlarged by bifocals. I guessed he was Silver.

I sat down, casually dropping the coat over my lap.

"Well?" His voice was as ugly as his face. Pudgy hands were clasped before him on the table, clenching and unclenching.

"Dickens Junior's the name, info's the game. Buying and selling."

"Which this time?"
"Selling."

"Why don't we just cut it out of him?" said Badger.

The fat man looked past me, taking in the blood seeping through Badger's coveralls.

"Get that attended to," he said. "Neva, stay outside unless I call you in."

They departed with a certain reluctance.

"What could you know that we would want?"

"Your little group's being investigated." He laughed at me.

"By a neutraliser," I added. After all, it was the only information I had.

He stopped laughing.

"Why?" he asked.

"Land. And they're wondering why a scientist name of Silver would want to live here."

He lent back awkwardly in his chair. So I had guessed correctly. This was Silver.

"We'll buy," he said at last.

"Knew you were my man. The neutraliser's name is Edgar Kivers. He's a field agent penned down at the Quay Consortium. He's checking on the funding of this place. Wants to snag it."

"That's not much."

"There'll be more. I'll need expenses. You want him cruxed?"

He nodded, easing himself up from the chair. He left through a second door, closing it quickly after him. I caught the briefest glimpse of a low-lit room. After a few minutes he came out with some money. I heard a woman's voice call after him.

"Put Badger in isolation for a day. And Neva can have Lillian tonight."

Opportunities, I reasoned, are hard to come by as I pushed open the door. The room was lit by two small lanterns of colored glass. Silk curtains, floral carpet, antique furniture, a large four-poster bed. Very 19th Century. Silver was about to yell at me but the woman interrupted him.

"Silver, you didn't tell me this mole was pretty."

The accent on "pretty" sent shivers up and down my spine. Only then did I really look at the Lady. She wore a slim suit; two bands covered her privates and a short cape hung from a diamond collar. Her skin was pale yet glistened in the soft light; perfect. Her body was ideal in the standard way, but there was a tautness in the muscles which suggested hidden strength. But her face: a triangular frame into which were embedded two green, steady eyes and the most inviting lips I'd ever seen. Not too full, but soft, arched, symmetrical.

"Come closer," she said and I did.

I remember the expression on Silver's face. Anger, then a kind of petulant disgust. She dismissed him with a flick of her hand.

"Who are you?" I asked.

Her lips quirked at that. She was amused. Her face smiled but her eyes did not. There was something in them — I didn't know what then — which excited me. Later, I came to recognise it as the steady gaze one bends on a tool which one is about to use.

"You are pretty, sly. How much do you charge?"

There was sarcasm in her voice. She walked around me, inspecting. I imagined I could hear the swish of her thighs caressing each other. I licked my lips.

"Not my line," I said. "Too much work."

She laughed and came so close I could smell her; a light musky scent which re-

minded me of a dozen things. Apples, grass, warmth, night. She compressed her lips and in a fluid motion unstrapped my jewelguard. Her palm momentarily touched me. She held the guard before me on one outstretched finger.

"Not much protection, is it?" she laughed.

I felt two things. Naked and scared. Also an angry desire. I put my arms around those smooth shoulders and kissed her. To my surprise she didn't fight. She yielded, her hands on my back. It hit me then. Perhaps it was her scent or her tongue which, just once, tickled mine. Anyway, it was inescapable. I was bitten. I wanted her. I went to kiss her again and she pushed me away.

I'm a street-sly, I thought to myself, women don't push me away. I walked towards her undoing my shirt.

"Neva," she said just once, not very loudly.

Neva stood in the doorway, a gun levelled at my chest.

"Show the sly out," said the Lady. "Bringing him back when he has something useful."

What surprised me most of all was the hatred on Neva's face.

The next day I put a check through on the funding of the apartment. I needed something to show Silver. I hadn't slept well and I gulped coffee as I considered the next move. Idly I picked up my laser

pen and began drawing on the terminal, using the computer to add exact coloring. Before I knew it I had drawn the face of the woman I had met last night. With a snarl I wiped the screen and sketched Silver's heavily jowled face. Using the sketch and the data in Silver's dossier, I set the computer searching. It would try and match him to other identities in its files.

It would take some time so I took the opportunity to go down to our lab — variously known as forensic or "dirty tricks." It was run by Mavis; an ugly, overweight woman with the sharpest mind I knew.

"Hello Edgar," she said smiling over chipped teeth. "You look like you didn't sleep well."

"Actually I didn't. Which is why I've come to you."

"Do you need a prescription or an analyst?"

"I don't know," I said and explained what had happened the night before. "I feel certain she's using something on me."

"Afraid of losing your virginity?" she asked sourly.

"No. My impartiality. I felt like throwing the case over and telling her everything. Could she be using some kind of aphrodisiac?"

Mavis shook her head irritably.

"There is no such thing as a pure aphrodisiac," she said. "Otherwise I'd keep a philtre in my purse. Could be some kind of

IT'S A *Manz* WORLD

...every woman loves
a Manz man

QUEEN BEE

stimulant though." She reached into a draw for a small device which looked like a fountain pen. "You press here. It'll sample the air. Do it as close to her as you can."

"But I want something tonight."

She frowned.

"I'll fix something. Some kind of pheromone inhibitor might be best. Drop in before you leave."

"Pheromone?"

"To cut a long story impossibly short, chemical messengers involved in scent. They've got a lot to do with sexual behavior in animals."

I nodded but didn't think about what she was saying. When I returned to my desk two things were waiting. A small news item about some white-covered men who had beaten up a driver after he had almost run over a young girl. It had happened this morning in Redfern, not far from the apartment, which was why the bureau's newswatch had picked it up. Next, the computer had found a near match for Silver. George Castors, a German chemist who had applied for an Australian visa six years ago. He had been refused entry because he was suspected of committing several acts of industrial espionage. One of them against Rotgil Industries. A year later the man called Silver successfully immigrated to Australia. The same man or a coincidence? I had to find out, I told myself. Meaning I couldn't wait to see the Lady again.

That night I carved an eager path through the flimsies who crowded the theatres and restaurants. They looked at me angrily but dared say nothing. It was a relief to enter the darker streets, to be intercepted on the same street corner by Neva. He took me up the stairs alone.

"How's the girl?" I asked, guessing.

"We should have killed that careless bastard," he said.

"And how was Lillian last night?"

"You know too much sly," he growled, and struck me across the mouth.

Anger was the only trigger I needed. I pulled the zapgun and gave him a charge in the guts. He fell against the wall and I lowered him quietly to the floor. I was on

the second floor. There were three doors opening off the landing. I opened one on the right. It was some kind of nursery, faintly lit. There were three small beds and two cribs. A baby started to cry. A woman moved to comfort the child. Another woman, beautiful but with a hard, cold face, came towards me.

"What is it?" she asked. There was something bland, sexless about her. I smelt a faint muskiness but different to last night. Flat, lifeless.

"Sorry, wrong room. I'm looking for Silver."

"Upstairs," she snapped and shut the door. I decided not to press my luck and went up to the third floor. Silver was surprised to see me alone but covered it well.

"Here's the computer output," I said handing it to him.

He scanned it quickly.

"Good, but it's not enough," he said after a while.

“
This time
she was dressed
Cretan style, her breasts
exposed, body paint
covering her
nipples
”

"There's more. But I'll tell her," I said, not disguising the threat in my voice.

"By all means. She's expecting you," he replied, gloating over my developing weakness for her.

The lighting in her room had been subtly altered, making it seem smaller, more intimate. This time she was dressed Cretan style, her breasts exposed, body paint covering her nipples. She looked like some kind of proto-goddess. Adrenalin surged in me. Those green eyes seemed to really look at me for the first time. Holding me in the net of their perception. She walked over and kissed me on the neck. Before I could react she moved out of reach. I calmed myself, remaining as passive as I could. I'd make her come to me.

"There may be more to you than meets the eye," she said thoughtfully.

"I'm no streetpad."

"Do you dream, street-sly?"

I knew what she meant, the dreams of oblivion, but I didn't reply. She came close and kissed me again. There was that smell, fresh as apples but with something dark behind it. I began kissing her shoulders, fumbling at her dress.

Suddenly she pulled back in my arms. She was tense, like a hunted animal. A slight intake of breath told me she was smelling something.

"What have you done?" she asked, shocked.

"Just a block to stop you squeezing me dry."

Anger, and fear too, leapt into her eyes. "I should kill you!" she said and hit me with her fist.

"But you can't," I said, not sure if that was true.

"I know. I need you," she said quietly. And then to my surprise she continued; "We've got to get out of here before they kill me."

"What?"

"Don't you know? The inhibitor you're using has stripped me. We've got to go, now." She opened the window which led on to the roof of an adjacent building.

"This way," she said, gesturing. "Don't you understand. As soon as one of them comes in and smells me they'll know I'm not a true queen. The women will kill me."

She leapt through the window and ran ahead. I decided my life wouldn't be worth much if they found me alone, so I followed. The tiles were slippery and I took it more slowly. Suddenly there was a loud noise. A tile next to my foot exploded. There must be a sniper in the attic behind me. I ran, then threw myself off the roof before he could get a second shot. I landed heavily on the road, rolling like any good parachutist, then dodged back into the cover of the eaves.

We took refuge in a deserted warehouse, a place she must have picked out for such an occasion. We caught our breaths, lying in a pile of shredded paper packing. It was dark and somewhere I could hear water dripping.

"We'll be safe here, for a while," she said.

"Why?" I asked, meaning the great escape.

She remained silent for a time. All I could see was the silhouette of her hair but I could tell she was studying me.

"You're no street-sly." She leaned closer. "You're the neutraliser, aren't you?"

There was no use denying it. I thought of all the things I should say, including the one beginning: "anything you say, think or do can be taken down in evidence and used against you." But I hadn't the heart, and the "do" part of it worried me.

She put her arm around me, but this time there was just the smell of apples, nothing more. This time she was just a woman in my arms, but ah, what a woman.

"Will you help me?" she asked.

"I shouldn't."

"Without me you'll never break the hive. They'll be gone before you can really find out what is going on."

"You've told me enough."

Her lips tightened. "There are other

hives. You'll have to understand a lot more before you can cope with them."

Was she lying? Suddenly I was afraid. "For just a few days then. As my informant I can help you." What she really wanted to know was what I had used on her. "I don't know," I replied. "Some kind of pheromone inhibitor I think."

"Ah! It changed my smell."

"They would think I was sterile. How long does it last?"

"Only a few hours I think."

Can you make up a small impact pellet of the stuff?

"I'll have to go back to our lab," I said, surreptitiously sampling the air near her shoulder.

To my surprise, she put her hand on my chest and said, apparently sincerely, "I do need you."

"Why?"

"To reinstate me. To father my next child."

Of course our department couldn't allow them to continue. But we needed more information, so I told myself.

It was Mavis who started putting the puzzle together for me. I went to see her to get the analysis of the air I had trapped in the device she had given me. She beamed with joy, exposing her gums.

"This stuff," she nodded towards a spectrographic analysis on her terminal, "is bloody marvellous."

She was synthesising a sample. It turned out there were two distinct chemicals involved. One seemed to be a primitive version of Smelsafe.

"Some nasty side effects," she said. "It's a contraceptive, but it also suppresses libido, reduces vaginal secretions and probably causes sterility with prolonged use."

I remembered the cold-faced woman at the nursery.

"But the second compound is really interesting," Mavis was saying. "An antidote to the first, but much more. For a start it's a stimulant, probably increases skin sensitivity, more blood in the surface vessels, and slightly dilates the pupils. Stimulates the scent glands and adds a pheromone component I have been unable to trace. It might stimulate testosterone release in men," she grinned at me. "Make you feel as randy as hell. There also seem to be some complex proteins which effect galvanic skin response. Let's put it this way. It's the nearest thing to an aphrodisiac I've ever seen."

Suddenly I realised why Mavis was so happy. She wasn't going to be so lonely at night anymore.

I took the impact pellet Mavis had prepared and some block for myself. I had arranged to meet the Lady at the warehouse that night.

We crept over the rooves like cats, the Lady and I, alert to any sound. The noises of the street seemed distant and irrele-

vant. The splash of car lights on the wet road couldn't reach us. We were approaching the blind side of the apartment, trying to get under the aim of the sniper. We reached the back of the building and began sliding around a narrow ledge. Inside we could hear voices arguing.

"I say we let her go," said a man.

"She'll only start another hive," a woman retorted.

"We expect a growth rate."

"But only along the true line. She'll start a hostile colony." A pause. "You'll do as I say."

"Of course."

We crept up to the bedroom and peeped in. Silver was in the act of bowing to a woman with her profile to us. With a start I recognised the sullen woman I had met in the nursery, but she had changed. Her skin was flushed, her eyes more alive. Dressed in a low-cut gown, there was no doubt she was beautiful.

“
Neva rushed
in, long body
crouched forward, knife
before him. His eyes caught
me and I saw
myself dead
”

"Lillian," the Lady whispered into my ear. "Silver has given her the antidote."

"If you succeed in tracking her down, Silver," Lillian was saying, "you may father my next child." Silver stumbled out his thanks and left.

I turned to the Lady. Her face was twisted with rage.

"Silver is not fit," she hissed and threw the pellet into the room. We waited for the vapor to clear.

Lillian didn't notice anything for a few seconds, then shuddered. She opened her mouth as if to scream but the Lady was over the sill and inside in a moment. She put her hands over Lillian's mouth, stiffling any sound. I followed, zapgun in hand.

The Lady was whispering something into her captive's ear. When she was released she didn't scream. She waited quietly, like a sheep in a pen.

"Neva!" called the Lady.

Neva rushed in, long body crouched forward, knife before him. His eyes caught me and I saw myself dead.

"Wait!" barked the Lady. "Call out the gathering."

"You have no . . ."

"Come to me and tell me if I am not a true one."

Hesitantly he came into her arms, hugging her in a way which was both attentive and dispassionate. I knew the knife he held at her back would move instantly if he sensed anything wrong. I circled out of range.

"You seem so," he said at last.

"Then call out the gathering. We will decide this."

In a few minutes about 20 people crowded into the room. Most of them were males, while there were only three children, the two babies having been left in the nursery. The five other women all had that blandness I found so disturbing. As if something had been taken from them. I realised what it was; their sex, their ability to enjoy sex. And the men too had a tightness about them, an aggression which hinted at frustrations. I remembered with surprising clarity part of the article I had read on the mudpuppy, the only truly social mammal. "Before the social hierarchy is completely established, fertile females will fight each other, frequently resulting in death for one of them. The breeding female is dominant and will initiate breeding with any male." And there was no doubt Silver had developed his version of Smelsafe and its antidote from Rotgil's research into the mudpuppy.

What I felt about me now was a mesh of repressed feelings, all controlled by the Lady and channelled towards the few children. Such love, such hate. A new social organisation for man.

Neva had presented the women with two slender knives. The Lady took hers eagerly. Lillian grimaced as she handled the weapon. Both disrobed.

Naked, they circled in the small space of the bedroom, the soft light sheening their skin. Trance-like, they faintly and counter-turned, ready for indiscretion. It was like a dance. The knives never touched, nor drew blood. Only passing above the skin, singing in the air, hovering. It went on for so long I thought this must be only a display. To decide who was dominant, not to kill.

Lillian was strong but as the fight progressed some of the men spoke against her in low, carrying whispers. She seemed to wilt, becoming indecisive. The Lady's blade sketched arcs above her head, forcing her back towards the bed. But the Lady over-reached and was carried past Lillian's side. Just then I could see the point of Lillian's knife almost graze the Lady's ribs; there was nothing to stop it. But Lillian's face said she had already lost.

The Lady turned and gently slashed a light cut across the top of Lillian's breast. They separated them, Lillian staunching the wound with her hand. She stared at the Lady, her eyes dilating. Was there love in them still? Then Lillian fell heavily on to the

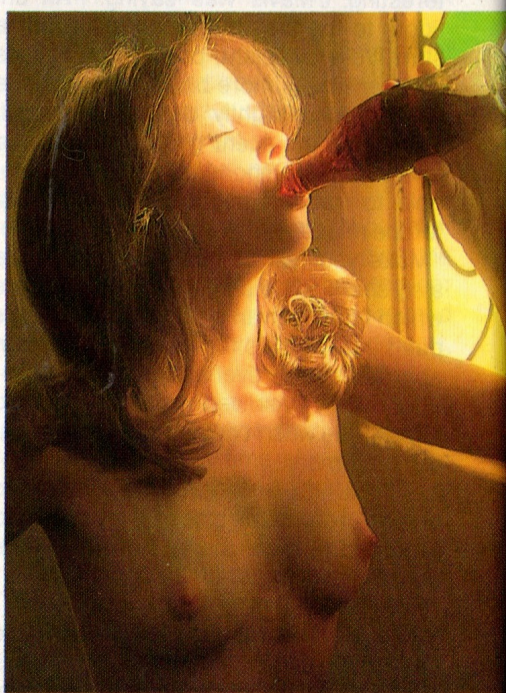
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SEX KITTEN

The warning signs on the way to our Pet's mountain hideaway tell the whole story: Soft Edges And Dangerous Curves. You don't think twice about them as you negotiate the rough and twisting road up to the rambling hilltop house, but once 19-year-old Betsy Harris comes bounding out to greet you, you remember them and smile. The trip has been well worth the effort.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



"I don't know about the dangerous curves," she laughs at the observation. "I suppose I should be glad the signs don't read Beware Of The Dog or Slippery When Wet." Like a wood sprite, Betsy lives alone in the big house hidden among trees. She's looking after the place while her parents are travelling abroad.



Doesn't this child-woman get a little lonely when darkness falls up there and the night comes alive with bush sounds? "I entertain close friends on some weekends," she answers, setting us thinking, "and I've always got my cats to keep me company . . ."



Cats. Big ones, small ones, dark ones, tawny ones — they roll about the place like furry tumbleweeds. "There's seven of them. This is Ayatollah," she says, cradling a mewling, blinking bundle, "and this is Valentino." Like his namesake, Valentino has nestled between his mistress's legs.





When she's not tending her pussycats, Betsy is reading or painting. She plans to take an art course in the city next year. "I'm looking forward to it, but I know I'll miss my furry friends," she sighs. That's next year, and for the moment the best laid plans of the mice and men in Betsy's life revolve around that adage which begins: "When the cat's away . . ."

○—■



Peter Brock is the King of Bathurst. Last year he took his win tally to a tidy half-dozen. That's two more than the only other man who might lay claim to being top-dog at the Mount Panorama circuit, Allan Moffat. The two men are remarkably dissimilar, at least on the surface. Brock and Moffat each command a huge following, although Moffat possibly confused the boozy Bathurst brethren when he abandoned Ford to go Mazda in 1981. Disgruntled Ford hard-gases switched their affection to Queensland straight-talker Dick Johnson; however plenty of fans followed the remote yet somehow charismatic Moffat into rotary territory. Brock, of course, has unwaveringly stuck with Holden.

Brock's nickname is Peter Perfect, a title rival drivers gave him a few seasons

BY PETER MCKAY PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM MONRO



THE MOUNTAIN KINGS

New regulations throw open the James Hardie 1000 as the heirs take aim at the throne

The Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team workshop. Team members from left to right: Graham Brown, Neil Burns, Andrew Bartley, John Harvey, Larry Perkins and Peter Brock.

MOUNTAIN KINGS

ago. It was their unobtrusive way of showing displeasure with Brock's rapturous press coverage and Goody-Two-Shoes image. Today, though, the tag is seen and used as a compliment. Brock's public face is friendlier and more relaxed than ever. He's one of the more accessible household names in motorsport, and without the braggadocio and arrogance of some of his contemporaries. Maybe, privately Brock pulls wings off flies and kicks dogs. Publicly he's a genuine all-round cobbler, the no-bullshit Melbourne suburban boy who barracks for Collingwood, dunks a baited line into a stream on rare spare Sundays and likes to drink ... tea. Tea! Well, two out of three ain't bad.

Motor racing went through an unfortunate phase a few seasons ago when Brock appeared to be winning as he pleased. Fans (and other competitors) were fed up with the regularity and predictability of Brock successes. The fastest natural driver in the country, plus a car superior to other makes, equalled monotony. For a while there it was damned boring for everyone, including Brock. It hurt the sport; spectators stayed at home and mowed the lawn.

This certainly hasn't been the case lately, with Ford's Johnson winning the '81 Hardie and the touring car championships in '81 and '82. And then came this year's sizzling series, loaded with photo-finishes, controversy and acrimony. Crowds and television audiences swelled as Moffat plucked the title away from Nissan's George Fury in the last round.

But the touring car championship is small cookies alongside the Hardie classic. Bathurst is the one they all hanker after. They want it so bad it hurts. Sure, Brock already has six, but this in no way weakens his lust for a seventh.

Last year a late concession from the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport virtually handed victory to the Commodore at Bathurst. Engine freedoms to the Holden virtually assured it would be unbeatable. It was always going to be a three-car race between the Commodores of Brock, Allan Grice and John Harvey. In fact, that's how they crossed the line.

The '83 Hardie is shaping up as anyone's. No fewer than five cars make look competitive, thanks to recent arbitrary rule changes designed to give everyone a fair suck of the sav. Artificial handicapping is black art stuff in motor racing, yet most of the smarties reckon CAMS may have hit on the right formula. Holden Commodore, BMW 635CSi, Nissan Bluebird, Ford Falcon and Mazda RX-7 might just be neck and neck on October 2.

There will be no outright favorites at Bathurst. However, a handful of teams must be respected on reputation and past history: previous Hardie winners Johnson

and Kevin Bartlett (Prudential Falcon); past winner Colin Bond and last year's pole-man Allan Grice (STP Commodore); Moffat, of course, in the Peter Stuyvesant RX-7; triple Bathurst winner Jim Richards and former international Frank Gardner (JPS-BMW 635CSi); the factory Bluebirds of Fury/Gary Scott and one-time winners Freddie Gibson and John French; and the two Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team (HDT) Commodores, one to be driven by John Harvey and Phil Brock and the other by Peter Brock and Larry Perkins.

Each year around tax return time, the HDT begins building a new car for Peter Brock to use in the James Hardie 1000. Harvey takes over Brock's season-old Commodore and his two-year-old warhorse is sold off. Racecars get tired and Harvey's car is employed for all testing and development work. It rattles up thousands of test laps in its tour of duty. Harvey doesn't mind one bit having to set-



Engine man Andrew Bartley prepares the Commodore before mounting its engine.

tle for a Brock hand-me-down. "Peter doesn't crash his cars. They're fresh as a daisy when I get them."

Key people with the HDT are Brock, Harvey and Perkins. It's Brock's outfit. He now owns the name and the two businesses associated with it ... the Special Vehicles Division (which builds pepped-up road versions of The General's products) and the Racing Division. They're separate entities and both are expected to be profitable. Harvey is team manager, which means he's responsible for the logistics of making it all happen ... at home base and at the race track. Harvey is also involved in sponsor liaison and marketing. Perkins is a consultant to the HDT. That's fancy talk for lending a hand during the busy time of the year, from July through to Bathurst. A former Formula One journeyman, Perkins makes an invaluable contribution, overseeing the construction of the new car, testing it, developing it. This was once work handled jointly by Brock and crew chief Bruce

Nowacki, until Peter became too busy and Bruce was laid low with a serious illness. Apart from these linchpins, there are four other full-time mechanics on the HDT. There's plenty to keep them occupied for 48 weeks a year.

The North Melbourne home of the HDT Racing Division is a handy-sized workshop — large enough to house an engine dyno, hoist and other race prep gear along with two race cars and a shell. It's clean and orderly, but no Taj Mahal.

Motor racing in the Eighties is no longer a matter of utilising mere skill and daring. They're still essential ingredients, but this is the Shuttle Age and today's successful race team abounds with technology bewildering to the novice. The slide rule and calculator are the race mechanics' new tools. A winning Bathurst car is not just a road sedan with an ostentatious paint job and a noisy exhaust.

The HDT picked up its new Commodore from the Holden plant at Elizabeth on the outskirts of Adelaide. Perkins flew to the South Australian capital to oversee proceedings as the "special car" came down the production line. It wasn't quite like the Commodore you or I might buy from Happy Harry's Holden Haven. The HDT pays for its Commodores just like everyone else and they buy only the bare essentials. Money is saved by deleting the engine, gearbox, tailshaft, front seats, and spare wheel. At the plant, Perkins ensures the underbody sealer isn't sprayed on. It's a fire risk when mechanics are welding. Apart from these deletions, the HDT Commodore gets no special attention. Designed to cope with the worst roads in the world, Harvey declares no extra strengthening is necessary. He's certainly not admitting to the widespread practice of double seam welding which provides additional rigidity. "It's illegal and unnecessary," says Harvey.

Back at HDT headquarters, the new Commodore is bolted on to a huge steel base plate to ensure an absence of any movement during the critical roll-cage fitting. There are four full-time HDT mechanics. Two men work on the new car five days a week. The wheel arches are chopped out to accommodate the much fatter racing wheels and tyres; glass-fibre mudguard flares finish that job. On go a rear spoiler and front air dam. Stock items.

While work on the body continues unabated, in another corner of the building engine man Neil Burns carefully pieces together a V8 race motor. Burns also maintains four engines — two installed and two spares. The HDT also handles its own gearbox and differential reworking "in-house." Perkins insists: "Our own guys do everything. In the interests of quality control, we don't send anything outside."

The mechanics are working to a seven-week deadline with the new car. Harvey, watching progress and the wages bill, hopes to get the job completed without

resorting to night or week-end work. The instrumentation goes in: rev counter, oil temperature, oil pressure, water temperature and a fuel gauge. There's a minor modification to be made to the transmission tunnel. The T10 race gearbox differs from the standard item and a chop-and-weld adaption is required.

The fuel tank and dry-break filler gear is a complex job. Australian touring cars must be fitted with a mandatory fuel cell instead of the regular petrol tank. It's designed to reduce the chances of a deep-fried race driver in an accident. The cars carry a maximum fuel load of 130 litres (28.6 gallons). That's potential for a giant-sized bonfire. A safety cell enclosed in an alloy outer tank reduces the risk of a crash and burn. The tank is located in a large rectangular hole cut out of the floor of the boot, just a few centimetres above the track surface.

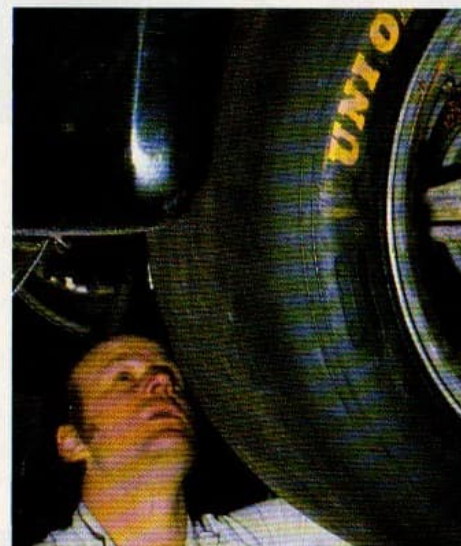
Harvey orders in shock absorbers, coil springs, race seats, harness and considers his options on wheels. The top teams go to inordinate lengths to steal a break on the opposition. There is no such weapon as a perfect, fully-developed racecar. Somewhere around the world at this very moment a boffin is probably designing a component that could improve the speed or reliability of the new HDT 05 Commodore. Brock has his spies around the globe keeping an eye peeled for new technology that just might suit his Australian touring car. Mid-year, Brock and Harvey squeezed in a hasty three-week flit through North America and Europe ... and it was no *Women's Weekly* world discovery tour. Of particular interest to their rivals was a fact-finding mission to the Pirelli factory. The HDT has never previously been associated with the Italian tyre-maker, but that didn't stop the boys flying a set of Pirelli radials home to Australia for a test session.

While also in Milan, the travelling twosome arranged an eyeball to eyeball chat with the design engineer of Momo, a company best known for its fine competition steering wheels. Momo also makes alloy race wheels and it was these items that interested the Australians. You see, the new regulations which recently came into force allow the Holdens wider wheels and tyres and Mr Brock and Mr Harvey aim to explore every alternative before settling on a type and brand.

Meanwhile, back at race headquarters the toil goes on ... there are brackets to be fabricated and welded underneath the body to carry the rear suspension, brackets for the Watts linkage, pick-up points for the (relocated) top trailing arms, and new pick-up points for the front arms (to accommodate more suitable caster and camber steering angles). It's technical work made easier by the HDT's experience with a succession of racing Commodores. But certainly not corner garage stuff.

Proper racing seats are installed. The HDT uses featherweight bum-holders. While this doesn't mean an overall weight saving, it allows the team to strike a more desirable front-rear weight distribution by moving lead ballast to the tail of the car. Clever, but not inexpensive. Having that huge lump of iron under the bonnet has been one of the headaches of achieving a half-realistic distribution of mass. Everything is done to shift items rearward. For instance, location of the battery is free so it is no longer in its usual place immediately behind the left headlight; its new address is adjacent the firewall.

The new 05 is slowly taking shape. The heavy-duty race suspension, with its adjustable anti-roll bars, is bolted on. Someone is fashioning a hand-built exhaust system. The engine and transmission go in. Then it's to the HDT's paint shop and oven, and finally the signwriter. Mr Brock ... your car, sir.



Neil Burns adjusts the heavy duty race suspension.

John Harvey estimates the cost of the new 05 to be in the region of \$50,000. He won't have an accurate figure until all the bills come in. The price tag on the car is nothing compared to the money spent on the actual race program. And Bathurst is where the HDT blows plenty of its Marlboro money.

"Compared with normal touring car races, the number of people we need on strength at Bathurst quadruples. We'll have 22 personnel there. Now they're not all on hand for the full week ... the team swells as the race draws closer.

"Seven crew are allocated to work on a car. Four are tyre changers and three handle the refuelling. The same seven double up on both of the HDT cars because the 05 and the 25 cars are never in the pits at the same time. Well, that's the plan anyway. We'd be in trouble if they both arrived together. The closest we've been to this potential hassle came during the '82 race when we made a slight miscalculation with fuel usage and Peter pitted a little

earlier than expected on the lap I was due in. As it was, he cleared the pits about 10 seconds before I arrived and the crew were ready for me.

"It was a case of cutting it fine, though. If I'd arrived while Peter was halfway through his stop then I'd just have to sit and wait for service. Even so, I wouldn't lose much time. Our pit stops are pretty slick ... last year our slowest was 45 seconds and the quickest 35 seconds. And that included changing four wheels, taking on 125 litres of fuel and a driver change. And we'll be even faster this year."

Practising pit stops is an important facet of preparing for the biggest race of the year. Reputations hang on split seconds at Mount Panorama. Pit stops only come into play at the longer events; early in the season — during the 80 kilometre championship races — they are not necessary. About a month before the Hardie, the HDT begins the first of dozens of practice stops in the workshop. Against the stopwatch, they go through the routine, all the time searching for a technique that might save a precious tenth here and there.

Says Harvey: "The more we do, the speedier and smoother we are. And now, with the fast feeding dry-break fuel system, the governing factor in any stop is the driver swap. Once we were restricted by fuel churns and the diameter of the hose on the churns. Refuelling was the slowest part of the stop. They'd go for two minutes and more. The driver could take his time getting comfortable. Now, the ultimate duration of a stop is dependent on how fast one driver can get out and his partner get in, buckle up a six-point harness, adjust the seat and plug in the communications gear to his helmet. There's no hassle with the tyre change. That's now very efficient.

"So remembering that the driver has gloves on and a full-face helmet, plenty of practise is required to get it right. Seconds are vital. It helps to have two drivers of similar build, or at least with similar leg lengths, so the seat doesn't require adjustment at every driver change."

This certainly isn't the case this year with the No. 25 car; lofty Phil Brock needs much more leg room than the economy-sized Harvey. The team has made modifications to the seat to ensure that the necessary adjustments can be made lightning-fast.

Harvey describes what he'll be doing as he heads into the pits for a driver change: "As I pull into pit lane, I'll undo the harness, reach under the seat and slide it back into Phil's rearward position and whip off both gloves. As the car stops, I'll throw open the door and jump out as Phil slips in behind me. I'll then assist in doing up Phil's belts to allow him to keep the motor running and adjust the mirrors. As I'm doing this, I might be telling him of any problems ..."



MOUNTAIN KINGS

The pit people are there for the duration of the race. No lunch breaks — they eat on the run. No five-minute absences for a quick piddle. Harvey warns them all not to drink too much because they can't go missing at any stage in case of an emergency pit stop. The team also appoints a couple of runners or "gofers" to fetch anything outside the immediate pit bay.

More people are required for the vital timing and lap scoring functions — three of each. Prerequisites, apart from a cast-iron bladder, include absolute concentration and an ability to identify all the major contenders at a glance. For they do more than just track their own cars...

The Marlboro-Holder Dealer Team travels to Bathurst by road; it saves money and also gives the crew transport when they arrive. The nucleus — drivers and mechanics — leave Melbourne on the Monday before, setting up camp on the Tuesday. For the 1982 race, the HDT built a permanent three-car garage in the pits; it's a significant improvement over a tent workshop. Into the garage go the two racecars, plus enough ancillary equipment and spares to cover four days of qualifying and the race itself. While the mountain of gear is being unloaded and sorted, the power and telephone is connected.

The HDT stays *en masse* in a Bathurst motel. Every year Brock goes weak at the knees when he sights the bill. Big dinners at flash restaurants are out for the entourage. Last year, Harvey struck a deal with the St George's Tavern, the huge tent restaurant at the back of the pit area.

Speed and accuracy are as crucial in the pits as they are on the track. Split-second timing paved the way for Brock's sixth win in last year's Hardie 1000 at Bathurst.

Major teams rely on radio for driver-to-pit communication, although the old-fashioned pit board is still hung over the pit counter for confirmation of position, the gap to the next car and laps to go. Most drivers don't like to keep up a flow of words between car and pit. It's an unnecessary distraction. Says Harvey: "The radio is there only for an emergency and/or for the driver to talk to the pits when he is ready. The last thing we want is someone to burst in over the earphones asking about tyre wear or something when we're in the middle of an almighty dice over the top of the mountain. The general rule is that the driver initiates any conversation."

In what situation might the driver speak to the pits? "Well I'd hope it wouldn't arise, but perhaps the car could develop an understeer problem and I would warn the crew that a change of the right front tyre could be required."

The big-car teams aim for a maximum of three scheduled fuel stops in increments of 41-42 laps of the 6.172 kilometre (3.8 mile) circuit. There's little room for error. With no more than 130 litres in the tank and a thirsty consumption rate, a team takes a real risk of running dry if someone screws up.

This year teams such as the Richards/Gardner BMW 635CSi and the Moffat Mazda RX-7 will need to spend time conducting careful fuel-rate checks; both cars are using revised engine configurations and the teams will require updated data as both cars are likely to consume more

petrol than last year. The HDT is more fortunate. It's used essentially the same body and engine since the 1980 race. And even with wider rubber and a bigger rear deck lid spoiler, Brock and Harvey are not anticipating any loss of economy.

"The fuel consumption hasn't really changed much since 1980," says Harvey. "Back then we were getting about 330 horsepower and using petrol at the rate of six to seven mpg. Now we've got about 400 horses and consumption is much as it was. Put it down to today's engines being more efficient and because we have a little more torque we save ourselves a couple of changes to lower gears. It adds up to less fuel..."

Calculating the consumption to pinpoint accuracy is difficult during practice because it's impossible to duplicate race conditions. Last year the team nearly came unstuck in a big way when both Brock and Harvey were caught short, coasting into pit lane during the race with dead motors. It happens to even the super-slick teams. The unexpected looms just around the corner in motor racing.

Pre-planning and attention to detail is awe-inspiring. Take brake pads... a month before the Hardie, Perkins took the spare car to Calder for an afternoon and bedded in no fewer than 15 sets of pads, covering 10 or 12 laps on one set and then whipping them out and replacing them with another. It's one less job the crew and drivers will have to worry about when they arrive at Mount Panorama.

The Hardie is no longer a high-speed cruise. When the flag drops, it's flat-chat for 1006.036 kilometres. The only concession the drivers make to mechanical sympathy is to ban the flat-change gear shift-

ing that they might employ in shorter sprint races. (A flat gear change is the technique of slamming the lever from one gear to another without lifting the right foot).

Harvey said: "At least we don't have to worry about the Commodore engines. Ours are basically bulletproof. We're the only team to go to Bathurst and use the same engine throughout qualifying and the race. Everyone else changes to a race engine. Rev limit? Oh, we keep to 6600."

Drivers are unanimous in their affection for the Hardie. Is it the race or is it the circuit?

Harvey loves the Mountain but says the lure extends to the race and all that it has come to mean. This year marks the 20th anniversary of the first Bathurst marathon... it was a 500 miler back in 1963.

"It keeps growing in stature every year," Harvey says. "The atmosphere is simply electric. It's a true classic by any yardstick. The racing gets better, the crowds grow. You'll see. Last year Allan Grice became the first man to crack the 100 mile an hour lap at Bathurst. This year ton-up laps will be commonplace. It's going to be a helluva Hardie."

"If the drivers didn't have Bathurst to look forward to, we'd all go bonkers running on the goat tracks elsewhere around the country," continued Harvey. "The whole Bathurst scene is fantastic — to get up there and have a blast around Mount Panorama caps the racing year for me. I only hope nobody changes the character of the place too much. I dread the Formula One people getting hold of it because they'd stuff it! It's the only true road course left in Australian motor racing and it should be preserved just the way it is."

What about the tension within the team before the big day? Perkins acknowledges that everyone is on edge. "Sure, the guys are acutely aware that it's a big deal. We all concentrate harder to avoid any mistakes. It's bloody important that we do it right. There's just one crack at it a year and four million people are sitting at home watching you if there's a stuff up. It's not only us... Marlboro has plenty of money invested in the team. The promotional back-up at Bathurst is amazing and it's up to the HDT to ensure Marlboro maximises its investment."

Marlboro has backed the HDT for about a decade now. In motor racing sponsorship terms that's an eternity. "Peter, in particular, works hard for our sponsors," Harvey says. "He is constantly doing promotions... he's out and about two and three nights every week appearing at motor shows, and chatting to car clubs, road safety people and government bodies."

"For Peter, the greatest enjoyment in motor racing comes when the one-minute board goes up and he can forget about the peripheral things and concentrate on what he does better than anyone... race a motor car." 

JOIN THE TEAM!

The Marlboro-Holder Dealer Team and *Australian Penthouse* are combining to give four readers the opportunity to spend a week-end in the midst of the glamor and clamor of Australia's Great Race, the James Hardie 1000. You can chat with the stars, and watch all the drama and action... from the inside. With lovely *Penthouse* Pets for company. All on us. We'll get you to Bathurst, pamper you and then whisk you home. The contest is open to anyone with a permanent Australian address and a strong constitution.

If you live outside NSW, on race eve we'll fly you by TAA from your nearest major airport to Sydney, where you'll be staying at the ritzy Sebel Town House in Elizabeth Bay. There'll be dinner at the Sebel that night. The rest of the evening is free, although too hectic a night on the town isn't recommended because at dawn on Sunday morning you'll be transferring to the Marlboro plane for a quick flight to Bathurst. A couple of friendly *Penthouse* Pets will act as hostesses.

In Bathurst, our four winners will be outfitted with the full Marlboro-HDT race kit — jacket, sweater, cap. We'll then whisk them into pit lane to soak up the pre-race atmosphere and activity. Our party will call into the HDT compound, where drivers

Peter Brock, John Harvey, Larry Perkins and Phil Brock will be sipping on a quiet cuppa while the crew methodically goes through the checklist. Out on the grid, the bands and marching girls will be part of the build-up to Australia's biggest race. Then, at precisely 10am, you'll watch one of the most awe-inspiring sights in motor racing, as a full grid of cars — about \$3 million worth — blast off the line. At lunchtime you'll eat a tasty meal inside the huge Marlboro dome near the infamous Hell Corner. And around 4pm, our party will see the flag fall on another Bathurst classic.

And still to go is the victory presentation, when thousands of euphoric fans pour down from the mountain to cheer their heroes on the dais. And the post-race shindig in the Marlboro dome. Then it's a case of heading back to the plane bound for Sydney, to recuperate in the comfort of the Sebel. And on Monday, you crawl on to a TAA flight home...

Sounds good? No time to procrastinate. Entries close on September 23, and *Penthouse* will be notifying the lucky four winners by phone or telegram within four days. Your part is dead easy. Simply answer the three questions (they should be easy meat for any race fan) and fire in your coupon pronto.

To win a weekend at the James Hardie 1000 as guests of Australian Penthouse and the Marlboro-Holder Dealer Team, just fill out this entry coupon, answering the three questions. Send it to: Marlboro-Holder "Be There" Bathurst Contest, Australian Penthouse, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, 2062. The four lucky winners will be notified by phone or telegram before September 27.

1. How many Bathurst classics has Peter Brock won?
2. The 1983 James Hardie 1000 will be held over how many laps of the Mount Panorama circuit?
3. Name two of Peter Brock's winning co-drivers in past Hardie races.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTCODE: _____ TELEPHONE: _____



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

NICK GREINER

There certainly ought to be a massive backlash if there is an early election in NSW. But I'm relaxed about it. The party will be ready, and if one comes, jolly good

It's ironic that the issue which Nick Greiner pushed into second place — organised crime involving police and State Government corruption — when he became leader of the NSW Opposition last March, now looks like giving him a chance of becoming NSW Premier next year. When Nicholas Frank Hugo Greiner, aged only 36, toppled former Opposition Leader John Dowd to become the latest Liberal "great white hope" against the aging incumbent Neville Wran, he stated rather brashly that he would discard Dowd's concentration upon organised crime and corruption in favor of bread and butter issues.

He indicated he believed that NSW voters were becoming a bit tired of Dowd's revelations about the alleged involvement of corrupt police and politicians with all kinds of "Mr Big Enoughs" in the underworld. So, just when Dowd's patient, shrewdly-organised attack began to pay off, Greiner — nicknamed "Kermit the Frog" for the ever-widening smile stretched across his Joe E. Brown countenance — caused some dismay among his fellow Liberals, clean cops and several crusading journalists. Now, of course, the *Four Corners* program which forced the Wran Government into the Street Royal Commission — and saw the Premier stand down — has caused Greiner to look more kindly on the issue.

There is another irony in Greiner's rise — he is using the same media techniques which worked for Neville Wran. But he has yet to give any real indication of how he would perform as Premier, or what his real political thinking is all about. According to the polls, Greiner's popularity is increasing, and there is little doubt that if the cards keep falling his way, and Neville Wran decides to shake off the political damage of the Street Royal Commission — and saw the Premier stand down — has caused Greiner to look more kindly on the issue. believe in crying a closely-fought contest.

In the second Gallup Poll taken after Greiner assumed the leadership, he rated at 45 — only three points behind Wran, who had slipped five points to 48 after the Street Royal Commission was announced.

So for the first time in seven years of Wran's rule, the Liberals have found a man — Catholic, Hungarian, not normally the type to be NSW Liberal leader — who has many Liberals believing they really can win against Wran. And, a man who has been in Parliament a little less than three years. Greiner, who is married to Kathryn Callaghan (daughter of former Commonwealth Bank chairman Sir Bede Callaghan), with two children, Justin 10 and Kara 8, took over the North Shore Kuringai seat previously held by the late John Maddison.

Born in Hungary, Greiner was educated in Sydney at St Ig-

natius College Riverview. At Sydney University, he graduated first in his class with a second class honors degree in economics. He later went to Harvard to gain a Master of Business Administration degree, returning to Australia after some business experience in America, to become a director of his father's timber company. He first felt the pressure of parliamentary politics when Wran delightedly raised the fact that the Greiner family company was less than a financial success — a matter which Greiner cheerfully admits is true, but adds that he isn't running it now.

On the surface, Greiner comes across as a small "I" Liberal, but then Wran in opposition was not the same Wran we know and love in government. In this interview, Greiner seems to take a soft position on the legalisation of marijuana, but he knows that lurking across on the Fred Nile-Jim Cameron far Right are people who are more interested in bringing back the death penalty than removing draconian penalties for pot smoking. Greiner, in the opinion of the NSW parliamentary press gallery, hasn't been there long enough to really judge, but they concede he's doing all the right things media-wise: talks in short "grabs", looks good on TV, etc, etc.

Greiner, so far, seems to handle himself well on the floor of Parliament, and importantly, he's secured himself a good knockabout press secretary named Ken Hooper, who knows a drink in the parliamentary bar and a few meals with the journalists are worth a thousand press releases. Still, some of the more cynical gallery members occasionally refer to Nick as "Greiner the Whiner", and several columnists have warned him not to jump on every government announcement with a press release. He has cultivated a relaxed, matey way of dealing with journalists, and often receives them informally, as political writer David Halpin discovered when he first arrived to interview Greiner in his Parliament House office. Greiner, wearing shorts and T-shirt, was still sweating lightly from his squash workout, and seemed almost ridiculously young to be putting himself forward as an alternative Premier.

He smiles a lot when talking, is smooth and articulate, and is good at dodging hard questions, particularly those about that old Liberal rogue, the late Sir Robert Askin. Also, Greiner didn't seem comfortable with questions about his meetings with Sir Peter Abeles, another Hungarian whose employment in America of several Mafia figures featured largely in the famous *Wall St Journal* earlier this year. Maybe, for Greiner, Sir Peter is too friendly with Wran and Hawke. If Greiner ever takes over the Premier's suite — plus all the daunting problems now facing the NSW Government in the economic and unemployment areas — it won't take long to see whether his abilities stretch as far as his smile.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP QUIRK

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: Is it a matter of luck being made Leader of the Opposition just before all the NSW Labor Party's problems broke out — the Wran Royal Commission and the problems Corrective Services Minister Rex Jackson has had with the prison system? Was that luck or do you think it was good timing?

Greiner: I think it's a combination — I'd be stupid to think there was not an element of luck. Luck is important in all walks of life — in politics more than most. The recent success of Mr Hawke is an obvious example of luck as well as good management. So, certainly with respect to the Wran Royal Commission, it was clearly a matter out of my control in terms of its instigation. I think it was well handled by me, and I think it's a case of exploiting the opportunities to the maximum. I think the opposition is now receiving greater credit for its initiative. I think that we are genuinely responsible for taking an initiator role. It is important that oppositions take an initiator role, as well as exploiting mistakes. So, certainly an element of luck, but also some good timing and some good politics.

Penthouse: What do you think is the general public's perception of the Wran Government these days? Do people feel it is a government that has run its course and will have trouble surviving?

Greiner: I'm too close to answer that objectively, although I believe the answer is yes. Naturally, I'd like to think the answer is yes. The Wran Government has always been a government primarily of sham and image and more particularly, personal image. It has in fact been the Wran Government. Their substance in terms of performance has always been poor, and I think that is admitted by members of the Labor Party as well as by people on the other side of the fence. The problem, I suspect, has been that media dominance by the Premier has conned the public to a substantial extent. Over the last 18 months the government's performance has fallen apart in more visible ways, particularly its financial and economic problems, which have been reflected throughout the public sector of the administration. The state of the economy has prevented them from hiding a lack of performance, which they were previously able to hide because the NSW economy had been doing well. All that has happened is that the public have gained a clearer view of what's behind the image of the media personality. And I've no doubt that the current Royal Commission, regardless of its outcome, will have exacerbated what one might call "the sense of smell" about the government. Therefore, I would

have thought that the people of NSW would have seen through the government to a substantial extent. The other side of the coin is, to what extent do they see us as a credible alternative? Whilst I think we've made progress, there is undoubtedly a way to go.

Penthouse: Would you agree that some of the people behind you would not have such a high profile as you, and that you've got a fair bit of work to do in that area?

Greiner: There's no doubt I'd like the shadow ministry to have a far higher profile than it's got. But, being realistic about it — if you look at the changes of government in Australia in the last 18 months — since September 1981 every government that has held an election has lost.

Penthouse: The incumbents are falling?

Greiner: The incumbents are falling, and in all those cases the electorates in

There is no doubt that the image of the leader is of great electoral importance. It's the way the game is played, so I accept it

each of the states would have been hard put to name more than three or four shadow ministers. Even when you take the federal scene, which is well promoted and under greater media scrutiny, the average voter in a marginal seat would have had trouble naming more than two or three shadow ministers in the Hawke Opposition. So, while I recognise we have a lot of work to do in terms of the shadow ministry, I think the ministry itself recognises it. Indeed one of the objectives we've set ourselves in terms of our planning is to promote probably five or six members of the shadow ministry more intensively, so that you do promote a team approach rather than simply Nick Greiner on television.

Penthouse: Are you rejecting the presidential approach of Hawke and Wran? Would you rather have a Greiner Liberal Government than a Greiner Government?

Greiner: Yes, I reject it, although with qualifications. Given the realities of the way the media operates, there is no doubt that the image of the leader is of

great electoral importance. It's the way the game is played, so I accept it.

Penthouse: So the 1984 election would be a case of Greiner versus Wran basically, with your team behind you?

Greiner: It's a matter of how successful we are — I believe our team could be better — but I believe our team compares favorably with the government's. The quality of the Cabinet is appalling on average. I would be happy to try and run team against team. But I see the realities as being that you've got to run leader against leader in the first place. Then we will make a concerted effort to run team against team. In the past that's been difficult to achieve.

Penthouse: Who are the biggest disasters in the Cabinet in your view?

Greiner: There's a good field for that. It would be much easier to identify those who in my view performed quite well. But if you start from the senior end and work down — I believe that the Treasurer, Ken Booth, is clearly inadequate in his position and that was recognised by the government in the reshuffle, where all the difficult parts of the portfolio were taken away from him. Some of the ministers in junior portfolios, although senior in seniority, such as the Minister for Industrial Development, Don Day, make no impact either in the Parliament or in their portfolios. Nor do many junior ministers; the Sports Minister, Mr Cleary, is one example.

Penthouse: I presume you are referring to his problems with the TAB.

Greiner: Yes, but there is a broader range of issues which have not yet surfaced with respect to the administration of sport in NSW.

Penthouse: In terms of corruption in sport?

Greiner: Not just corruption in sport administration, but the interface of government and sport. Frankly, there are not many ministers whom I would give high marks to. The Minister for Planning and Environment, Mr Eric Bedford, is clearly administering what I think is a disastrous policy, which is rejected by Labor people and Labor councils every bit as much as it is criticised by independent councils. Frankly, I think the team as a whole is very weak. There are a couple of success stories. For example, in some ways Rex Jackson is an improvement over his predecessor with Corrective Services, despite the criticisms I've made of some of his administration. The Health Minister, Mr Brereton, has also been a reasonable administrator although we disagree with the content of what he has done. He's at least taken a position and thought it through to its logical conclusion. Some ministers certainly have performed reasonably well.

Penthouse: Did you find it odd that Mike

Cleary didn't turn up for several press conferences during the height of the TAB controversy? On the one hand he had a bad heart and couldn't face the press — then on the same night he's seen dancing at the Royal Ball. Do you find that rather stupid for a minister?

Greiner: I think Mr Cleary genuinely speaks for himself in terms of his actions.

Penthouse: Do you think Mr Wran owes him something?

Greiner: I wouldn't speculate on that. I'm aware of a variety of rumors concerning Mr Cleary. I don't think it's meaningful for me to speculate on why he's still there. I suspect it's because he was elected by Caucus and he hasn't done any single thing that would warrant his ejection by Mr Wran. Mr Wran has one virtue as Premier; he has seen that stability is considered very important in Australian politics. He has, therefore, maintained people such as Mr Haigh and Mr Crabtree — who were by unanimous repute inadequate ministers — because he felt he would rather carry a weak minister than create an image of instability.

Penthouse: Within the restrictions of Australian libel laws, Mr Fred Sylvester, the former head of the Crime Investigation Bureau, recently mentioned that race-rigging was rife — do you think Mr Cleary should have done something about it, or just looked the other way?

Greiner: The allegations of race-rigging go back considerably prior to Mr Cleary's inclusion in the ministry. One could equally ask what Mr Booth was doing when he was Minister for Sport for a longer time. The government has clearly turned its face away from that problem.

Penthouse: It seems to many observers that Wran's appeal peaked a year or so ago and is now on the wane. Would you agree with that, and if so, why do you think it's happening? Is it a general public perception that the government is not working properly — that it is purely a one-man band?

Greiner: I think that is an accurate observation. There are a number of reasons. One is that the government ran out of good news. Regardless of how good a front man you've got in terms of media performance, if you run out of good news to announce then it's much harder to do the song and dance routine on the news. One of the reasons Mr Wran's appeal was declining long before the current controversy was that he ran out of good news to announce, and he made a habit of not announcing bad news — so he had a less favorable public image. Secondly, the government's performance has become visibly bad because of its financial mismanagement. This has carried on into a range of areas right across the

public sector, and the morale of the Public Service is disastrously bad: the relationships between the Public Service unions and the government are bad. Overall, NSW as a state is doing badly. People know when their state is not doing well by comparison with other states, not just in absolute terms. The reasons it's not doing well tend to reflect on the government of the day and on Mr Wran.

Penthouse: Do you think Mr Wran can come back and reassert his dominance, or has he lost that forever?

Greiner: He could certainly try. If he comes out of the Royal Commission totally cleared, I would imagine he ought to try, and I don't propose to speculate on how successful he is going to be.

Penthouse: Would you prefer to contest the next election against a damaged Mr Wran or an avuncular, warm-hearted

Regardless of how good a front man you've got in terms of media performance, if you run out of good news you can't do the song and dance

Jack Ferguson — who may be presented in that mode by his PR handlers? Who would be the toughest leader to fight?

Greiner: That's a difficult question. It would probably be a close contest — I would have trouble deciding which government leader I would wish to run against.

Penthouse: When you were first elected to this position, you said organised crime wasn't your top priority. I think you said that you had other bread and butter issues that you wanted to concentrate on. Have the events leading up to the the Royal Commission changed your mind?

Greiner: No.

Penthouse: Why not?

Greiner: I think my basic view is correct, and it's the view of how the electorate functions in voting terms. All the evidence suggests the electorate's perception is that organised crime is very large in its ramifications, very deeply entrenched. But the electorate appears to think that corruption exists in politics, in the police force, in big business, in

society generally. I don't think they differentiate in party political terms unless there is direct evidence of the government of the day or a political party of the day being involved. In the past, the electorate has been fairly relaxed about it. I still hold firmly to the view that the electorate tends to form its opinions, particularly about oppositions and oppositions' leaders, on their ability to relate to issues. What I call "bread and butter", for want of a better word, affects the electorate more directly. Organised crime at any level, even down to street offences, is not seen by the majority of marginal voters as affecting them directly. My judgement is not in absolute terms as to which is more important — the electricity bill or the quality of ethics in public life. It's a judgement of what I see as the political realities, and I haven't changed my mind about those.

Penthouse: Given the quite severe criticisms of police corruption, from both the Stuart Royal Commission and the Costigan Report, just what would you do to change the image of a corrupt police force? Is it a case of a few rotten apples in the barrel?

Greiner: I don't know the answer. I don't know if it's a number of rotten apples or whole case loads of rotten apples or something in between. I'm of the view that police investigating police has proved to be inadequate, or more particularly to be seen to be inadequate. The police are better off — and I have a fair notion the police are coming round to the same view — with genuine outside investigation of outside allegations. And that's not a reflection on the current quality of the Department of Internal Affairs, which I understand to be quite good. It's a reflection of justice being seen to be done, and being done. I don't have an easy answer to that, and I don't expect there is an easy answer. The problem of alleged police corruption has been endemic in police forces around the world, and I doubt there is a single solution. While we haven't come out with a firm policy, my prejudice would be towards independent, outside investigation of allegations against the police force. But ultimately I have a notion that the whole crime, law and order thing involves changing the community ethos that I was talking about. While you've got a situation where the community seems to be accepting corruption, it is very difficult for any government, or police commission, or crimes commission, to go the whole hog in terms of cleaning up the situation.

Penthouse: You wouldn't think of legalising marijuana and going after the heroin dealers?

Greiner: I would not at this stage think of legalising marijuana. I'd be inter-

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ested in looking at more diverse ways of tackling the heroin problem. I'm superficially attracted to the idea of destroying the market using the British system of trying to take the profit out of heroin by having the government intervene, at least to register addicts. You've got to attack the problem from more angles than one, and so it makes sense to me in logical terms if you attack the market. This reduces the potentiality and makes it much harder for organised crime to profit from it.

Penthouse: Frank Walker and Premier Wran made a big noise when they were first elected about decriminalising marijuana. Do you have any ideas about decriminalising it and making it a far lesser offence, like in California? The police seem to waste their time arresting kids smoking a few joints. What's your view on that?

Greiner: I don't know enough about it. I wouldn't be surprised if the priorities of the police force were wrong. Often, when I read reports of what the police do — for example, the Gaming Squad worrying about card games in Kings Cross — it strikes me as something which should not be the top priority for an inadequate number of policemen. I think the problem with decriminalising

marijuana is the imprimatur problem of appearing to condone it. And I don't think governments should appear to condone it. I think the answer to the question is partly to divert the police in terms of management — setting objectives for the police in terms of attacking the major problems first. We should recognise that the heroin problem is greater, and given that one is apparently unable to make progress across the board you ought to focus on the "Mr Bigs" rather than the kids in pubs flogging marijuana to each other. But I've got to say, perhaps in line with my general view of priorities, that I don't have great expertise in or knowledge of these problems.

Penthouse: Getting back to the question of corruption in politics, would you agree with the view that things became bad under the Askin Government, worse under the Wran Government, and you would have a problem reversing the trend?

Greiner: I was at school when the Askin Government came to power. I am aware, obviously, after all the media attention they received, about the allegations concerning Sir Robert and his government. I can't really make a judgement about whether corruption has worsened under Wran. Obviously it suits me to accept what you say, to believe that corruption is worse under

the Wran Government, and it may well be. That appears to be the view of many people who have studied the question. All I can say, in respect of what might happen after the next election, is that the Liberal Party will come in clean and committed to doing something. There are a number of people within the party, most notably the former leader John Dowd, who are obviously beyond reproach in terms of integrity and who have a deep knowledge of this area. We will come into power with a policy in respect to law and justice generally.

Penthouse: If you raised the issue of corruption, wouldn't the Wran Government be likely to say: "Have you no skeletons in your closet? Not only you personally — but you and your team?"

Greiner: Personally, I can say quite categorically that I have absolutely no knowledge at all of any "skeletons" in my team's closet.

Penthouse: Would you agree with the financial register instigated by Mr Wran?

Greiner: We would accept it. We believe that it's not all that meaningful trying to legislate in terms of ensuring the honesty of Members of Parliament. Assuming that the register had been in place for the last 20-30 years, I frankly doubt that it would have made a great deal of difference to the level of corruption in politics. It is useful in that it ap-

pears to be doing something. It appears to be forcing politicians to be open about their financial interests, and to that extent I didn't oppose it when it was introduced.

Penthouse: Would you improve it?

Greiner: No. I just don't think it's a high priority. I don't think it's that important.

Penthouse: Isn't it a high priority to voters to think that all our politicians are clean?

Greiner: I don't think you can do that by legislation or by setting up registers. Even if you tighten up the present register — which is certainly one you could drive the proverbial cart and horse through — if a politician is dishonest I don't think you'd achieve the desired result. And you'd start to infringe severely on people's liberties. I think you'd have to extend it to politicians' families. In my view that would create an impossible situation.

Penthouse: Would you ask your ministers to divest themselves of directorships and interests which might cause a conflict of interest with their portfolios?

Greiner: Yes.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the press gallery and its treatment of state politics and the Liberal Party particularly?

Greiner: As far as the gallery's treatment of the government is concerned I do believe the press are being a lot more hard-nosed. In terms of the media's treatment of myself, I have always in the past found it to be fair. Inevitably one thinks one should get more coverage for one's brilliant pronouncements on local government. But across the board I think the gallery and the press outside the gallery have been fair to me. I think they react to the fact that I treat the media as equals. I give them virtually absolute priority because it's apparent to me that the Liberal Party's success in opposition is overwhelmingly dependent on our coverage relations. I'd like to think I'm a reasonable performer. I don't believe politicians should bitch about the media. If they don't like the press they get, it's up to them to improve their media. It's not up to the politician to simply complain.

Penthouse: Next year will you go to the Murdoch and Fairfax media organisations to try and get favorable coverage?

Greiner: No.

Penthouse: Do you think they'll start to favor you, given they are behind big businessmen and you are the big business party?

Greiner: I'm quite happy to rest on my performance and the performance of the government. I'm satisfied that the media will play it straight and will give a reasonably balanced assessment of whether the opposition is preferable or

not. I don't think it's a matter of making any special approaches to the media.

Penthouse: Have you got any political heroes — Margaret Thatcher, Malcolm Fraser or Andrew Peacock?

Greiner: No. I suppose being a Harvard man I should say John Kennedy, but I don't have any political heroes. I have regard for Neville Wran as a successful politician. It's perfectly obvious that he's exceedingly successful in electoral terms and that's the bottom line for politicians.

Penthouse: You're not modelling yourself on Neville Wran?

Greiner: No, I'm certainly not modelling myself on Neville Wran, but...

Penthouse: Or Andrew Peacock or Bob Hawke?

Greiner: No, I'm not modelling myself on anyone. I'm genuinely my own sort of person. I think perhaps I do have a different approach to politics; that's

Wran and Hawke
are evidence that a
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I think you've got to
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partly because I've only been in it a short time. I think one of my strengths perhaps is not being bound in any sense by traditional approaches of leaders, be they Labor or Liberal leaders. I see no merit in modelling myself on Mr Bjelke-Petersen or Mr Dunstan or anyone in between on the philosophical spectrum. Although I think there are things to be learned from Joh as well as from Don Dunstan.

Penthouse: What sort of things do you think you could learn from Joh?

Greiner: The importance of having clarity of position. People in Australia identify with strength, and you can learn that from the Hawke image before he became Prime Minister. I think the single most important thing one can learn from Joh is that the electorate generally identifies with clarity — in the sense of having a clear-cut position.

Penthouse: Given that you're a small "I" Liberal, an educated non-politician in a sense, aren't you aware that many educated people in Australia are disgusted with Joh's tactics and politics?

Greiner: Yes. I'm not suggesting that I would commend or model myself on

his tactics. That's a different point. Let me say the Queensland market is very different from the NSW or the Australian market in terms of politics.

Penthouse: So, you see politics as a marketing process?

Greiner: To a significant extent, yes.

Penthouse: Which is most important, the marketing of the commodity or the commodity itself?

Greiner: Well, the commodity is pre-conditioned, certainly in terms of the government's performance in office. As opposition, there is evidence — Neville Wran and Bob Hawke are evidence — that you can get elected with a dubious commodity but with good marketing. I think you've got to do both together. I think what the NSW Liberal Party has got to do is improve its image — which means my image and the party's image. Our competitor's image has gone down for various reasons. What we've got to do now is develop the product as well. Otherwise, we reduce our chances of being elected if we don't have a good product. I believe we shouldn't be getting in government for the sake of having a bigger office. My objective is to implement policies which are useful to the people.

Penthouse: I think you'd agree one of the perceptions of the Liberal Party in recent years has been one of uncertainty and instability, because you kept changing leaders.

Greiner: It's not a perception, it's a reality!

Penthouse: Do you think you've got over that? Do you think you will hold the leadership until the next election?

Greiner: Yes.

Penthouse: Do you think the public now has the impression that there is stability of leadership?

Greiner: I would hope so. It's up to me to project that. If I can believe the Morgan Gallup Polls, the public are pretty positive about the new Liberal leadership.

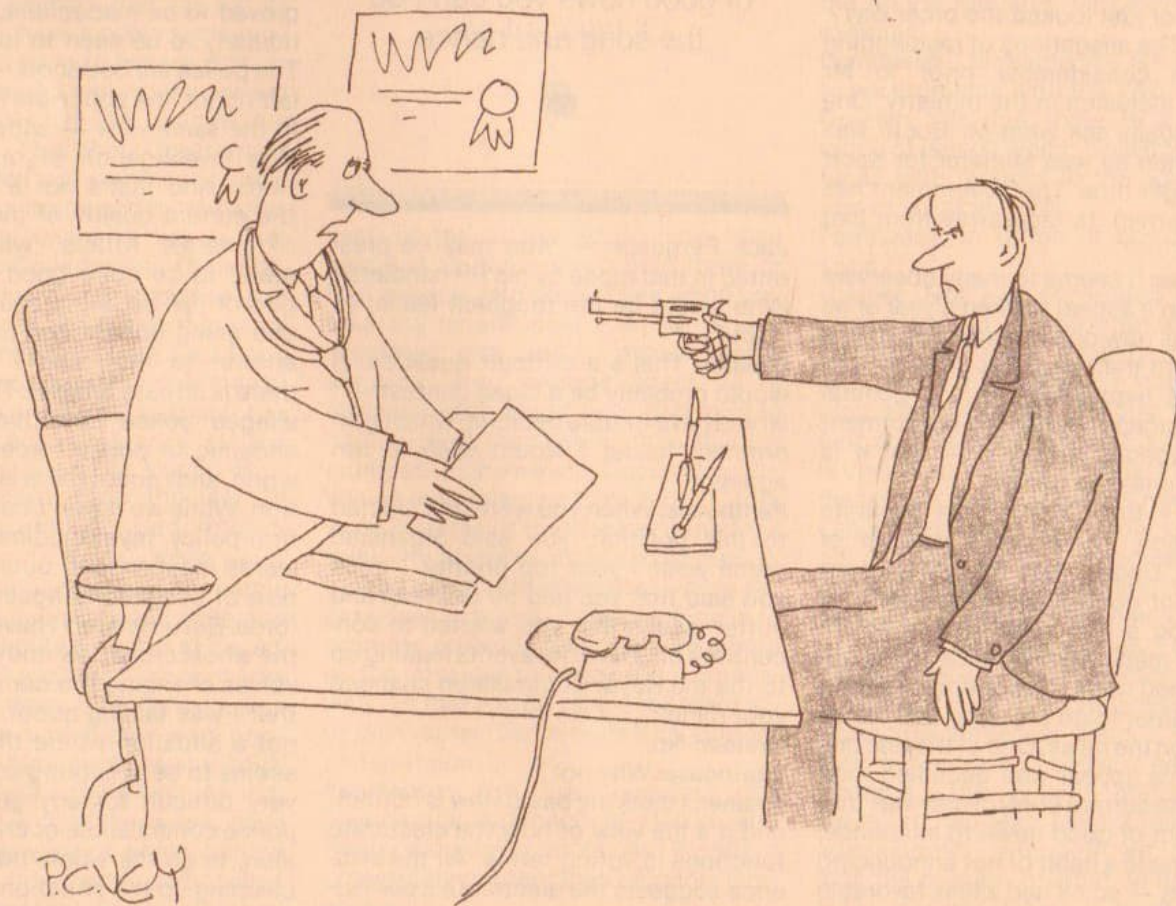
Penthouse: The latest polls show 45 percent favor you, against Wran's 48 percent. He was 72 percent — so it's a pretty enormous jump for you.

Greiner: Both the lines are moving in the direction I'd like to see them going.

Penthouse: Do you think they'll keep going that way?

Greiner: Yes, although I don't expect to jump 13 points for too many polls. I would obviously like to have an approval rating ahead of the Premier's. The psychological impact of a further increase in popularity would be tremendous in view of Mr Wran's past domination of politics in NSW.

Penthouse: What do you think the issues are going to be in the next election? Do you have any plans that might work, particularly in regard to unemployment?



"Okay! I'll give you six months more to live, but that's it!"

INTERVIEW

Greiner: I have no plans that are going to solve the unemployment problem — no government has. We have some plans — which I won't burden *Penthouse* with in detail at the moment — which could change the NSW government's impact on the private sector. This will make it easier to create jobs in NSW and easier to keep jobs. Basically it's to do with the Liberal Party philosophy of allowing people to do their own thing or have a go. NSW is the most heavily taxed state. Its charges, which affect business, are the highest and the amount of red tape is considerably high. The amount of regulation is also greater than in any other state. State governments really can only affect an environment in which business works.

Penthouse: What are your views of BHP, given that the BHP sackings have drastically increased NSW unemployment levels? Do you think they were too harsh?

Greiner: That's a failure in industrial policy that I'd be happy to expand on at length. Industrial policies in Australia have been absolutely terrible.

Penthouse: On both sides?

Greiner: Yes. I don't mean industrial relations policy. I mean industrial policy in terms of government, both

state and federal. Governments ought to be looking ahead of regional problems such as those in the steel industry. The time to plan for that was not in 1982 but 1965. Other countries — Japan, Italy and even the UK — have gone ahead to some extent and identified alternatives, helping to create new industries. There is no point in trying to prop up an industry whose fundamentals are going down.

Penthouse: What about the human factor — the men who are sacked?

Greiner: The government's obligation — which both federal and state parties failed to realise — was to identify in 1970 that the steel industry would eventually run into trouble.

Penthouse: What do you see as the major issues in the next NSW election?

Greiner: I would have thought the top issues to be firstly, the broad economic and financial area which covers the inflation rate, unemployment rate, job creation rate and particularly the level of taxes and charges. There is also the question of what I call local decision making. The Wran Government is clearly attempting to centralise decision making, to move power away from local governments and, therefore, to make communities accept control over development of their own environments. If I could summarise my approach to the election another way, I

believe that the government's record — particularly since September 1981 — can be summarised in three ways. I believe it has shown itself to be incompetent, corrupt and almost totally void of imagination and initiative in a range of policy areas.

Penthouse: Would you concentrate on corruption as represented by the Street Royal Commission as an election issue?

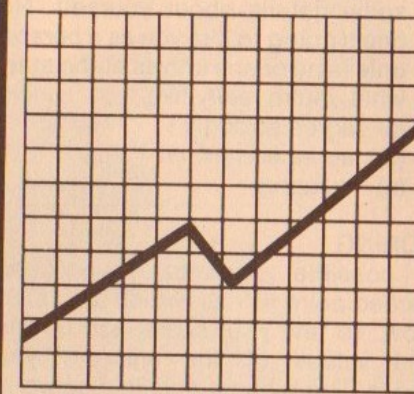
Greiner: No. I think that would be unlikely. I believe the jobs, economy, finance, tax charges issues are the over-riding ones. There is undoubtedly a smell around the government; no matter whether it's the Water Board, the TAB or in various areas associated with law and justice.

Penthouse: Can you think of any reason why Mr Wran or the Labor Party would want an early election?

Greiner: I think it would be an act of gross cynicism for the government to hold an election a year early, when it has an all-time record majority and also plans to hold a referendum for a fixed term of Parliament at the same time. In my view, there would be a massive backlash against the move; there certainly ought to be a massive backlash if there is an early election in NSW. But I'm relaxed about it. The party will be ready for an early election and if one comes, jolly good. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A LONER?



old were you when they separated? (If your parents are not divorced, check answer e.)

- (a) seven years old or under
- (b) eight to 15 years old
- (c) 16 to 22 years old
- (d) 23 years old or above
- (e) Not applicable. Parents not divorced

3. Are you currently in love with someone who claims to love you in return?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no
 - (c) I think so

4. Have you gone for long periods without having a strong love relationship?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no
 - (c) I've occasionally gone through such periods but they have not been characteristic of my love life
 - (d) I've never experienced a strong love relationship

5. Do you live in a:
- (a) large city (population above 500,000)
 - (b) medium-sized city (200,000 to 500,000)
 - (c) small city (30,000 to 200,000)
 - (d) suburb

1. Are your parents divorced from each other?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no

2. If your parents have divorced, how

- (e) small town (less than 10,000)
6. How often have you moved in the last 10 years?
- (a) I've lived in one place for the last 10 years.
 - (b) once
 - (c) twice
 - (d) three times
 - (e) four or more times

7. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your current work situation?

- (a) I work with a group of people that's basically the same from day to day. We know each other's personality pretty well
- (b) I travel a lot in my work. While I may meet many people in the course of the day, those I meet today are not usually those I met yesterday
- (c) I work surrounded by machines and have little chance in the course of my work to talk with others
- (d) My work is basically solitary in nature. I have very little interaction with co-workers in the course of my work day
- (e) I'm unemployed
- (f) I'm a student

8. How often do you see at least one of your relatives?
- (a) just about every day
 - (b) quite frequently
 - (c) occasionally
 - (d) rarely or never

9. Are you currently:
- (a) married
 - (b) single, following divorce
 - (c) single and never married
 - (d) unmarried but living with your principal sexual partner

10. Do you have at least one friend whom you've known for five years or more and who you feel would do just about anything you asked if you needed help? (Exclude relatives and sexual partners.)
- (a) yes
 - (b) no
 - (c) I'm not sure

11. Do you feel you're a physically attractive person?

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Loneliness. Will yours be a sprint or a long distance run?

- (a) yes
(b) average
(c) no
12. How often do you feel depressed?
(a) most of the time
(b) frequently
(c) occasionally
(d) rarely or never
13. Do you feel you're an intelligent person?
(a) yes
(b) average
(c) no
14. Do you feel you're an interesting person?
(a) yes
(b) average
(c) no
15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I don't like most of the people I meet. They're usually dull, dumb, or generally unpleasant."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I don't think most people I meet like me."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
17. Are most of your friends:
(a) about your own age
(b) older than you
(c) younger than you
18. How characteristic of you is this statement? "Many relationships for which I have high hopes end because the other person seems insensitive to my needs."
(a) very characteristic
(b) somewhat characteristic
(c) not characteristic
19. How characteristic of you is this statement? "Many relationships for which I have had high hopes have come to an end because the other person accuses me of being insensitive to his or her needs."
(a) very characteristic
(b) somewhat characteristic
(c) not characteristic

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "When you first meet someone and feel that you would like to form a continuing relationship, it's important that you almost immediately tell at least one or two deeply personal details about yourself. No one's going to like you as a *person* unless he or she knows at the start what you're *really* like."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you choose. The highest possible score is 100 points; the lowest, 20.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | 9. a-5, b-1, c-2, |
| 2. a-1, b-2, c-2 | d-3 |
| d-4, e-5 | 10. a-5, b-1, c-2 |
| 3. a-5, b-1, c-3 | 11. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 4. a-1, b-5, c-3, | 12. a-1, b-2, c-4, |
| d-1 | d-5 |
| 5. a-1, b-2, c-3, | 13. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| d-2, e-5 | 14. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 6. a-5, b-4, c-3, | 15. a-1, b-5 |
| d-2, e-1 | 16. a-1, b-5 |
| 7. a-5, b-3, c-2, | 17. a-5, b-1, c-1 |
| d-2, e-1, f-4 | 18. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| 8. a-2, b-5, c-4, | 19. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| d-1 | 20. a-1, b-3, c-5 |

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You are not likely to suffer from long-term loneliness. You exhibit few of the characteristics that distinguish lonely people from the rest of the population. You appear to have struck a good balance between your friendships and love relationships. You probably have well-developed social skills that enable you to meet people easily and to draw them into natural, comfortable relationships with you. You don't scare new acquaintances off by appearing either too cold or too desperately eager for friendship. Nor are you likely to be the backslapping, happy-go-lucky type who, while he seems to be *everybody's* friend, often can't sustain true friendships or intimate emotional relationships. You understand the differences between acquaintances, friends, close friends, and lovers. You realise that

each person in your life has a unique relationship with you, and you treat each one with a subtle individuality that allows the relationship to grow.

47 to 73 points:

You are not likely to be chronically lonely but you may suffer from occasional bouts of loneliness. Intermittent feelings of isolation may stem from the fact that you haven't yet struck a balance between love and friendship in your life. Sociologist Robert Weiss says we need healthy doses of both love and friendship to avoid loneliness. The happily married man who has a great, sexy wife and beautiful children can be extremely lonely if he has no friends. The same goes for a person with many good and trusted friends but no stable love relationship. You may need to pay a little more attention to the people you come in contact with. When you meet new people, really listen to them, and try to find out what's interesting to them and about them.

20 to 46 points

You exhibit many characteristics common to lonely people. It's likely that you are extremely self-conscious and inhibited when you meet new people (although some people, like you, camouflage their shyness by being brash and loud in new situations). You may be more self-centred than you realise and scare people off without meaning to. In social situations you may come across as being either extremely aloof or overly (and desperately) friendly. If successful relationships are to develop for you, it is essential that you try to meet people in settings that make you feel comfortable. If you like art and antiques, for instance, make sure you frequent museums, galleries, and auction houses. If you love music, make sure you get out to the clubs and to concerts instead of just sitting home listening to your stereo. Relationships based on mutual interests tend to prosper. The people you meet in settings you enjoy are likely to share your interests. Knowledgeable, pleasant conversation, remember, is the first step toward friendship. It can also be a hell of an aphrodisiac. During your early conversations with someone, keep to subjects of obvious mutual interest. ☐

Get into
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If clothes maketh
the man, the right luggage
maketh his travels a hell of
a lot easier

OPEN AND SHUT CASE

BY SUE SMITH

The travel bug must have had a bellyful of Australians over the past couple of years. The little critter was responsible for four and a half million arrivals and departures to and from the wide brown land in 1981. And, keeping it closer to home, the get up and go spirit must have been flowing freely when 480,000 New South Welshmen got up and went out of that state on business and holiday trips last year. Enough of the statistics — it suffices to say that Australians are becoming increasingly mobile. You could say upwardly mobile; the favored mode of transport among the itchy feet brigade is the plane.

Getting this travel business in the bag requires attention to a good few details, not the least of which is choosing the most appropriate luggage. Whether you're an executive on a business trip or you're taking off on a holiday, selecting travel gear and packing can be a headache. For the executive, the right combination of clothing and document carriers can take the pressure off, saving time and hassles. The last decade has seen a boom in varied travel goods — the simple suitcase has been superseded by many ingenious and handsome pieces designed specifically for the travelling business man or woman.

For short trips the most popular item is the combination attache/overnight case that can be carried on board an aircraft. These bags are divided into separate compartments for clothing and documents. A slim, soft portfolio case is a useful counterpart to this luggage item. The portfolio case, containing the important documents necessary at a business meeting, may be slipped inside the carry-on. There are also

a number of writing case/folio/notepad combinations available, designed to keep things organised for folks on the move.

The hangerpack is perhaps the most convenient and popular luggage item to have arrived on the scene in recent years. An American invention, the hangerpack has become very popular in Australia since Ansett and TAA have allowed them as cabin baggage in addition to a briefcase or in-flight bag. About 50 percent of international airlines will also allow a hangerpack plus a carry-on bag in the cabin. Whereas a larger overnight bag or a small case must be checked in, these handy bags are changing for the better the notion of travellers' hang-ups. The typical hangerpack will hold two suits or two jackets and pants, plus a week's shirts, socks and underwear. Apart from its time-saving advantages, these packs also keep clothes much neater and virtually eliminate the chore of packing and unpacking at your destination. With careful clothes selection a hangerpack can be filled with sufficient gear for a month's trip.

There are, of course, a huge variety of traditional suitcases available across Australia, ranging from those of rigid leather construction to the lighter reinforced nylon numbers which are now very popular among overseas travellers. Whatever luggage you choose, it's a good idea to add a few accessories to cover different travel requirements. A strong nylon duffle bag can come in very handy, especially if you're travelling overseas. Packed flat in your main bag, it'll be useful if you do any shopping. It saves the trouble of depositing your extra gear in a locker or leaving your excess baggage with

relatives or friends. Passport wallets and travel clutch bags with pockets for pens, calculators, glasses, cigarettes and the rest, are also well worth thinking about. An adaptor plug may be necessary overseas if you're after a quick shave before rushing to a meeting.

The golden rule of travel, whether you're going for business or pleasure, is to keep it light. If you're going overseas by air, weigh your case on the bathroom scales before you leave home. If it weighs over 15 kilograms, chuck out a few things to leave room for purchases abroad. Excess baggage is expensive. Be aware of these general baggage allowances: 30 kilos for first class passengers and 20 kilos for economy passengers.

An extra few travellers' tips never go astray when you're planning to hop a big silver budgie. Here's a couple: Take crease-proof, easily washable clothes that don't mark readily. Pack small containers of toiletries and put them in waterproof bags to safeguard against leakage. Keep your wet pack in your in-flight bag, you'll need it on a long flight. If you roll your clothes up rather than fold them, you'll have fewer creases to contend with come unpacking time — it's an old sailmakers' trick. Take special care to lock your case and your document holder to discourage theft and prevent accidents.

Security is the final word in travel — always take advantage of the hotel safe and wear a money belt when you're out and about.

A little bit of forethought and organisation can take the pain out of travel. Take the time to make it a pleasurable experience. ☺

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL LING





The nitro methane-gulping game of drag bike racing leaves all other sports standing still

TIME BANDITS

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

If the prize fight ring is the loneliest place on earth, by virtue of the fact that there's nowhere to hide when the man comes gunning for you, then the drag racing strip comes a close second.

Two contestants, high stakes, the crowd silenced by the roar of the engines, tyres shrieking, rubber burning, stacks belching as they pair off for the showdown. Deadly quick reactions, nerves of steel and the ability to make split-second calculations while countering the forces of nature separate drag racers into a category of their own.

For the small band of dedicated drag bike racers who do their thing on 12 tarmac strips scattered throughout the six states, time measured in thousandths of a second is the ultimate concern. The aim is simply to travel between two sets of electric eye beams, which are set 400 metres apart on plumb level ground, in the quickest possible time.

The objective is a lot more complex and expensive than the fundamental aim, especially at the very top echelon of competition, where horsepower — the ultimate weapon — is gained by a continual outpouring of dollars combined with the right

technical decisions and then sealed by rider expertise.

There are no show ponies in Australian drag bike racing, because there are less frightening, far more financially rewarding and much less difficult avenues for them to go ego-popping. So what you see at a drag meeting is what you get, and for a first-timer like me, the experience was refreshing. The degree of camaraderie that exists between these time bandits is surprising in a motorcycle racing world that has turned as bitchy in some aspects over the last 20 years as an entire series of Dallas.

Before the *Penthouse* Racing Team (Motorcycle Division) accepted the invitation — invitations — to go drag racing, the scuttlebutt around the traps pointed to very positive human vibes combined with heavy metal horsepower emanating from the scene.

Equipped with the fastest street bike there is, a Kawasaki GPZ 1100 endowed with a top speed of 240-plus km/h, we headed for the only quarter-mile proving ground in NSW — the Castlereagh International Dragway — for the two-day Interstate Drag Bike Challenge. The advertising for the meeting foretold

adrenalin-pumping competition between the top riders, and quaintly added that anyone with a safe motorcycle (ie one that would stop rather than go), a jacket, a helmet, boots and gloves could enter the "ET bracket" on a dial-your-own handicap deal. This is one of a number of idiosyncrasies of the drags based on handicapping, which together produce close finishes among machines of vastly differing engine sizes and modifications, and equally diverse riders.

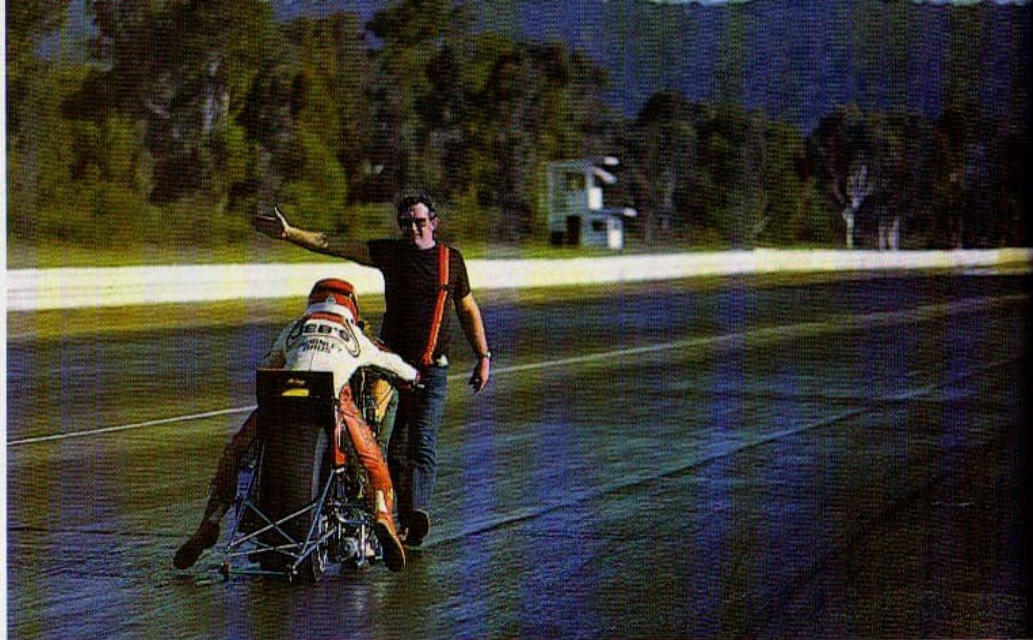
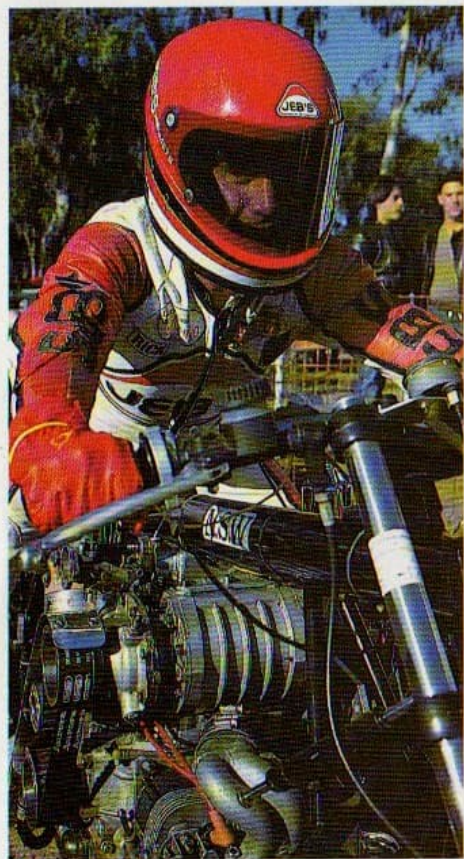
You get three qualifying runs, or "passes", all of which are dissected into three times — reaction to the green light on the Christmas tree, time for the run and terminal speed. These details are announced by public address to the spectators and waiting competitors, and carded on tickets for returning dragsters to collect at the foot of the control tower.

After qualifying you select your handicap time and then you must repeat it in a race, or record a slower time but still get to the end of the run before the guy or gal in the next lane, to win. Go faster than the time nominated, and you "break out." That means you blew it, but the other guy may have done the same, so then the clock decides who erred least in order to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM MONRO



Opening pages: Warming up the rear tyre for traction off the line. This page, clockwise from right: Jim Thornley directs his brother Rick back to the drag lights; The start of a 400-metre run; The winning Thornley crew with trophies; Rick Thornley, 26, blips the throttle on his super-charged VW powered drag bike. Opposite page, left: Last minute bike preparations. Right: Spectators in the pit stand.



TIME BANDITS

select a winner to go through to the next elimination round.

"Competition" bikes are the next step up from street bikes. More fire breathes from their exhausts because of the allowed engine and running gear modifications. They run slick tyres necessary to get the added horsepower to the ground from revamped cylinders burning methanol racing fuel. The pulse quickens whenever they move up to the line.

The category above this is for "top bike eliminators." When they do their nitro methane-gulping thing, they blot out all other sounds within a 200 metre radius as the mega-decibels pour from their pipes.

Weak winter sun does not produce ideal drag racing conditions, as the track surface is not at optimum temperature for traction. The warmer it is, the stickier the roadway; a couple of degrees can make all the difference to the coefficient of friction between the spinning rear tyre and the pavement. Qualifying passes are held in order of escalating power output, so that by the time the guns come on to the line, as much heat as possible has been generated on the ground.

My first run on "L'il Peacemaker" (the entry form has provision for naming the bike) was an all-Kawasaki affair. I was running off against a seasoned veteran of 12 months, a winner of four trophies at Castlereagh, and a person I found very helpful from the time L'il Peacemaker fronted up for scrutineering. My friend in drag painted the number plate expertly with AMB 2063, which does not stand for "ambulance" but "A/Modified Bike", then produced a 10mm ring spanner and cross-head screwdriver to remove the mirrors from the Kawasaki's fairing. I was then chummily escorted out of the pits into the warm-up area.

"The red light on top of the Christmas tree means you edge up to the line. This is called 'staging.' Then when you break the beam, a blue light comes on and you're ready for the countdown," came the advice from behind a red full-face helmet.

"When the ambers count down to the last one, you have four-tenths of a second before you get the green. Don't blink or you'll miss it, and the announcer will tell everyone how slow your reactions are."

All this helpful information came from my opposition in lane one — a 26-year-old graphic designer. ("I'm not a signwriter, I only did that as part of my course at college, but here they think I am because I paint the number plates.") I must tell you her name: Jeannie Holmes, riding a Z650.

The start line at Castlereagh is the most tortured piece of roadway you'll ever see. It's thickly coated with black rubber and a traction compound which extends to "half track", or a furlong out.

That's what you call horsepower — a

thing that lays rubber with the back wheels for 200 metres.

Further along is the finish line, marked with witch hats and stripes across the road. After that you can't see because the road falls away, but I supposed there was sufficient space to pull up.

A couple of gusto revs of the engine to clear the throat, right foot on the ground, left under the gear lever, first gear, and the lights were coming down.

Whooshka on the green and L'il Peacemaker was on its way — but horrifyingly sideways, as the back wheel slewed with the onrush of 120 fuel-injected stallions. I was heading for Jeannie, who had whipped her 650 too hard and was also all slewed up and heading for the yellow centre line — a no-no according to the rules.

Backing off the throttle brought the wheels into line, and up the strip we went through four gears for a 13.483 secs and 180.90 km/h run. Over the next two passes, avoiding the well-worn area and with more caution with the clutch on the start line, the card showed a 12.007 secs and 187.10 km/h at the end of qualifying.

When the modified bikes had finished, and before a partial eclipse of the sun, the comps and top bikes were scheduled.

The first time I saw Twinkle Taylor, a Queenslander and one of the big names in drag racing, she was standing apart from the action waiting for husband Barry to complete the "burn-out" ritual on the back tyre. Twinkle, with little stars stitched to her green and white leathers and painted on her Space Invaders helmet, is hard to miss at race meetings. She's so tiny that she can't do burn-outs on the bike — and

you wonder how someone her size can control the heavily modified Kawasaki she'll soon tool up the strip in the nines for a 225 km/h terminal speed.

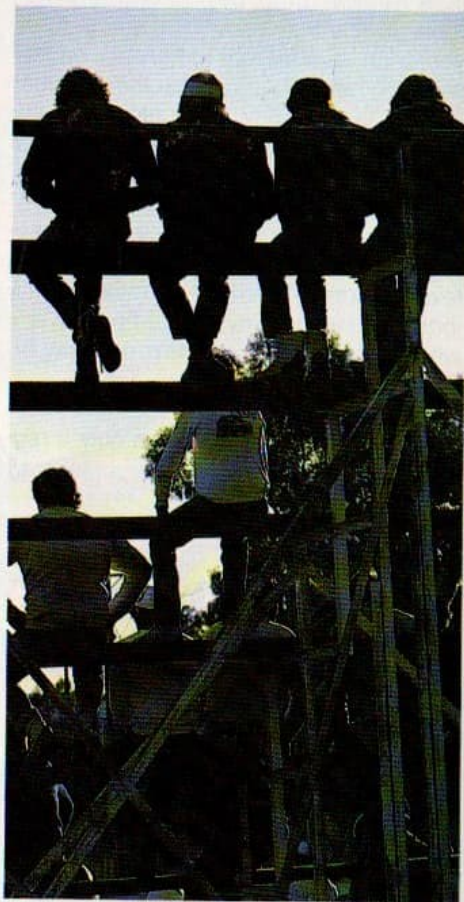
Her bike was fitted with "wheelie bars" a metal device extending from the frame out the back. It also had small wheels to stop the bike inverting when the hot, sticky tyre gets bite on the road. On the frame behind her bum was stuck: "Caution — Woman Driver."

She came up to stage with a roar from the engine and smoke pouring from the rear tyre... on the green she was away, and each time the tachometer hit 10 grand she'd stomp her left thumb on a button which enabled stored compressed air to activate a ram which changed gears.

On went her yellow lane light for a win, meaning she would run in the finals the following day. She wasn't the fastest qualifier in her section. Ahead of Twinkle was West Australian Chris Middleton — her closest rival in this class of racing, and as it happens, a man she keeps close tabs on. While Chris is burning up the tracks in the west, Twinkle dominates competition in her home state with five wins from six starts at the time of the Interstate Drag Bike Challenge.

At Castlereagh they qualified in the top two spots to be first and second seeds, which saw them run off in "heads up" start in an eight-bike field for the prize in their division, after disposing of their quarter and semi-final opponents. They came through with two wins apiece to meet each other in the final run-off.

Twinkle wasn't on the pace set by Chris, but a couple of tenths down. She had to



TIME BANDITS

pull something out of the hat to be there at the finish.

After the burn-outs the bikes came in to be staged. Slowly creeping up to the band of light, Twinkle had one last dump of the clutch to spin the wheel and almost lost her grip on the bars as the bike went sideways, then hurtling forward as she tried to regain control. Not a good time to have a moment like that, but she quickly shut it out of her mind as she concentrated on tactics for the coming run.

Her race was over before it started. She broke on the amber, got the red light and Middleton put it all together for a perfect pass and the win.

Disappointed? "Yeah, but I had to do something if I wanted to beat him — I had to chance it if I wanted to win because his times were so good on previous runs."

So Twinkle, an A1 grade comp squash player who partners her husband in their Brisbane Phase Four engine performance shop, must wait for her chance to get even. "There are no second chances on the drag strip — you get it right, or you get done. That's what I like about it. You've got to have the killer instinct out there, just as you do in any sport, and in drag racing a woman is treated as an equal by the men. I like to play the games the boys play, so I get in there to show them a woman can do it too."

Before the smoke had cleared from that confrontation the next pair were getting ready for their top bike elimination showdown. Rick Thornley, at age 26, is the gun in Australian drag bike racing. He has dominated competition for the past three years on a supercharged Volkswagen-powered bike that carries the Number One plate. Thornley top qualified for the division, but unexpectedly his times were shadowed by Queenslander Steve Harker. Both camps were edgy.

Lack of sponsorship money makes racing tough for both of them. Anyone in this level of competition has to make sacrifices, and for Thornley and his brother Jim, who owns the bike, the next run may be their exit from the sport.

"There's a lot more development left in this bike," said Rick, "but I'm only a regular wage earner and Jim has a family to

support, so there's no way we can carry an engine blow-up on our restricted budget. We could drop our times by a good half second if we ran nitro, but that would lean hard on the engine and shorten our time in the sport."

The Thornley brothers' bike ties up \$15,000 plus running costs of their collective financial assets. Winning means a \$600 cheque and trophy. Losing means a long, hard look at where they are going and where the money is coming from.

In a year's racing the Thornley brothers' bike spends less than a minute chasing the clock in full-bore operation.

There is a certain amount of hatred combined with Rick's love of drag racing ... or maybe not hatred but cold-eyed realisation of the lows. He is disappointed at being the best without a sponsor and without any immediate prospect of finding one. Hell, he's tried — even when he was

They blot out
all other sounds within
a 200 metre radius as
mega-decibels pour from
their stubby
pipes

working for a tobacco company heavily into motorsports promotions, he couldn't get a dollar out of them.

Other proposals directed at advertising agencies to have his more-than-useful good looks and horn machine feature in commercials met with rejection.

What he does is dangerous. Although drag racing has the best safety record in Australian motorsport, engine blow-ups or supercharger disintegration while pulling 225 km/h "would shatter my guts." His brother Sam crashed at that speed, and is now retired as a farmer in Cobarr.

At race meetings Thornley wears hand-me-down leathers, freebies once used by road racer Greg Pretty which carry the name of the helmet distributor that had them originally made for the Castrol Six Hour.

He chatted between runs as the crew prepared the bike for the next pass. Rick was the odd man out as they studiously examined each of the spark plugs, looking for tell-tale discoloration which would warn of a sour engine.

As the time approached for the final contest Harker, a tall, black-leathered character with two days' stubble on his

Clockwise from immediate right: Husband and wife team John and Diane Henderson beside John's much campaigned drag bike; Kawasaki jockey Steve Harker with family; Drag bike racer Jeannie Holmes poses with her street bike, a Kawasaki 650; Top racer Twinkle Taylor with family and pit crew; Author Noel Christensen tries his skills at the drags. Christensen was eliminated in the quarter final ride-off.

face, came over for a brief exchange of last-minute formalities.

Top qualifier Thornley had lane choice and he picked number one. Harker indicated he wanted two burn-outs before he was ready to stage, thus determining the duration of the pre-race countdown almost to the exact second.

Time wasting, or "sandbagging", is a battle of wits at the start. Delay an opponent long enough, the heat dissipates from the rear tyre, and you've won before he starts. Officials and riders watch closely and support crews time the interval from burn-out to stage — if 30 seconds elapse the heat is gone.

Thornley went in first, putting the bike down on the piece of start line he thought would offer the most grip. Then he stared at the Christmas tree. Slowly, purposefully, the Queenslander moved up his nitro-burning fuel-injected Kawasaki. The lights told the story that both bikes had their triggers cocked.

In a wax-melting roar they left the line both on green, with the Kawasaki marginally ahead after two gear changes.

The VW's 250hp snaked the back wheel and at half track Thornley booted in second cog and clawed his way to the front for a win by less than a couple of bike lengths.

Number One was still Number One, remaining intact for another meet instead of heading for the junkpile. Jim Thornley broke into a smile for the first time all week-end, and commented about the "bloody long time the other guy took to get ready."

All that remained was the trophy presentation and breaking out the minimal amount of alcohol consumed over the two days. This was no R-rated thriller.

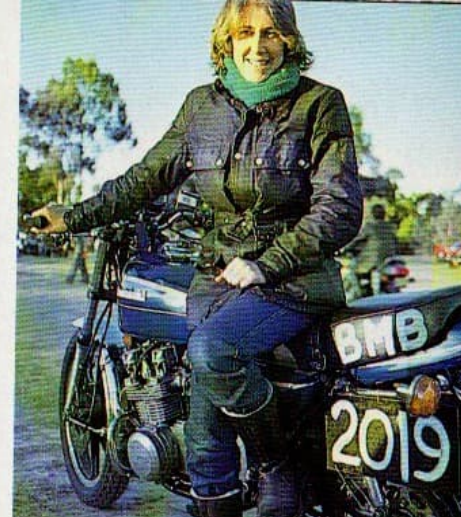
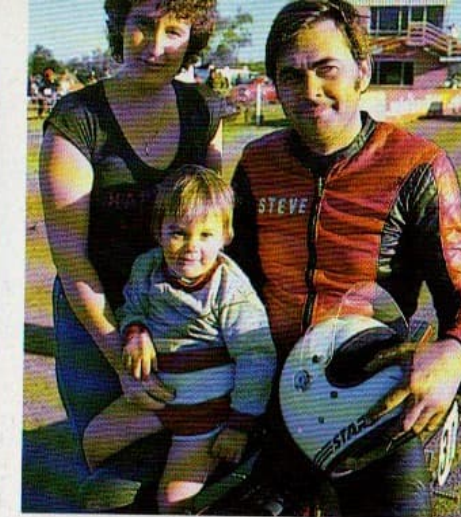
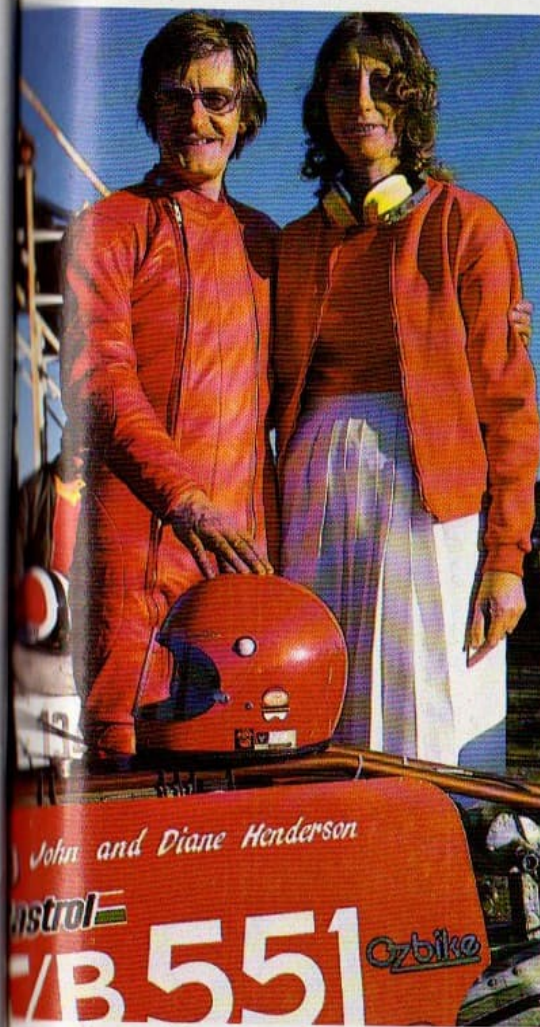
The Thornley brothers packed up to go home and work on the bike for its national title defence in November at Castlereagh. They stopped in the pits for a chin-wag with the other competitors.

Chris Middleton and his honeymooning wife were talking about petrol bills for the five-day drag back to Perth.

Twinkle Taylor was telling a journalist about the time she fell off a bike while she was seven months pregnant.

Jeannie Holmes, fifth trophy in hand, was flashing a \$150 cheque for winning the non-qualifiers' bracket that will make a payment on her new house.

The kids are running BMX eliminations. It's time for the next drag. 



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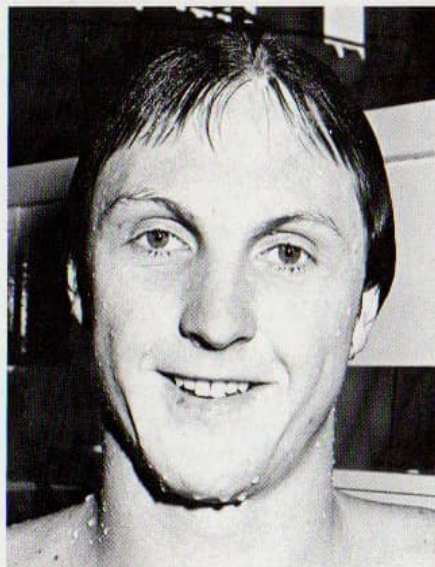
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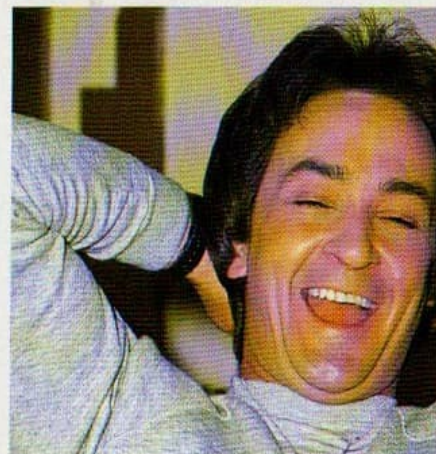
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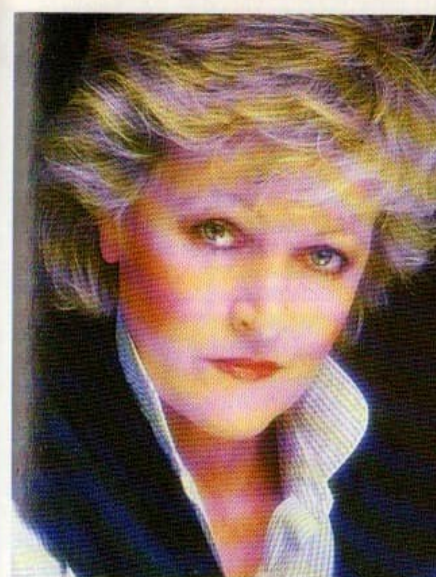
NEIL BROOKS

Swimming superstar Neil Brooks is a man for all seasons. Currently running a high-voltage act which combines full-scale training for the Los Angeles Olympics with his attempts to become a rock 'n' roll star, the "bald bad man" of Australian swimming is now touring the Eastern States with his six-piece band Aussie Express and plans to release an album at the end of the year. Brooks became a household name during the Brisbane Commonwealth Games when his aggressive oratory inspired the Australian freestyle relay team, known as "The Mean Machine", to a gold medal — one of three golds he picked up as the fastest freestyle sprinter at the Games. The "bad man" tag became a media exercise and much to Brooks' irritation, it has remained with him: "People expect me to be rude and arrogant when in fact I'm one of the quietest guys around. The shaved head and the aggro tactics at the Games did the trick for the Mean Machine, but that's over now." Brooks is also keen to set the record straight about his musical aspirations: "Most people think the rock 'n' roll band is just an attempt to use my name to make money. They don't realise that I've been involved in music for 11 years — it was the driving force in my life long before swimming came to the fore. As well as singing I write all the lyrics and co-write the music, and I can play six instruments. It really annoys me that people think I'm trying to rip off the public." While negotiating a contract with WEA Records, the 20-year-old giant found time to break the Australian 50-metre freestyle record last June and says he'll be close to his peak for the Olympics. But his future rests with music, and the dedication which made him an Olympic gold medallist will be channelled into a microphone: "We want to play the biggest venues, and we hope there are enough people out there who want to know whether this boy can do anything other than stroke."



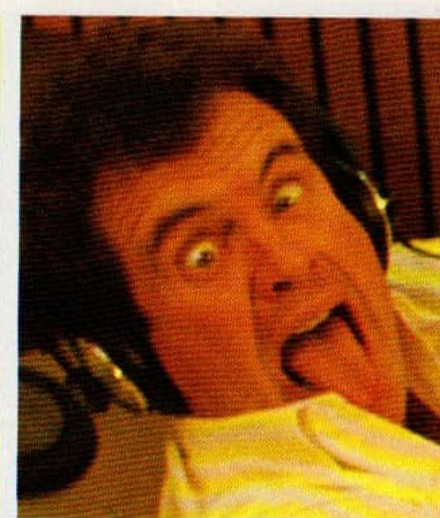
DONNIE SUTHERLAND

TV music show comperes have almost reached "dime-a-dozen" status in the past 12 months with the increasing popularity of music video shows. Rising above all the pretenders, veteran host Donnie Sutherland is the original and still the best. In Sydney alone, nine programs televise more than 25 hours of rock music each week. Sutherland's two week-end programs, *Sounds* and *After Dark*, easily outpace their rivals with the best of clips and interviews from local and overseas artists. Strangely enough, the diminutive Sutherland — at the age of 37 — doesn't measure his success by ratings figures or awards; he's more satisfied with the fact that after almost 10 years in television, he still has a "secure" job. Stranger still, Sutherland originally set out to become a jockey. At 14 he left school and secured an apprenticeship, but weight problems soon put an end to his racing career. He returned home to the Sydney suburb of Bossley Park to reconsider his future, and it was another four years before he finally broke into the rock 'n' roll scene. Sutherland joined a five-piece band called the Thunderbirds (later known as the Titans). During the next few years he dabbled with song writing and recording, but admits that he "didn't really have a good voice." His career blossomed when he changed direction and tried his hand at radio announcing, rock journalism and a bit of TV hosting. Finally, in 1975, Sutherland was offered the job of compering *Sound Unlimited*, which quickly became the top-rating Saturday morning show. These days, *Sounds* shares the top spot with Daryl Somers' *Hey Hey It's Saturday*. In February, 1982 Channel 7 gave Donnie his own late-night program, *After Dark*, which allowed him the chance "to talk more with celebrities between the film clips." Good stuff for those viewers who love him, and for those who love to hate him. Recently he scored a first for Australian television when *Sounds* was televised live via satellite from Los Angeles: "Satellite TV is where I'd like to be heading, but until the price comes down we won't be doing a lot of it."



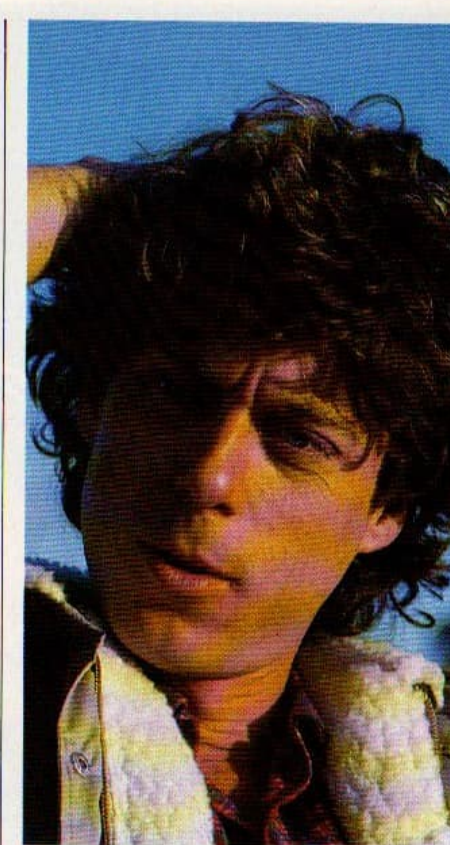
JUDI CONNELLI

The list of actresses who nearly played Scarlet O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind* is legend. To find Australian actress Judi Connelli listed amongst the "nearlies" (Katherine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford) is a little more than surprising, considering she is still in her early thirties — half the age of those other O'Hara hopefuls. Her brush with Ms O'Hara occurred in the early Seventies when Harry M. Miller cast Judi — then acclaimed as the star find of the year — as the lead in what was to have been his production of the musical version of the women's weepie Civil War soap. Having second thoughts as to the viability of the enterprise, Miller pulled the plug on the show and scuttled Judi's launch. Hardy show business performer that she is, Judi set to taking firmer control over her destiny, so that if anyone was going to close her show it would be herself. Taking to the cabaret boards, she soon had audiences and critics alike lining up to join the Judi Connelli admiration society. One critic put her special brand of song and dance magic thus: "She grabs the spirit, wraps it up tight and holds it close when she performs." Cabaret gave way to the big budget stage musical, when Judi took the role of Matron Mamma Morton in the Sydney Theatre Company's hit production, *Chicago*. When it finished, she took refuge in the Melbourne rag trade until the right role came along. She has fellow actress Robyn Archer to thank (and she does) for what she believes is her best role in years. The part casts her as one of a trio (Jane Clifton and Michelle Fawdon being the others) in Archer's first directing venture, *Pack Of Women* — the show that quickly became "the hottest ticket" in Sydney and "simply the best show in town" in Melbourne. The lady who has been unanimously acclaimed "a knockout" has, like Hepburn, Davis and Crawford, survived very nicely after losing out on playing Scarlet O'Hara.



MIKE CARLTON

You have to get up pretty early in the morning to catch Mike Carlton. That line cuts two ways for the 37-year-old journalist, critic, satirist and radio personality. During the 20 years he's been at it, Carlton has carved a reputation as an intelligent, whip-witted all-rounder on the media scene. At 20 he was the youngest Australian correspondent ever to cover the Vietnam War and his work since has kept him at the forefront of current affairs reportage. And you do have to get up when the sparrows break wind to catch Carlton at work and at play on Sydney's 2GB radio breakfast slot from 5.30 to 9am. The breakfast menu on his *News Talk* program is basically heavy-duty fodder — no music, just news, comment on news and a bit more news. He's got quite a following in the corridors of power, and more than a few pyjama-clad polities have been known to get Carlton on the blower for an on-air chinwag. But for many, the show can seem a bit like one of those advertising plates of cereal that's so heavy it falls through the table. That's where Carlton's "funnies" come in — comic and satirical grabs which punctuate the program. Written and performed by Carlton, the funnies highlight his extraordinary talent as a mimic as he dextrously wraps his tongue around the vowels of characters like Prime Minister Bob Hope, Premier Never Rang and TV troubleshooter George Fungus. Carlton has a million voices and it's this talent that will soon see him back on television as a sort of Paul Hogan. As *Penthouse* goes to print, Carlton is negotiating a deal with Sydney's Channel Seven. It'll be his first real crack at the TV funny man bit, though he's no stranger to the small screen. He was a fresh-faced senior reporter on *This Day Tonight* back in 1972, and he followed that with stints on Willesee's *24 Hours* and *A Current Affair* before turning to radio in 1979. Carlton says the TV work will not interfere with his radio show or his weekly work for Fairfax newspapers in Sydney.



RUSSELL MULCAHY

The rock video clip is now as essential to the success of an artist or band as big bucks under the table used to be in rock 'n' roll days of yore. It has been said that Australian Russell Mulcahy cranks out clips in the way Mack Sennett used to polish off two-reelers when film was in its infancy. In a few short years away from these shores, the brash 28-year-old has churned out visuals to complement the works of an impressive roll-call of twinklers in the rock 'n' roll galaxy. Mulcahy's knack with this new medium has boosted the careers of folks like Rod Stewart, Elton John, Kim Carnes, Bonnie Tyler and Ultravox. The work took him to locations as far removed from Sydney as the Virgin Islands, Los Angeles, London and Tangiers as he pursued and captured the magic and exotica now essential in the progressive and highly competitive video world. His work has proven him to be efficient and quirkily imaginative, qualities which have escalated him to the forefront of the scene. Now he's back in Australia to direct his first feature film, the \$5.5 million *Razorback*. Shooting the gruesome tale of a man-eating pig loose in the Australian outback has taken him to Broken Hill. It's a long way from Tangiers, but it's just as much a testing ground for Mulcahy. If all goes well, this pig tale may see him joining the ranks of an elite group of directors — Ridley Scott, Alan Parker, Hugh Hutton — who cut their teeth in television and went on to make a splash on the big screen. That trio learned the ropes making commercials; Mulcahy's set to make his move in rock 'n' roll shoes.

Sweet Chastity

by **RON EMBLETON**
and **BOB GUCCIONE**

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME WITH THE TWISTS AND CONVOLUTIONS OF THIS INTRIGUING STORY, (WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR THAT PULITZER PRIZE) CHASTITY IS BACK AT CASTLE DREER - IN A DEEP COMA. NOW IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT JOHN VAIN HAS NEVER LIKED SWEET CHASTITY. IT COULD BE JEALOUSY OR SOMETHING FAR WORSE BURIED DEEP IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS.....

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF PLAYING NURSEMAID TO YOU!

I'M YOUNG AND GOOD LOOKING! I'M IN MY PRIME!

I'VE GOT A LIFE OF MY OWN TO LEAD!

.... WHATEVER IT IS, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN HE WOULD RATHER BE RID OF HER!

No!

No!

No!



ER-I-WE SLIPPED, BARON!

YOU'RE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF KINDER-GARTEN!

WHY DINJA LEMMEKILLER?



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

GET MY INSTRUMENTS SET OUT- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

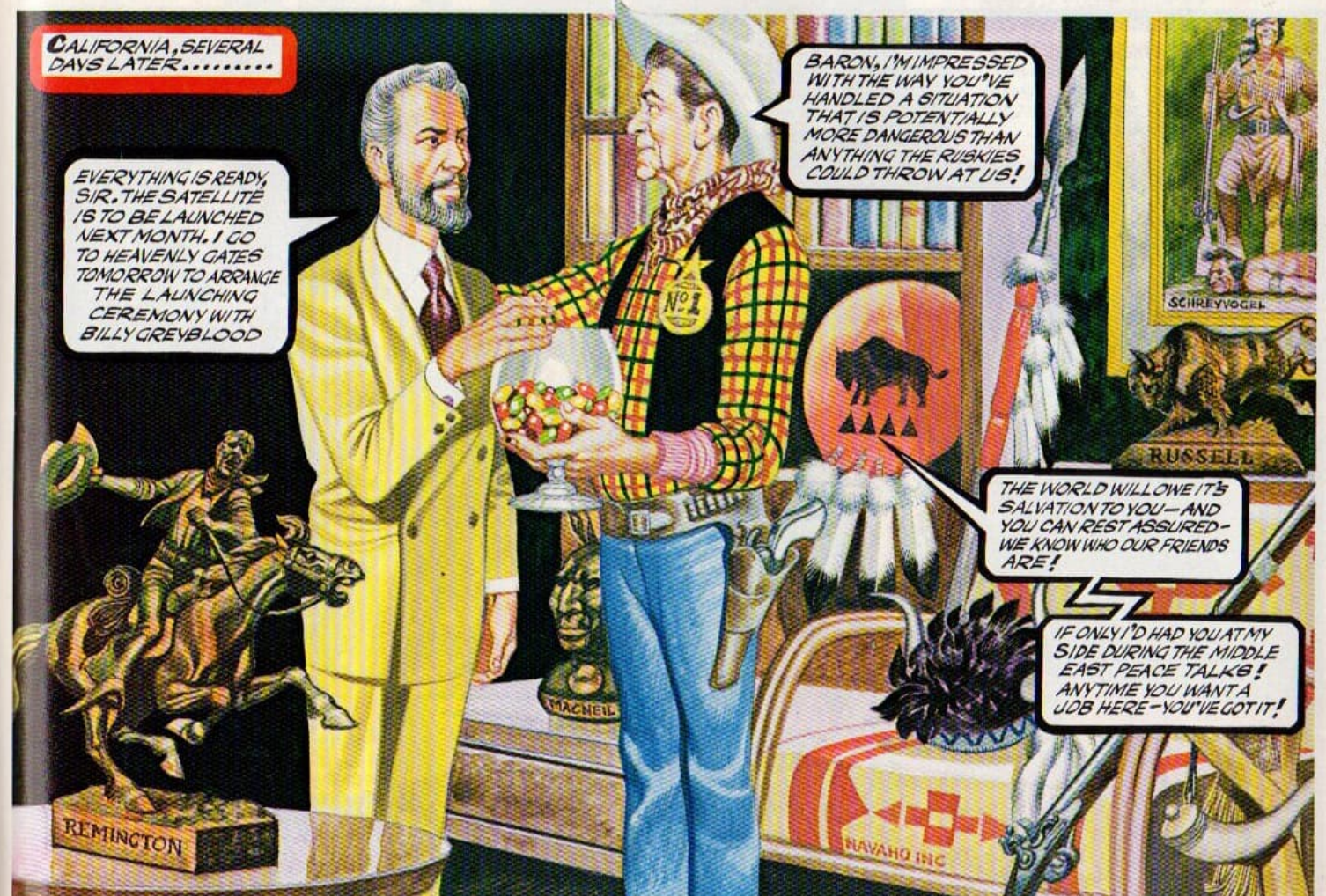
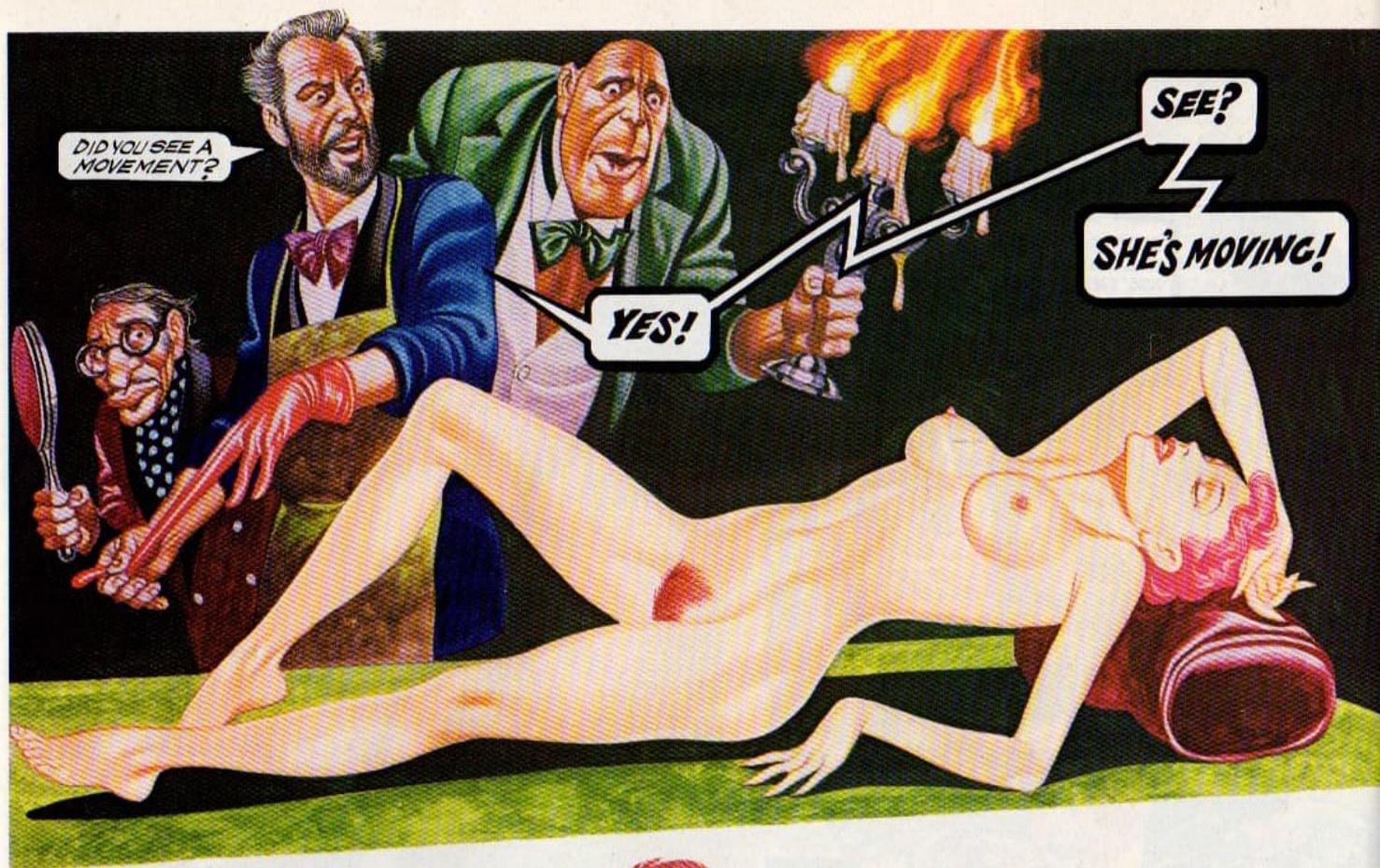
AMIDST THE FOETID FUNGUS AND FESTERING EFFLUENCE OF THE SUPPURATING STRUCTURE OF CASTLE DREER'S OLD LODGE, BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS ASSISTANTS WORK LATE INTO THE NIGHT AS THE BATTLE TO RESTORE THE STRICKEN SWEET CHASTITY REACHES CRISIS POINT.....

I'M TIRED - I WANNA GO TO BED! MY GOD! LOOK AT ME - I'M DECOMPOSING!

WILL YOU SHUT UP? - AND WATCH THAT DAMNED UMBRELLA!

SORRY, BARON!

THIS IS CRUCIAL! WE'VE GOT TO BRING HER OUT OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION GENTLY!



HEAVENLY GATES, THE CALIFORNIA HOME OF SUPER-STAR EVANGELIST AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, BILLY GREYBLOOD.....

THE TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PACKAGE IS ALL WRAPPED UP — THANKS TO VINNY HERE!

WE GO OVER THERE NEXT MONTH FOR THE LAUNCHING!

IT'S ALL FIXED, BILLY BA... I MEAN, MR. GREYBLOOD, FROM NEXT MONTH YOU'VE GOT EXCLUSIVE WORLD T.V. COVERAGE — 24 HOURS A DAY!

BARON, I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR HANDLING OF A SITUATION THAT IS GOING TO CHANGE THE FATE OF THE WORLD!

WHEN I AM PRESIDENT, AND, IN ALL HUMILITY, THERE IS NOW NO DOUBT THAT I WILL BE, YOU CAN REST ASSURED I KNOW WHO MY FRIENDS ARE!

ANY TIME YOU WANT A JOB HERE — YOU'VE GOT IT!

VINCENT RETURNS IN TRIUMPH TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME — BREATHING DEEPLY ON THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

I'VE ASSEMBLED YOU HERE, MEMBERS OF MY STAFF AND FAMILY, TO BEGIN PREPARATIONS FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE. NEXT MONTH THE VON FRANKENSTEINS WILL BE PLAYING HOST TO PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!

GREAT RESPONSIBILITY NOW RESTS ON YOUR SHOULDERS. I EXPECT THE HIGHEST STANDARDS IN ALL THINGS FROM MY STAFF — AND FAMILY!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US, BARON — WE ARE HONORED TO SERVE YOU!

AND NOW, BARON — WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

POMPOUS PRICK! BUT MONEY AND POWER IMPROVES HIM NO END!

BIG DEAL!

A FEW DAYS LATER, A SLIGHTLY JET LAGGED BUT TRIUMPHANT VINCENT BOWS BEFORE GRAND DUKE BORIS, LORD PROTECTOR OF TRANSYLVANIA.....

THE AMERICAN AID FUNDS FOR THE SATELLITE PROGRAM HAVE COME THROUGH, SIR!

BARON, I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR HANDLING OF A SITUATION THAT HAS BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO TRANSYLVANIA!

YOU MAY REST ASSURED WE KNOW WHO OUR FRIENDS ARE!

ANY POST IN MY GOVERNMENT IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING. ANY HONOURS THIS COUNTRY CAN BESTOW ON ITS MOST DEVOTED PATRIOTS ARE YOURS BY RIGHT!

I'M ALSO THINKING OF MAKING YOUR WIFE A GRAND DAME OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS BENEFACITOR'S BEDCHAMBER — FOR HER... ER... AHM?

DEVOTION TO THE WELFARE OF THE COUNTRY?

YES — EXACTLY!

SWEET CHASTITY! Y... YOU'RE ALRIGHT?

DEAR UNCLE VINCENT! I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT MY ILLNESS — BUT I'M FINE NOW!

THANKS TO THE LOVING CARE OF DEAR, SWEET IGOR AND JOHN VAIN!

VINCENT — I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I FEEL QUITE EXCITED!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, ELEKTRA — BUT DO TRY TO CONTROL YOURSELF!

AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE INHABITANTS OF THE CASTLE DREAM THEIR SWEET DREAMS OF A ROSY FUTURE

FIRST — CONTROL OF THE TREASURY!

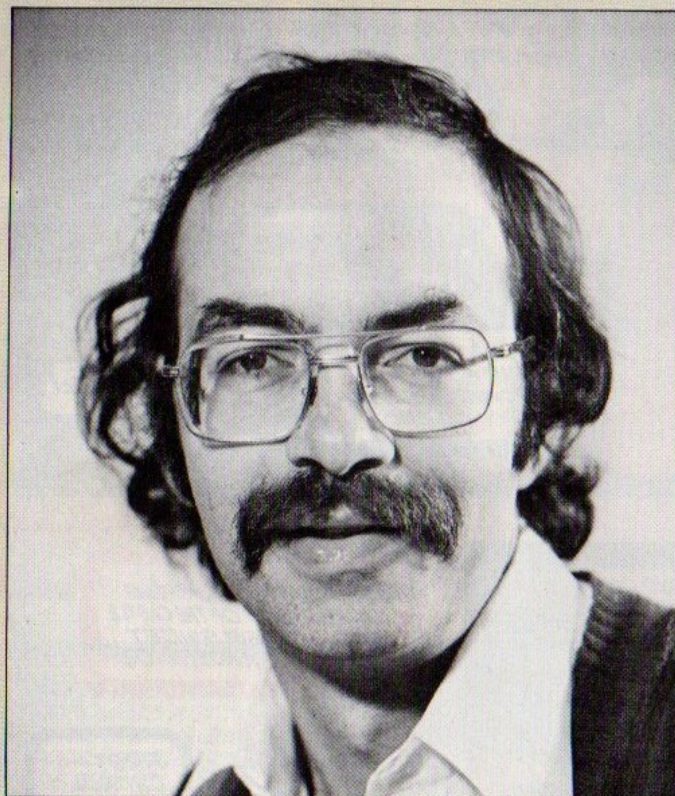
THE GRAND DUKE IS AN OLD MAN....

SOON, VINCENT — SOON!

OH, VINCENT! WE'VE BEEN HERE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE! WILL IT ALL GO ACCORDING TO PLAN? ARE WE NOW LOOKING AT A WINNER — OR ARE THESE THE DREAMS AND FANTASIES OF A BORN LOSER?

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY PETER SINGER

The author is the Director of the Centre For Human Bioethics at Monash University. He is also the Professor of Philosophy at Monash, and the author of several books including *Animal Liberation*, *Practical Ethics* and *The Expanding Circle*. He is a co-editor of the reference work *Test Tube Babies* and is currently completing a book called *New Ways of Making Babies*, which deals with ethical issues relating to in vitro fertilisation and surrogate motherhood.

THE POLITICS OF PROCREATION

On July 25, 1978, at Kershaw's Cottage Hospital in Oldham, Lancashire, Louise Brown was born. With her was born a new era in making babies. Until then all human beings had begun their existence deep inside a female body. Unseen by human eyes and protected from any kind of outside interference, egg and sperm had fused and the fertilised egg had begun the process of dividing and growing that leads, if all goes well, to the birth of a baby nine months later.

Louise Brown was different. Her mother had been unable to have children because her fallopian tubes, which should have carried her eggs from her ovaries to her womb, were blocked. Surgery to remove the blockage had been unsuccessful, and the Browns seemed destined to be childless. Robert Edwards, a Cambridge scientist, and Patrick Steptoe, an Oldham obstetrician, worked out a solution to the problem of infertility that faced the Browns and many thousands of similar couples. Their method was to remove the ripening egg directly from the ovary, fertilise it with Mr Brown's sperm and then transfer it to Mrs Brown's womb where, they hoped, it would grow to be a normal child.

The method sounds simple, but it is in fact extremely complicated. Nevertheless, for the Browns it succeeded. Louise Brown was the first of the so-called "test-tube babies." She has been followed, during the subsequent five years, by at least 140 others in countries like Britain, Australia, the United States, Austria, Italy, Sweden, Israel and Singapore. In the past 12 months the number of births has gone up so fast that in vitro fertilisation, or IVF, is no longer an experiment. It is an accepted form of treatment for infertility. Its success rate now rivals that of other, long accepted treatments, such as surgical attempts to remove blockages in the fallopian tubes.

A new treatment for infertility is certainly a desirable thing. I am as concerned about the population explosion as anyone, but I have also talked to several infertile couples. I find it impossible to tell them that they should accept childlessness in order to contribute to the reduction of the world's population. While others have large families with no pressure to limit their reproduction, why should society not do its best to see that every couple who wants a child can have one or two?

There are some who object to IVF because in the process a number of embryos will die. To increase the prospects of obtaining an embryo for implanting, the infertile woman is given several eggs instead of the usual one. The doctor will remove as many eggs as possible and put each one in a culture with sperm. But if, say, six eggs are fertilised, what is to be done with them? As many as three might be transferred back to the woman, to increase the chances that at least one will implant. But to transfer more is to run an unacceptably high risk of quadruplets, with the complications that often accompany such large multiple births. Excess eggs may be donated to other couples, but this is not going ahead at present. They may be frozen, but of some 20 embryos that have been frozen and thawed by researchers at Melbourne's Monash University,

only one has been successfully transferred back to the patient. The embryos could also be used for research, to increase understanding of human embryonic development, or alternatively they could simply be discarded.

So it is no surprise that groups like Right To Life have opposed IVF. The debate about abortion is a familiar one, and those prepared to accept the death of a foetus at 14 weeks will presumably not be troubled by the death of an embryo three days old. Yet the persistent questions will be asked: when does life begin? If not at conception, what other crucial mark is there? Why should some consider birth to be that mark, when a baby born three months premature is less well developed in every respect than a foetus still in the womb at eight months?

It is a mistake to seek the magical moment at which life begins. Life is continuous. The sperm and egg are alive before they are joined. Why, then, should it be perfectly acceptable to discard both sperm and egg, and yet not to discard an embryo? Human development is a gradual process. The fertilisation of the egg marks only one stage in the development of the individual, but it is not even decisive in determining whether there will be one or two individuals — at any time up to implantation the embryo may split in two, with twins resulting. Instead of looking for some crucial dividing line, we should recognise the continuum of development. It is arguably far worse to kill a being in existence — already aware of the possibilities life has in store — than to kill a being that has no conception of its own life. The capacity to suffer is also morally relevant, especially if death is not instantaneous. But the eight-cell embryo can have no consciousness at all. There is no brain, no nervous system, even the cells that will become the placenta are indistinguishable from those that will become the foetus. The loss of an embryo at this stage is in no way comparable to the death of a person.

It is not, however, only the opposition of the anti-abortion lobby that has made IVF controversial. It is the further possible uses of the technique that make it so exciting or alarming, depending on one's point of view. Two of these further possible uses — egg donation and embryo freezing — have been pioneered in Australia, by Carl Wood's Monash University research team.

Egg donation is the female version of artificial insemination (AID) with donor sperm. AID has been widely used for many years as a way of enabling a couple to have a child, despite the fact that the husband has no sperm, or not enough to produce a pregnancy. Egg donation would do the same for a woman who produces no eggs. It was not possible before the development of IVF, because the egg is not normally ejected from the body, as is sperm. Now that eggs can be fertilised outside the body, an egg from Mrs Jones can be fertilised with Mr Smith's sperm. The resulting embryo is then transferred to Mrs Smith's womb, to be brought up as the child of the Smiths. Genetically, of course, the child is not related to Mrs Smith, its "adopting" mother — but this is no different from the child of AID, which is genetically unrelated to its adopting father.

•The speed with which in vitro fertilisation developments have come upon us can make them seem frightening; the way to avoid future shock is to have the widest possible community involvement in the debate•

In Victoria, a Committee of Inquiry under the chairmanship of Professor Louis Waller has asked for a moratorium on the use of egg donation, while it considers the issue. The Victorian Premier, Mr Cain, has supported the moratorium, and the Monash University team has closed down its egg donation program. This has caused considerable distress to the patients waiting for treatment. It is indeed difficult to see why egg donation should raise moral issues any different from those raised by AID, which continues to be widely practised.

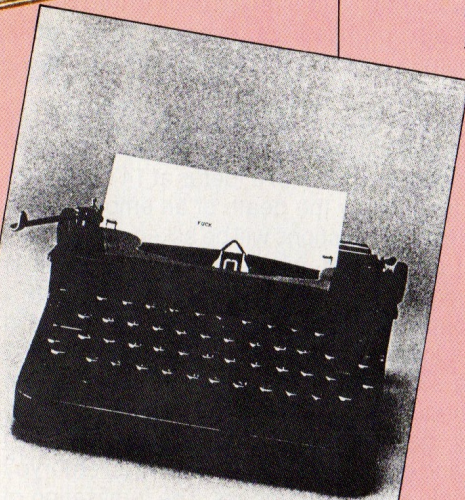
Freezing embryos is not under a moratorium at present, though to some it is much more alarming than egg donation. There is something eerie about the ability to freeze an embryo, store it for indefinite periods of time, and then thaw it out so that it can become a normal human being. So far only one pregnancy has been achieved with a frozen and thawed embryo, but no doubt the technique will one day be perfected. This opens up many possibilities. Since the risk of a defective child increases with the age of the mother, women may have several embryos frozen early in their marriage and then thawed when they feel the time is right. One partner could even be sterilised after the embryos have been fertilised, thus eliminating the need for contraception. But what if the couple split up? Will there be future court battles over custody of frozen embryos? What if the couple die? Should the embryos be destroyed? Donated to childless couples? Or inherited along with the property of the couple?

A couple may also want a child to be their own genetic offspring, but the woman may not wish to become pregnant. She may have a heart condition which would make pregnancy hazardous. She may be a model worrying about pregnancy spoiling her figure, or she may not like the idea of pregnancy. Freeze-thawing of embryos would make it relatively simple to implant the embryo into the womb of another woman. She would then act as a kind of incubator or surrogate mother, go through pregnancy, have the baby and then return it to its genetic parents. An Adelaide woman has already offered to be a surrogate, for a fee of \$10,000. She was advised that it would be a violation of laws prohibiting the sale of children. But would she be selling her child? Or just renting out her womb? Should this be prohibited? Should a distinction be made between doing it for profit, and doing it to help a woman who cannot have a child in any other way?

All these questions are rapidly ceasing to be science-fiction stories. They are confronting us here and now. At the Monash University Centre for Human Bioethics, we are trying to take a long and careful look at some of these issues, and to foster serious and thoughtful discussion. The speed with which these developments have come upon us can make them seem frightening; the way to avoid future shock is to have the widest possible community involvement in the debate. New techniques hold out possibilities for good and for harm. We should not shy away from them merely because they seem strange. Rather we should supervise their use so that they can help some while harming none. —

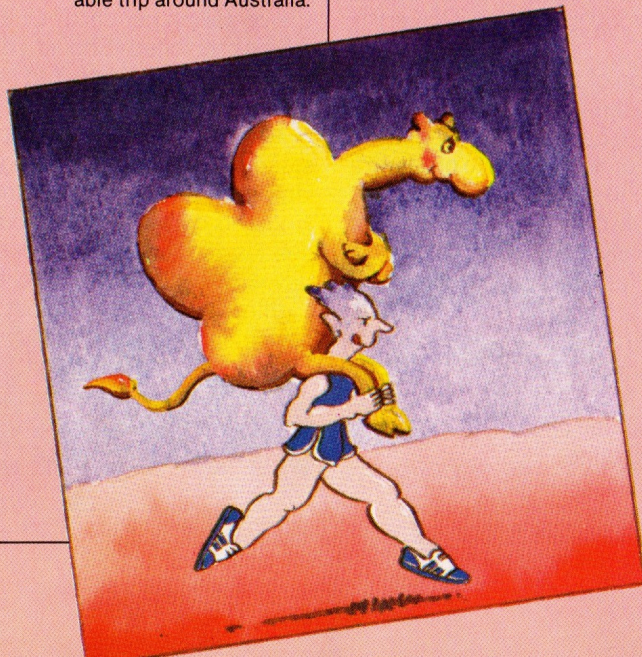


Look for the bear necessities if you want to give the Australian Olympic team a helping hand in Los Angeles next year. The Speedo people have introduced a range of merchandise featuring Willy the koala, the mascot of the green and gold gang at the upcoming LA games. Sales of jockey underwear, swimwear and leotards will help provide funds for the team.

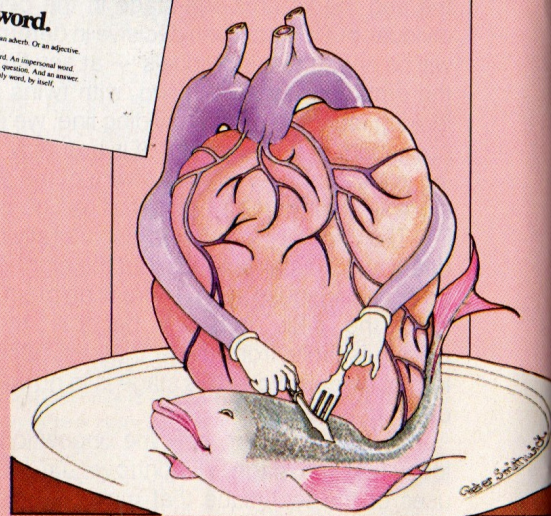


The perfect word.
It's a noun. And a verb. Add "ing" and it becomes an adverb. Or an adjective.
It's a feminine. Masculine. And neuter.
It's a positive word. A negative word. A personal word. An impersonal word.
It's a direction. An adjective. A noun. A verb. A question. And an answer.
The reason how you personally feel about it, it's the only word, by itself,
capable of getting you through the day. Or after day.
No doubt about it, it's the perfect word.
Fucking perfect.

What with our waterways and roads clogged with marathon men and lone sailors busting guts and budgets for personal glory, it's getting difficult for the average bloke to find a record worth breaking. Gerard Phillip decided to make one of his own, and his feat is unlikely to be emulated for many years. He's set off around Australia — in a rubber ducky to Darwin, then by trail bike over the Kimberlys and then by camel through the desert. Phillip's record? — the most uncomfortable trip around Australia.



It is generally recognised in medical circles that serious heart disease can be controlled and perhaps even prevented by a well-balanced diet. A recent breakthrough by medical researchers may help dieters over some of the tougher hurdles. Research has shown that a high level of marine lipids in the blood system helps strip the blood of saturated fats — the killers in heart disease. The lipids come from oily fish; so if you don't fancy sitting down to a plate of sardines every day, Max EPA Marine Lipid capsules are available from chemists and health stores throughout Australia.

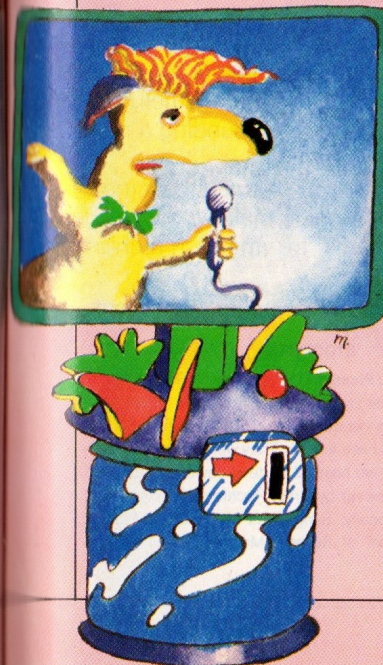


The word is out — The Perfect Word. This black and white lithograph, unframed in high grade unglossed paper and outrageously priced at \$33 dollars, is available from Pro Creations, GPO Box 1164k, Melbourne. It's a noun, it's a verb, it's a timeless conversation piece and it also appears to be a clever scam on the part of its producers . . .

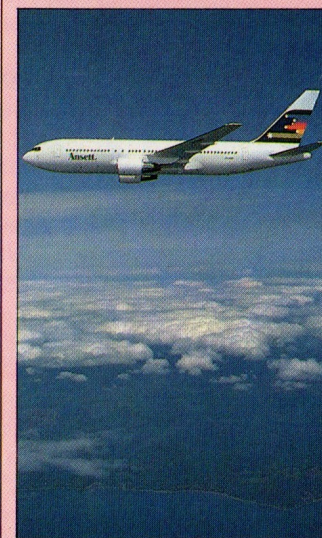
The term getting tanked takes a new connotation with the introduction of the Float To Relax unit — a dark, soundless tank full of saltwater, which the distributors claim will benefit both your physical and mental health, relieving stress, back pain and a variety of other ailments. Float To Relax can be contacted at PO Box 319, Glenside, SA, 5065. Their tank is a perfect addition for the trendy townhouse, if you can afford it after paying off the sauna and spa. On the other hand, if you want some cheaper sensory deprivation, just turn on the television.



Whatever happened to the jukebox? Maybe video killed it, along with the radio star. But now it's back, in a new form and right in tune with Eighties technology. The Video Box, with 36 tracks selected by aging teenybopper Molly Meldrum, is the modern answer to the faithful Fifties jukebox. Look out for it in your local public bar.



Manners make the man, clothing makes the woman and underclothing, particularly the likes of the titillating Triumph range, can make the woman do things she'd never dream of. So next time you're loitering around your local department store's lingerie counter, pick her up a pair of Triumphs. She'll enjoy putting them on and you'll enjoy taking them off . . . they're a real collector's item.



Tara Village in Surfers Paradise is rapidly acquiring a reputation among red-blooded bird watchers and birdlife across Australia. On a sunny day the place is alive with scores of red-breasted sap suckers, lively storks and a cockatoo. Seriously, the Tara Village is the place to while away a Surfers holiday. Ansett are the people to take you there.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

This month's winner of the *Penthouse*/Polaroid Competition is Ian Robinson of Ambarvale, NSW. Ian's fetching study of his wife Sonja scores him a new Polaroid SLR 680 camera.

Does your photography make the *Penthouse* grade? We're ready when you are. Send us a revealing snap of your favorite lady — taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise — and let our judges decide whether it merits the monthly prize.

Fill in the form on this page, enclose it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse*. If the judges like your entry you'll win a new Polaroid SLR 680 camera.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____

Telephone number of subject: _____

I of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signed Date

Witness



Sydney's Candis Davey

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Morphine Within — In 1975, researchers discovered a chemical produced inside the human brain which they found to be more powerful than morphine. That discovery is now providing explanations for some of the baffling aspects of human behavior. *Penthouse* looks at the significance of "endorphins" for the future of drug research, drug dependence and our attempts to understand our behavior.

The Vicious Circle — Sid Vicious, punk rock "star" and murderer of his even more pathetic girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, lived his final days in New York in the company of Nancy's mother. Deborah Spungen becomes the biographer of her daughter's killer in an emotional story of horror and hopelessness.

Lust For Power — The ultimate in egotism used to be yelling out your own name at the point of orgasm. That's been superseded by the political groupies of Canberra, who get their kicks from screaming: "Ah, Minister" instead. The sixth instalment of the *Penthouse* series on groupies looks at the bizarre circus of people who don't matter — the secretaries, the researchers, the assistants, the journalists — as they strive to get their rocks off with the people who do.

University Pranks — Some of the more ingenious pranks perpetrated by undergraduates during the heyday of student radicalism demonstrated the same fiendish intelligence which is now turning up in law courts and laboratories around the country. *Penthouse* details some of the best-laid plans of campus comedians.

Michael Edgley Interview — The figurehead of the Michael Edgley International corporation, President of the Sydney Swans, and Australia's most successful entrepreneur has been described as "the man with the Midas touch." In the *Penthouse* interview by Phil Abraham, Edgley makes some controversial comments on the state of Australian showbusiness, films and sport.

Win A P&O Cruise — *Penthouse* combines with P&O to present our readers with the chance to sail away to distant shores.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Candis Davey looks like an Eighties version of Marilyn Monroe. Thankfully, Bob Watson's photography leaves nothing to the imagination.

QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 111

floor. Of course. The blades had been poisoned.

I should have left earlier, while they were still engaged. I knew all I needed to; that they were dangerous, that they would possess a terrible social energy, that they could compete. But deep in me was a part which stayed for something else. To be used.

The Lady turned to me, her skin beaded with sweat and excitement. "You may stay," she said.

And I didn't even think to use my capsule of block. Who would want to destroy so beautiful a queen?

Not for very long of course. Long enough to mate, to give new blood to the hive. And then, once the Lady was sure she had conceived, they threw me on to the street. It was a cold rainy day and I remember with shame how I waited at the door, begging to be readmitted. Lips pressed to the keyhole, tears blending with the rain. You may find this difficult to understand, but within that tenement I found a depth of acceptance I've found nowhere else. And when the Lady and I coupled it was like nothing else, as if fine wires had been threaded through my body and were lifting me, lifting me up into a long, glorious ecstasy unknown to men. Then her eyes smiled, seeing into me, seeing in me a small part of the future. For a time the entire hive had given me its protection, its warmth. They all knew what I did; we all loved with one love the Lady, who was the future, a propagation. Until one day she had said: "It is over. You have served well."

"Can't I stay? As one of them," I begged, meaning the soldiers, the males.

"To have me once is to want me again, to possess. And when I take another mate? We can have no jealousy here. They must all be like each other. None of those have ever had me. And once they do they must leave the hive."

So I wander the streets, searching. No job, no friends can hold me. I know the hives will spread. I wait for that smell, that look from a young queen founding a new colony.

I don't suppose you've smelt that smell, musk and apples which makes your head spin? No? Thanks for the fish'n'chips anyway. ☺

STOCKISTS

Cover and centrefold: Photography by Warwick Gibson; Make-up by Joanne Gair; Hair styled by Korel. Pet of the Month, Miss Donna Burns and the *Penthouse* crew were flown to Surfers Paradise courtesy of Ansett Airlines. They were accommodated at the Tara Village in the heart of Surfers. Jewellery from The Bead Co.; NSW swimwear by Brian Rochford, Sportsgirl and selected stores nationally; Sunglasses by Jonathon Sceats; Clothes from Physical of Sydney, Melbourne and Surfers Paradise.

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New Drum Mild. 
The flavour and satisfaction of Drum, now in a mild version too.

BDP(S)DRM19

"I'm for Peter Jackson."



"It's the best extra mild value in Australia."